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THE CRISIS IS HERE

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

TO BE fatalistically convinced that a war will last for a long time is a poor psychological preparation for victory. Once this belief becomes prevalent, tension is relaxed, people tend to adopt a life-as-usual attitude, war inconveniences excepted. There is nothing like the all-out voluntary effort that would be forthcoming if everyone believed that the outcome of the struggle depended on the issue of a battle that was actually in progress.

Men usually learn little from historical experience. Yet the memory of the 'phony war' psychology that existed from September 1939 until the spring of 1940, and of its disastrous consequences for England and France, is surely recent enough to furnish some useful lessons.

There was a very general hope during this period that the war would be won almost without fighting, through the operation of the blockade and through the building up of an air superiority that was most misleadingly represented as being just around the corner. The French were soothed by the wide distribution of a poster showing the vast expanse of the British and French Empires compared with the small black spot on the world

map represented by Germany, and bearing the caption: 'We shall win, because we are the stronger.' Perhaps tattered remnants of that poster are being used as substitutes for shoe leather today.

For the catastrophe that overtook France in May and June 1940, that England barely fought off in the fall of 1940, there were many causes, military, diplomatic, moral. In the psychological field I believe there was no more potent factor than the predestination theory of a long war, with the accompanying absence of any sense of urgent, immediate peril that would have stimulated national energy to the highest pitch.

It would be an exaggeration to place America in 1942 in the same category with France and England in 1940. There has been an energetic, purposeful drive to step up war production. The elements of distance and sea power are sufficiently important to rule out any probability of large-scale foreign invasion or of sustained destructive air raids, unless there should be a disaster such as the most profound pessimist could scarcely anticipate: the sweeping of the American and British navies off the Atlantic and the Pacific.

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Yet it is doubtful whether most Americans are sufficiently awake to the magnitude of the war stakes of 1942. I was recently with a group of persons of more than average education who reacted rather indifferently to the suggestion that the strategic situation and the balance of raw materials had altered to our disadvantage because of the Japanese sweep in the Southeastern Pacific area.

'Oh, it is just a matter of waiting until we get our muscles flexed,' was one typical comment.

A friend tells me of a conversation in which a young woman, a university graduate, expressed candid surprise when someone remarked that the Germans were still deep in Russian territory.

'Are there still Germans in Russia?' she said. 'I thought they had all been destroyed, just like Napoleon's troops.'

There could be no better tonic for American alertness than the constant repetition of the phrase: 'The war can be won or lost in the next six months.'

And this would not be a synthetic, unreal slogan. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that, within this period, events will have predetermined either victory or defeat.

Take the optimistic possibilities first. Suppose that Hitler can be contained on the eastern front, or even pushed back farther. As another article in this issue of the *Atlantic* shows, there is solid statistical reason for believing that the German war machine is already thirsty for oil. If the oil resources of the Caucasus and the Near East can be kept out of Hitler's grasp, German striking power, after six months of the intensive campaigning that may be expected this year, may be curtailed, if not positively crippled. It will be a bleak second winter for the German forces in the scorched earth of the Soviet Union if there is no exhilaration from further progress to the east.

Assume also that the French fleet and colonies are not handed over, that the Germans are harassed by continuous

air raids and commando thrusts from Norway to the Pyrenees. All this would not mean that Hitler would be obliged to blow his brains out or to resort to any other spectacular form of abdication or surrender. Barring a rout of his armies in the East or an invasion of the continent from the West on a scale which scarcely seems feasible this year, he would still control a large block of continental territory, with a population of about one quarter of a billion people. Hard battles would still be in prospect, just as severe fighting was necessary after the Russian debacle of 1812 before Napoleon's edifice of power toppled over.

But, given these optimistic assumptions, the tide of the war would have unmistakably turned. The spectre of 1918, the vision of an endless future inflow of American man-power, munitions, and supplies, so vividly depicted in Remarque's epic novel of the last war, would again begin to haunt the German consciousness. Both on the fighting fronts and on the home front there would be a weary sense of having put forward the utmost exertion without having achieved final victory. The sense of siege, of encirclement, dissipated to some extent by the fall of France, would become more intense and more crushing. The end might come sooner than one would dare to predict, on the basis of what is positively known at the present time. The fall of Hitler's military despotism might be as swift and spectacular as its rise.

But the picture of what may occur in the near future has dark as well as bright shades. Both should reinforce the American sense of urgency, the realization that the war is by no means predestined to endure ten years, or even three years.

Suppose that Hitler has amassed enough reserves of man-power and matériel to crack the Russian front and get possession of the Caucasus. This mountainous, colorful, romantic corner of the world between the Black and Caspian Seas, with its medley of races and its as-

sociation with the songs of Russia's great lyric poets, Pushkin and Lermontov, is the key to the issue of the war on the eastern front. Stalin could afford to lose Leningrad. He could even lose Moscow, although this would be a heavier blow, and still preserve an intact front.

But the seizure of the Caucasus would mean the loss of 85 per cent of Russia's oil output. And, while it is possible to evacuate a munitions factory, there is no means of moving an oil well. The Caucasian oil would not immediately be fully available to Hitler. There would be destruction of the installations and difficulties of transportation. German engineering skill, however, would most probably find means of utilizing this oil. And, what would be still more serious, the oil would be irretrievably lost to Russia. This would be a disaster of the first magnitude, not only for the Soviet air force and mechanized units, but also for the food supply of the country, which is dependent, since the introduction of collective farming, on tractors and gasoline-driven machines.

Von Hindenburg complained in World War I that Russia had no 'heart,' no single exposed point at which a blow could be struck. This is still more true of Russia than of most other countries. But the very industrialization that has made Russia stronger in some respects has made it more vulnerable in others, and especially in this matter of oil.

When one considers the likelihood of a successful German offensive in Russia, it is difficult to avoid an agnostic attitude. There are too many unknown facts. Even our accredited military observers, according to Secretary Stimson, have not been given adequate facilities for studying conditions on the Russian front. As to the situation on the German side, we are still more dependent on rumor and hearsay and the uncertain evidence of Hitler's prolix and cloudy speeches. All that can be said with certainty is that, while Soviet counterthrusts and the Russian winter have doubtless inflicted

heavy losses since last December, there has been no indication of a chaotic rout of the German armies. The Germans have held stubbornly to a line of fortified towns, beginning with Novgorod and Staraya Russa in the northwest and running through Vyazma, Bryansk, Orel, Kursk, and Kharkov, touching the Sea of Azov at Taganrog. This line is several hundred miles east of the point of departure of the German offensive in June 1941. Whether it can be used as the starting point of a new major offensive after the ground hardens will perhaps have been made clear before this article can appear in print.

Assume that the conquest of the Caucasus is supplemented by a breakthrough of the British position in the Near East, in Syria, Palestine, Iraq, and Egypt, which has not yet been seriously tested in large-scale attack. Throw in as an additional measure of bad luck a transfer to the Axis of the French fleet and the French African colonies, with all that this would imply in reducing an already uncomfortably tenuous margin of Allied naval superiority and providing bases for new threats to sea routes of communication and to South America.

Indeed a turn for the worse in the attitude of the Vichy Government would most probably be a result of decisive German successes in Russia and the Near East. For such successes would strengthen the argument of Laval and the other 'collaborators' that Germany had won the war and that France had no alternative except to climb on the Nazi bandwagon. By the same token a stalling of the German advance in the East will strengthen those forces in France which are hoping for an Allied victory and will diminish Vichy's ability to proceed to the full limit of compliance with Hitler's desires.

There is no reason to assume that Japan will remain inactive in the Far East. Japanese stabs at Alaska and Hawaii are possible; attacks on India and Siberia, the latter timed to coincide with

Hitler's maximum pressure in European Russia, are more probable.

Should the Axis win both in the West and in the East, should Germany and Japan effect a junction somewhere in India, victory would recede behind a very distant if not an entirely lost horizon. It would be impossible in such an eventuality to count on the effective co-operation of Russia and China. Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek, encircled and bottled up, might give up the struggle altogether.

The United States, with its expanded army and increased war production, could still hope to defend successfully its own territory and the Western Hemisphere, at least as far as the bulge of Brazil. It might be possible to create an English-speaking military and political alliance, of which the British Isles would be the European outpost, while the Pacific members would be Australia and New Zealand. But it would be a formidable enterprise to wrest the continent of Europe from Hitler and a large part of the continent of Asia from Japan.

There is a general vague feeling that the supposedly inexhaustible material resources of the United States and its allies and the friendly neutrals of Latin America will certainly defeat the Axis in the end. It would be advisable to check up this theory in the light of available facts and figures. Before the outbreak of the war the advantage of the non-Axis powers in material resources was overwhelming. But this has been a war of steel against gold, of streamlined militarized economies against countries which, with the exception of Russia, had not even begun to turn their butter into guns. So far all the positive military victories and all the conquests (except Abyssinia, Syria, and Iran) have gone to the militarized economies.

Consequently the balance of strategic materials, while it is still in our favor, is a good deal less encouraging than it was four years ago, or even six months ago. Hitler's conquests in Europe and Russia,

Japan's acquisitions in the Orient, have completely upset pre-1939 statistical tables. Before Pearl Harbor the Axis powers could not manufacture a tire from natural rubber grown in their own territory. Now Japan is in physical possession of an area which normally accounts for 90 per cent of the world's rubber supply. The box score on tin, before Japan started on the warpath, was 90.6 per cent for the United Nations, 9.4 per cent for the Axis. Now the respective figures are 26.5 per cent and 73.5 per cent. A few other comparative figures for 1938 and 1942 are instructive:—

	1938		1942	
	Allies, Russia, Americas	Axis	United Nations	Axis (including conquests)
Sugar	82.3%	17.7%	56.3%	43.7%
Wood pulp	88.6%	11.4%	67.1%	32.9%
Steel	75.3%	24.7%	56.9%	43.1%
Iron ore	92.7%	7.3%	55.4%	44.6%
Manganese	90.0%	10.0%	65.1%	34.9%
Bauxite	74.8%	25.2%	34.2%	65.8%

In some cases, to be sure, the Axis powers have not been able to exploit fully the resources of conquered regions. There are still many commodities — oil, copper, nickel, for instance — in which Allied superiority is very considerable. But if there should be another big upset in the balance sheet of man-power and raw material as a result of sweeping Axis victories in Russia and in the Near and Middle East, America's maximum war effort might only assure an inconclusive stalemate.

So the stakes of 1942 can scarcely be overstated. They are nothing short of a strong possibility either of victory or of defeat. The crisis is here. The time for supreme effort is now. What form that effort should take in the military field is something that very few laymen are qualified to suggest with authority. But any clear-sighted observer can recognize the danger of thinking exclusively in terms of the perfected armaments of 1943 and 1944 when many of the bases from which these armaments might be used may have gone the way of Hong Kong and Manila and Singapore.

II

The stakes of the coming peace, like the stakes of the present war, are tremendous. Should peace 'break out' unexpectedly, we should immediately become conscious of vast changes that have passed almost unnoticed in the heat of conflict. Whether the war is to be long or short, we shall find ourselves living in a new and strange world when it is over. To adjust ourselves to this world will require all the mental and spiritual toughness and resilience that we can muster. The crisis will still be here when the problem of winning the war gives way to the problem of winning the peace.

Marx once referred to war as 'the locomotive of history.' Certainly a global war is apt to prove an immense accelerator of the pace of events. So the few months since Pearl Harbor have witnessed a pretty complete liquidation of old-fashioned Western imperialism in the East — a process that would probably have extended over decades if the world had remained at peace. Such developments as Chiang Kai-shek's intercession with India's nationalist leaders on behalf of Great Britain, the sending of Chinese troops to help in the defense of Burma, the rejected offer of Sir Stafford Cripps, going much farther than any previous British offer of Indian self-government, would have seemed unthinkable ten years ago and improbable even a year ago.

This old-fashioned imperialism, under which a small class of British, French, Dutch, or other European officials and soldiers governed and policed vast areas of the Orient, inhabited by hundreds of millions of people, was largely the product of two nineteenth-century factors, neither of which is eternal. The first was the overwhelming superiority, at that time, of Europe over Asia in industrial technique, and hence in military strength. The second was the unchallenged might of sea power. Thanks to these factors, and to the intangible

prestige element of supposed Occidental invincibility, almost the whole of Africa and a large part of Asia came into a status of colonial or semi-colonial dependence.

All these conditions have now been radically changed. Japan has shown that an Oriental people can match the West at its own military and industrial game. What Japan has done yesterday and today, China and India with their much larger populations may conceivably do tomorrow. The legend of white invincibility began to lose potency with the Russo-Japanese War. It faded entirely after the fall of Singapore.

Whatever may be said for the civilizing benefits of Western imperialism, it proved unable to withstand the impact and the challenge of the present iron age. It failed on three counts. It did not give the peoples who were brought under its sway any sense of national consciousness, any very strong desire to resist foreign invasion. If there was any considerable native participation in the defense of Indo-China, Malaya, the Netherlands Indies, and Burma against the Japanese onrush, this fact has certainly escaped mention in the news dispatches.

There is a striking contrast between the passivity of the peoples who have lived under imperialist rule and the attitude of the Filipinos, who furnished the majority of the troops which defended Bataan under MacArthur and Wainwright. The reason is obvious. The Filipinos felt that they had a free country to defend, a country which their leaders had been governing without even the mildest American interference in internal affairs since 1935. Not because of any exceptional virtue on our part, but because we had a vast continental area to develop, because we were not susceptible to the impulses for overseas expansion of European peoples with thickly settled homelands, we have never been a consistently imperialistic people. It is on some such basis as the American-Filipino

relationship, a basis of coöperation, not of domination, that the future intercourse of West and East should rest.

It was not only in failing to inspire national consciousness that imperialism failed. The vast majority of the people in the colonial countries of Asia were illiterate. It was naturally not easy to give them any idea of what they were fighting for, or fighting against, and to train them in the use of complicated modern weapons. Moreover, the foreign ruling powers, interested in keeping the colonies as sources of cheap raw materials, did not encourage the development there of the heavy industries which are the prerequisite of effective modern warfare.

So the defense of the vast rich colonial area of Southeastern Asia devolved upon small foreign garrisons, fighting in the midst of indifferent or even hostile peoples (there have been repeated reports of Burmese rebels fighting on the side of the Japanese). And these forces were dependent for airplanes and other munitions and supplies on long uncertain routes of maritime communication. The issue of the struggle was pretty well predetermined, even apart from individual blunders and misjudgments.

About this passing of the old-fashioned type of Western imperialism there is an element of finality. The choice in the future lies between a more coöperative relation between East and West and the streamlined, ruthless, efficient Japanese brand of imperialism, which chloroforms a part of the ruling class in subjugated countries as puppets and keeps the masses in the position of hewers of wood and drawers of water. Japan is the sole threat to the freedom of the other Asiatic peoples now because it is no longer possible to rule Oriental peoples over great expanses of distance by means of gunboats and small foreign garrisons.

A change that started in the early thirties, but that has been accelerated by the war, is the shift in the Soviet Union from doctrinaire international

communism to Russian nationalism. All the available information indicates that the struggle against Hitler is being fought on a nationalist basis, with reminiscences of 1812 and with a minimum of specifically revolutionary appeals.

Even before Hitler's attack Soviet histories and encyclopedias were being drastically rewritten. There was selective praise for the Russian past, not the uncritical, indiscriminate abuse which was characteristic of the first years of the Revolution. There was even an official rehabilitation of Tsars who had contributed to the building up of the Russian state, such as Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great. And there were many concessions to the irrepressible and indestructible human instincts for inequality, for distinction and for color. Officers received back their titles and epaulettes, abolished in the first revolutionary fervor. The academic term 'doctor' was restored. Conspicuous merit in any field received recognition both in new honorary Soviet titles and in the more solid form of bonuses and higher wages and salaries.

After this war the situation of 1919, when Russia was trying to excite revolution throughout Europe, may be curiously reversed. Russia is likely to emerge from the war, always assuming that Hitler is defeated, with its frontiers intact, even enlarged, but economically desolated and exhausted, intent on what will certainly be vast problems of internal reconstruction. And Western and Central Europe may well be rent by revolutionary movements to which Russia will prove allergic. It is certainly hard to imagine a bloodless transition from the Nazi régime to some other form of government in Germany. Italy will also experience some kind of upheaval, although the problem of establishing social order there will be easier than in Germany. It is almost certain that the Vichy régime in France will go down with the Nazis, and this may also be true as regards Franco's dictatorship in

Spain, depending on how far this has been identified with Hitler's cause.

If the Left in France had to pay the penalty for the loss of the war, the Right is closely associated with a peace compared with which Versailles was mild, with a peace of cruelty and hunger and oppression. It will be surprising if there is not a new violent swing of the French political pendulum in the event of a German collapse.

It is an unmistakable trend of the times to jump over old national frontiers in economics. We are letting down trade bars with England and with Canada. Hitler's 'New Order' in Europe and Japan's 'New Order' in Asia imply economic unity for big areas. Even if and when Hitler and Japan are smashed it is conceivable that traces of their careers of conquest may remain in the form of regional economic federations where tariff barriers will be abolished or greatly reduced. Some such development is almost inevitable in the age of the airplane and the conveyor belt.

Another change in the making that we in America will feel more keenly, because we escaped its impact (which was very pronounced throughout Europe) after World War I, is increased state control over the national economy and, therefore, over individual existence.

The problems of post-war reconstruction in a world of scorched earth, of starving countrysides, of cities reduced to rubble by air bombardment, a world far more shattered and impoverished than that of 1919, will be staggering. They will far exceed the competence of private initiative. It will require all the strength of governmental authority to reestablish a system of currency exchange that will pave the way for a resumption of international trade, to allocate food and raw materials and shipping where they are most needed, to combat famine and epidemics, to perform scores of essential tasks of elementary salvage.

Moreover, our entire internal economy

during the past decade has become more and more permeated with a collectivist spirit. How far this process has gone is reflected in President Roosevelt's recent suggestion that all private incomes be limited to \$25,000. This is doubtless a liberal allowance for personal expenditure, especially in time of war. But the primary function of the large fortune has never been to provide funds for personal expenditure. It has rather been to supply new capital for industrial development, to maintain privately endowed universities and schools, to sustain scientific and research foundations.

Perhaps these functions will be taken over entirely or in part by the state in the future. Certainly the forms of governmental control that have been and will be instituted in this war will not be abandoned as easily and quickly as were the war controls of 1917-1918. For between the two wars there were profound economic changes all over the world. And greater state intervention in what would formerly have been considered the field of private economic initiative has been one of the few common denominators of communism, fascism, and democracy, although the degree and character of this intervention and the methods of application varied considerably as between the Soviet Union, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States. In the modern type of war, which is an endurance contest of peoples, not a mere struggle of armies, which calls for sweeping mobilization of manpower and material resources of all kinds, state control is obviously destined to become tighter and more extended with the passing of time.

And a considerable measure of this state control will almost certainly outlast the war. Does this mean that, in fighting totalitarianism, we shall inevitably be conquered by its methods from within? It would be blind complacency to deny that there is such a danger. But there is a hopeful remedy for this danger. This is the maintenance,

up to the very limit compatible with military exigencies in time of war, and without any reservation whatever as soon as the military emergency has passed, of the two characteristics that clearly and unmistakably mark off an individualist, democratic order from either the fascist or the communist type of totalitarian régime.

These are the rule of objective, impartial law, which protects the citizen against arbitrary arrest and persecution, and the recognition of political and civil liberties, freedom of speech and press and assembly and election. Should these two ramparts of liberty fall, under any pretext whatever, we shall have lost the war morally, whatever might be the physical issue.

The problem of maintaining civil and individual liberty in time of war is delicate and difficult. Obviously there will always be overriding military necessities that will demand a suspension or curtailment of some peacetime freedoms. At the same time civil liberty may be and has been needlessly and unjustifiably sacrificed to a mood of panic or irritation over military setbacks, to the clamor of self-styled superpatriots, to the impatience of bureaucrats with criticism. Every incident must be judged on its merits; but there should certainly be a clear recognition of the vast importance of preserving the principle of individual self-expression. And when there is a clear case for repression it should be straightforwardly presented and referred to the courts for judgment. There should be no arbitrary executive action, no backhanded use of legal technicalities to 'get' unpopular individuals and publications.

It might help us to maintain the sense of perspective on this point to recall

that in the fourth year of the Civil War the Democratic Party held a convention, denounced Lincoln in virulent terms, and called for a negotiated peace. There were no Gestapo or Gay-Pay-Oo methods; the issue was taken to the polls and Lincoln was chosen for a second term not by a Hitler plebiscite but by an old-fashioned American election.

The maintenance of all individual liberties is more necessary than ever in our age as a counterweight to the immense concentration of power in the hands of the administrative executive. A system of elaborate state control over national economy and man-power, unrestrained by an independent legal process and by political and civil liberties, would certainly turn into a horrible tyranny. A state order in which a small irresponsible bureaucracy does the planning and the majority is obliged to submit to its decisions is by definition little distinguishable from fascism or communism. But if the greater state control is associated with the possibility of alert, free criticism, quick to expose excesses, to denounce maladministration, to focus attention on waste, then, and only then, we may hope to preserve the essentials of our tradition of liberty, even though there may be great economic changes.

Probably the best hope for a future world order that will be both workable and tolerable lies in some such synthesis of public control in such fields as domestic economy, foreign trade, and international currency arrangements with the full assertion of basic political and civil liberties. Only along some such line can we hope to find a satisfactory solution of one of the great dilemmas of our time: the reconciliation of the right of man, in the mass, to security with the right of man, the individual, to liberty.

RUSSIA'S OIL AND HITLER'S NEED

BY FREDERICK PHILLIP HELLIN

IN HIS speech of October 3, 1941, Hitler, as he looked into the future, remarked, 'There is only the problem of transportation.' The statement might have been even more pertinent had he added the two words, 'and oil'—since transportation depends on oil, and oil must be transported.

Opinions may differ on the question of whether or not oil was the decisive motive for Hitler's attack on Russia. But after ten months of the Russian campaign there can be no doubt of Hitler's imperative need of the Caucasian oil fields; he finds himself in the predicament of the alchemist who spent all his gold trying to make gold. To achieve his purpose Hitler must have new oil supplies; and he must deprive the Soviet Union of hers.

Hitler controls at present a supply of from 10 to 12 million tons of oil per year. This figure includes the European natural oil production of 6 million tons, the synthetic production of 4 million tons, and all substitutes—some 2 million tons. Hitler-dominated Europe has a yearly minimum consumption for non-military purposes of at least 8 million tons as compared with 20 million tons before the war. This consumption cannot be reduced further without lowering the productive, industrial, and agricultural potential of the Nazi war machine. This minimum consumption must be maintained if Sweden is to continue to send its ores; Spain, pyrites; France, alcohol, turpentine, and motors; Denmark, eggs; Holland, butter; Belgium,

tin and freight cars; Yugoslavia, copper; Greece, tobacco; Rumania and Bulgaria, Poland and Czechoslovakia, fruit, wood, and industrial products; Switzerland, precision instruments.

There remains, therefore, a yearly supply of from 2 to 4 million tons with which the Axis can wage war on all fronts. The blitzkriegs, based upon considerable pre-war reserves, have kept the oil question from becoming acute, especially since the oil booty obtained from the conquered territory has refilled some of the reserve. But the continued mass consumption of the Russian campaign without any further loot forced Germany to draw heavily upon her stock. The continental supplies cannot keep up with the pace of consumption. In spite of the respite of relatively quiet winter months, Hitler will start the new fighting year with reserves of only 3 to 5 million tons, which will last, at most, from four to six months if war is waged in the tempo of last year. The monthly maximum supply of 1,000,000 tons and the minimum monthly civilian consumption of 700,000 leaves only 300,000 tons for warfare itself. If Hitler does not gain control over the Caucasus by August or, at the latest, by October 1942, he may be unable to wage offensive war and will therefore lose the initiative.

If, on the other hand, he succeeds in conquering the Caucasus, he will starve Russia's motorized armies and her economy. The 'scorched earth' policy will compel him to start drilling again, rebuild refineries and storage facilities,

refine the crude oil, and transport the finished products to the industrial centres and the battlefields. To replace the destroyed material, it will be necessary for him to move the refineries and equipment from France, Holland, Belgium, and Czechoslovakia. The alternative would be to ship crude oil to the idle European refineries, but this would involve greater transport difficulties and greater bombardment risks. At best, oil resources will not be available to Hitler before 1943, at which time the military power of the Allies will have reached its full development.

RUSSIA'S OIL

In 1940, Russia produced about 34 million tons of crude oil (some 11 per cent of world production).

Approximately 85 per cent of Russian oil is produced in the Caucasus, particularly in the region of Baku, where production reaches 24 million tons. Other fields are located between Rostov and Baku — such as Grozny and Maikop, which produce about 5 million tons yielding good lubricants. Sometime in 1935, new oil fields were discovered between the Ural Mountains and the Volga River, around Ishinbajevo, which was called, a little prematurely, a second Baku. While this production centre is considered very promising, it is not likely that it surpassed an annual production of 2 million tons before the German assault on Russia. However, according to reports, large refineries are now in operation there, producing from 10 to 14 per cent of the total Russian gasoline output — a fact of great strategic importance, considering the location of the Caucasus.

The industrialization of Soviet Russia, which proceeded with the formation of a powerful motorized army, and the collectivization of Russian agriculture have contributed to make Russia the second largest consumer of petroleum products in the world. In the early thirties the Russians still exported, for need of for-

eign exchange, petroleum products to the amount of 4 to 6 million tons annually. In 1938, however, the export flow had become a trickle of less than a million tons, with all signs pointing to a complete cessation. The Soviets needed the oil for themselves.

Russian economy is absolutely dependent upon oil, which is needed for industry and railroads, for river and sea fleets, and for the lowly kerosene lamp which lights up millions of homes. The dependence of Russian agriculture on oil is obvious: in 1939, Russia counted 500,000 tractors, 165,000 combines, and 210,000 heavy farm trucks. This motorization of agriculture is today an irreversible fact since the stock of 46 million horses was reduced by one half as a consequence of the collectivization of the farms in the early thirties.

Such a dependence on oil explains the paramount importance of safe transport lanes from the Caucasus to the fighting forces of Russia and to the civilian hinterland. The Germans were in Rostov on November 22, 1941, but if they had pressed on to Astrakhan, or even to the bend of the Volga near Stalingrad, Russia would have been in a desperate position which could have been alleviated only for a few months by the use of the stocks of several million tons of oil in the Urals and on the Volga. The whole military and economic system would have dried up, and the Russian war would have degenerated from modern warfare to a sort of Chinese guerrilla fight. The remaining oil facilities in the Urals are far from adequate. This shows the ever-growing importance of the Arctic communication lines between the United States and Russia. Distances, ice conditions, and lack of ports and railroad communications in those parts of Russia make American help for the fuel situation extremely difficult and limit it to small quantities of special high-quality products.

If the Germans had succeeded in occupying the oil fields of Grozny, they

would have gained another Rumania, with the advantage of a considerable addition of lubricants, since Grozny produces several hundred thousand tons of excellent lubricating oils. The military setback of the Germans in the last days of November 1941 averted this serious threat to Russia and the Allies for many months, and has enabled Russia to replenish her military and civilian stocks in the winter months by rail and now by the vast river and canal system.

The Volga, with its tributaries, is navigable for more than 10,000 miles. In contrast to the United States with its system of 200,000 miles of pipe lines, Russia has only 3000 miles of pipe lines. The famous 500-mile pipe line from Baku through the Caucasus to Batum has an annual capacity of 1.6 million tons of crude oil and gasoline. The problem of transporting 30 million tons of oil from practically one centre to all parts of Russia's immense territory without the use of sea lanes is formidable.

In the last years Russia even imported several hundred thousand tons of oil annually from California to her East Asiatic maritime provinces. The reason for this importation was, of course, the desire to relieve pressure on the trans-Siberian railroad: it should be remembered that the distance from Baku to Vladivostok is about 4300 miles. Let readers bear that in mind before they scrutinize the apparent stalemate between Russia and Japan.

GERMANY'S OIL: PRE-WAR

It is fair to assume that when Germany started the war, in September 1939, she had an inventory of from 5 to 7 million metric tons — mainly of foreign oils. They were accumulated from over-sea imports which rose steadily until the outbreak of the war. Since consumption was satisfied from the increased output of domestic crude and synthetic oils, Germany reserved her imported oils for war purposes.

A conservative estimate of Europe's

production of crude oil is 6 million tons annually. Contributors are: Rumania 4,000,000 tons, Germany 600,000 tons, Poland 500,000 tons, Albania 300,000 tons, Hungary 200,000 tons, Austria 150,000 tons, Estonia 125,000 tons, France (Alsatia) 100,000 tons, and Czechoslovakia 25,000 tons.

Production of synthetic oil amounted to 1.5 million metric tons in 1938. This production took place in from 25 to 35 decentralized plants. Before the war, plants were constructed in the Western German coal and Central German lignite districts as subsidiaries of the mine companies. Since the war, new plants have been built in the eastern provinces, on the Baltic Sea, and in subjugated Czechoslovakia.

Germany perfected two improved methods for the production of synthetic oils, disregarding the question of cost, which was higher than that of natural crude oil. One method was perfected by the world-famous chemist, Bergius; the other by Fischer-Tropsch. The Bergius method converts coal or lignite into synthetic crude oil which, after further treatment, yields all types of gasoline, Diesel, and fuel oils. With the Fischer-Tropsch method a synthetic crude oil is obtained which, in addition to the above-mentioned products, yields lubricating oils and waxes. The quality of these products is considered excellent; and even if the gasoline obtained does not rate more than 65-75 octane, the abundant supply of tetraethyl lead makes it possible to improve the octane rating to approximately 87-95.

Hitler succeeded in raising the production of synthetic oil during his pre-war régime by 1400 per cent — from about 100,000 tons in 1933 to about 1,500,000 in 1938. This is a remarkable feat, the more so because construction of such conversion plants is very intricate. This achievement of Hitler in the pre-war period represents the maximum investment in his war machine.

A careful weighing of all pertinent

factors by experts indicates that Germany's present output of synthetic oil is close to 4 million tons. The raw material — that is to say, the coal and lignite — is practically inexhaustible. The output is determined by installation and man-power.

In addition, gas, coal tar, soft coal tar, and benzol have been produced from coal and coke at an increasing rate. So too, alcohol from industrial and agricultural sources. But at the same time new demands for such products came from the various chemical industries — for example, for explosives and synthetic rubber; these absorbed a good deal of the increased production.

GERMANY'S OIL: IN WAR

With the outbreak of war, oversea supplies ceased and oil came only from Rumania and Russia. Prior to the war, Russia's sea-borne exports to Germany amounted to only a few hundred thousand tons of gasoline, gas oil, and high-grade lubricants, shipped from the Black Sea ports, through the Dardanelles and the Mediterranean, to North Sea ports. When the war began, Russia was unable to ship by sea to Germany. From September 1939 up to the invasion of Russia, the supply had to be shipped from the Russian Black Sea ports to Rumanian and Bulgarian ports and from there continue either on the Danube or by rail to Germany. Only a very negligible part was shipped directly by rail, and this had to be reloaded at the Polish border because of the difference in rail gauge. The single-track Rumanian railroads were the chief bottleneck, not only for the land route but even for the short hauls to Black Sea ports.

Rumania's oil production had decreased steadily to only 6 million tons in 1938. Of this total, 4 million tons of finished products were exported, while 2 million tons were used domestically. The comparatively high domestic consumption in a country with poor motorization is due to the fact that oil is used

by railways, in industries, and for heating purposes.

Until the French collapse, Rumania shipped considerable amounts over her regular sea routes to Mediterranean and Western European ports, but Italy probably did not receive more than a few hundred thousand tons, and Germany hardly more than a million tons. From the moment Italy entered the war, in June 1940, all the 4 million tons of Rumanian oil were available only to the Axis. However, the problem of transportation, with its immense difficulties, still remained. Only a maximum of 1.5 million tons can be shipped on the Danube while the balance of 2.5 million tons must be hauled overland by rail to all parts of the continent.

An interesting detail not generally known is that, starting in the spring of 1940 and probably until the German invasion of Russia, thousands of tons of Rumanian oil were shipped from the Black Sea to the Baltic Sea by way of the Russian canal system, in order to relieve the pressure on the German routes of transportation — the Danube and railroads. This is the canal that links the river Pripyat with the Bug and the Vistula, and thereby joins Odessa and the Dnieper with Danzig and the Baltic Sea. This system of canals and rivers is now entirely in German hands. The cutting off of this river transportation system in the summer and autumn of 1942 may become an important task of Russian strategy.

The total capacity of the tank barge flotilla on the Danube is 250,000 tons at most. Because of the low water level of the Danube in summer, and its freezing over in winter, the barges cannot make the return trip of about 1000 miles from Giurgiu to Vienna and Regensburg more often than six times annually. From the total of about 45,000 tank cars of the whole continent, with an average capacity of 15 tons each, the Axis can utilize not more than 20,000 for the service from Rumania. (The United

States uses about 145,000 tank cars with an average capacity of 25 tons each, in addition to its seagoing tankers, river barges, and system of pipe lines.) It is possible that the Axis has increased its fleet of tank cars to 60,000 since it has had the production of Belgium, France, and Czechoslovakia at its disposal.

The magnitude of the task of moving oil mainly by rail and tank barges (the use of seagoing tankers being restricted by Allied control of Gibraltar) becomes evident when one considers that from 10 to 12 million tons must be moved annually, for military and civilian needs, over distances ranging from the German centres of production to Bergen in Norway, Riga in Latvia, and the Gulf of Biscay on the Spanish border; and from the distant Rumanian oil fields to the immense theatre of war in Northern Russia, and to Sicily and Athens for the Mediterranean and North African war. One of the serious consequences of the British loss of Crete and the Greek islands is that, since the spring of 1941, the Axis has been in a position to transport tankers from Rumania through the Dardanelles to ports like Salonika, Rhodes, or Crete without being intercepted by the British fleet.

Another important addition to German supplies was the loot taken in the defeated and vassal countries. While the extent of this loot has often been overestimated, it was considerable. A fair estimate is that the Nazis acquired, in addition to the Western Polish oil fields (which produce about 150,000 tons of crude oil annually, yielding 15 to 20 per cent high-grade lubricants), 350,000 tons from Eastern Poland after the Russian invasion; 75,000 tons from Alsatia; 150,000 tons from Hungary; 250,000-300,000 tons from Albania; 100,000 tons from Estonia; and a stock of 2,000,000 tons of crude oil and finished products from Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and France.

Oil storage tanks and refineries in Denmark and Holland fell intact into German hands; many of those in Bel-

gium and France were destroyed during the fighting.

After Italy's entry into the war, the original reserves of Germany were increased, not only by the Albanian annual production of 250,000 to 300,000 tons of low-grade crude oil, but also by the Italian war reserve stocks, which have been estimated at from 2.5 to 3 million tons. Hitler's delight at this contribution of his minor partner was very short-lived, however. As in every other respect, Italy is deficient in crude oil production. The Italian navy alone consumed a million tons annually in manœuvres in peacetime. This may well be the explanation for the inactivity of the Italian navy.

LUBRICATING OIL

Civilian consumption of lubricants cannot be reduced. Wherever wheels turn, lubricants are necessary to prevent metal surfaces from running dry. The strain imposed upon industrial machinery by the war has made the saving of lubricants impossible, even though a careful system of reclamation is said to have saved up to 25 per cent of the annual consumption of 600,000 tons in Germany.

Since the beginning of the war the Axis powers have been required to live off their lubricant reserves, production of high-grade lubricants in Europe being possible only to a limited degree. For war activities and high-speed machinery, whether stationary or mobile, lubricants of high viscosity index, high flash point, and low cold test rating are essential. Such lubricants are not available from German or Rumanian crude oil production. German synthetic production, on the other hand, does yield high-grade lubricants, although the quantities obtained are very limited and cannot be increased without curtailing the yield of other important products, like gas oil and Diesel oil, both vital for the navy. Besides the accumulated pre-war stocks, the Axis had at its disposal the Polish

production and the imports from Russia, which probably did not exceed 30,000 to 40,000 tons in 1940 and perhaps an additional 10,000 to 15,000 tons up to the invasion of Russia.

Only high-grade lubricants such as are produced in essential quantities by the Americas and Russia, can be used in existing war activities. Although, quantitatively speaking, lubricants amount to only 3 per cent of the consumption of gasoline, Diesel, and fuel oils in automotive vehicles, the problem of supplying them during war is much more acute because there is no adequate means of replenishing stocks or of producing new supplies, particularly in Europe. In this connection credence may be given to the news from the Russian battle front that German tanks got stuck because of the freezing of lubricants. This may be regarded as the beginning of Germany's difficulties in obtaining high-quality lubricants.

HITLER'S NEED

In the Polish, Norwegian, French, and Balkan campaigns Hitler did not have to fall back upon his accumulated stocks. In the blitzkriegs, which were of extremely short duration, and in the long intervals between them, it was comparatively easy for him to draw on current domestic production and on Rumanian and Russian imports without tapping pre-war reserves. As a matter of fact, the loot in the overrun countries even swelled his stocks. The war in Africa and the air assaults on England did not increase consumption materially.

Hitler's real need for oil started with the Russian campaign. A battle front of from 1500 to 2000 miles opened up, on land and in the air, and three new seas were added to the theatres of war: the Black Sea, the Baltic Sea, and the Arctic Ocean. Since the beginning of hostilities, the figures of the actual oil consumption remain unknown. It is of no help to know just how many gallons a submarine, a bomber, or a fighter burns

up when it travels a hundred miles. It does not add to our knowledge to learn that a German panzer division consists not only of 400 light and medium tanks but also of 3300 other motor vehicles. The essential question remains: How intensively does each unit fight and how much does it move about? Military experts vary in their estimate of German oil consumption for the seventeen days of the Polish campaign, but it must have averaged between 300,000 and 750,000 tons. The consumption for the French blitzkrieg was about twice the amount used in Poland. The consumption of aviation gasoline by the Luftwaffe in a month of intensified air attacks on England was between 50,000 and 100,000 tons. For example, 500 bombers use up from 60,000 to 90,000 tons per month, at the rate of four hours' flying time per day and from 1 to 1½ tons consumption per hour.

The author does not believe he is exaggerating in estimating German oil consumption in Russia alone, until the beginning of December 1941, at a million tons per month. From December to April, consumption may have been reduced to 600,000 tons. The length of the front is three or four times the length of the front in the Polish campaign. Transports and men-of-war must travel enormous distances on three seas. Thousands of warplanes and tanks are in battle or in movement, followed by motorized artillery and infantry which, in turn, are followed by a supply system of trucks and lorries which must number hundreds of thousands.

The immensity of space that has continually to be traversed must not be lost sight of, nor the necessity for the Nazis to ferry large loads of matériel to the front lines by air. All such requirements consume vital oil.

A Russian communiqué dated January 12, 1942, reported that, from November 16 until early January, not fewer than 2800 German tanks and 30,000 motor vehicles had been captured, and about

1000 warplanes had been destroyed. Even if these figures were exaggerated, they still would furnish us with an idea of the magnitude of the matériel in service, and partly lost, by the Nazis.

Nor is the amount of consumption determined alone by the number of submarines, warplanes, and tanks, but by the hundreds of thousands of supporting transport units which alone make the operation of the combat units possible. The shifting of troops, the bringing up of fresh reserves, and the withdrawal of battle-weary units necessitate maximum employment of all means of transportation. Thus, in a report from Berlin, printed in the *New York Times* on November 21, 1941, the German High Command boasted of having shipped, during the four months of the Russian campaign alone, about 83 million pounds of supplies (about 40,000 tons) in 30,000 flights, over a distance of 13 million miles.

Nor should the consumption in occupied Russia be forgotten. The occupied cities of Riga, Reval, Kharkov, Kiev, Odessa, and Smolensk need certain amounts of petroleum products to sustain urban life. If the Nazis have done any spring sowing in the Ukraine (they could hardly have done any sowing last autumn), they were confronted with the complete lack of Russian horses and their own shortage of animals. They were, therefore, compelled to supply not only tractors but also all the automotive fuel necessary to drive them, which must have amounted to several hundred thousand tons.

BOMBARDMENTS

The question of the effect of damage caused by aerial bombardment is very difficult to determine. The British Command reported about 400 air raids on North and West German oil centres up to the end of 1941, and a Russian spokesman reported the destruction of a large Rumanian refinery and the burning of large oil reservoirs in the Rumanian

port of Constantza. However, this destruction of Axis oil stocks and producing centres should be calculated very cautiously since, in addition to the usual storage tanks on sea and river ports and at the refineries, there are secret storage tanks, coördinated with underground airfields. It is known that the largest ones are located in the exhausted potash mines around Hanover.

It is strange that a concerted bombardment of the Rumanian refineries and oil fields was never undertaken by the British or the Russians, for the Italians attacked the Haifa oil refinery from bases in Rhodes, and the Bahrein refinery, on the Persian Gulf, from Eritrea in distant Northeast Africa.

On the other hand, it is well known that the Nazis transferred a large amount of their oil stocks from the North Sea ports to the tank farms of the large Czechoslovakian and Danubian refineries after the Polish campaign and before the British air assaults on Germany got going. So far this removal has kept these stocks out of reach of Allied air attack.

Large quantities of oil — for instance, the supplies for North Africa and Northern Norway — must be shipped via combined rail and water routes over thousands of miles and are often lost in transit.

According to Lloyd's registry of June 30, 1939, Italy and Germany had, at the start of the war, a combined sea tanker fleet capacity of 682,000 tons.

The Allies possess a tonnage of about 10,000,000 tons without the Russian tanker fleet, the size of which is not known. Up to April 1942, the Allies were supposed to have lost about 2,000,000 tons and the Axis powers 200,000 tons of tankers by enemy action.

IRAQ AND IRAN

Had Hitler realized the strength of Russian resistance, he might rather have decided to go for the oil of Iraq and Iran. Iraq produces 4 million tons and

Iran 10 million tons a year, but the production of both can be increased. But Bagdad was 150 miles and Basra 400 miles farther away from Berlin than was Baku, and the sea lanes of the Mediterranean were closed by British naval supremacy in the 'Italian lake.' The single-track Anatolian railroad could not have undertaken such tasks even if the conquest of Turkey might have been easier than the march through Russia.

The importance of the Iraq and Iran oil fields is different from that of the Russian oil fields. Not only is their output smaller and their variety poorer (high-quality lubricating oils are produced neither in Iran nor in Iraq), but the communication lines in Russia are safer than those from Iran and Iraq via Turkey and the Mediterranean. The loss of Iraq and Iran would be a hard blow for the Allies, but would not be fatal to their oil situation, provided the Americas are able to replace such a loss despite the great difficulties of transportation.

Hitler's treaty obligations with Japan may force him towards Iraq and Iran. Even if he should be successful there and obtain sufficient oil, this accomplishment would not seal Russia's defeat. He would still have the tremendous task of keeping the transport lanes open in the face of the British forces which exist in the Eastern Mediterranean. The land line from the Caucasus to Middle and Western Europe is much the safer and surer one. Therefore it is questionable whether Hitler will risk the opening of a new front against the Turks and the British before the outcome of the Russian campaign is certain.

Japan is now separated from her Axis partners by Russia in the north and by the British in the south, and no communication by land or by sea is yet available to them. Although the Japa-

nese conquered the Dutch East Indies and Burma, they will have much rebuilding to do in order to obtain oil; this additional source of supply will not relieve Hitler's oil situation in 1942.

Hitler will not be able to retain the initiative, as he has done up to now, unless and until he gains control of the Caucasian oil fields or Iraq and Iran. Even a relative scarcity in oil supplies may lead to the limiting of vital troop movements and activities.

Everything depends on the number of motorized troops and weapons which the Allies will be able to throw against Hitler on land, sea, and in the air, in order to force him to mobile operation which will finally exhaust his limited supply of oil. Then the Allies can compel Hitler to fight where, when, and in what manner they wish.

In 1918 Marshal Foch started successive trial offensives at many points of the western front in order to harass the weary Germans, to force them to make troop movements, and eventually to break through at the weakest points. When Hitler is obliged to shift his air and panzer armadas from east to west, from north to south, at a rate dictated by the initiative of the Allies, then the oil shortage will become a dangerous factor. The farther the fighting front is from the oil production centres, the more difficult will become the oil situation of the Axis. Taking this into consideration, the North African and Arctic war becomes more important as a campaign of movement over vast distances in spite of the fact that, compared with the Russian campaign as a whole, only small numbers of troops and matériel are engaged.

After the First World War was won, Lord Curzon said that 'the Allies floated to victory on a wave of oil.' Will this again be true?

WE TOOK TO THE WOODS

How We Make a Living

BY LOUISE DICKINSON RICH

I

I ALWAYS like to know what people do for a living. This is probably just plain nosiness, but I like to call it a scientific interest. Consequently I consider 'But how can you make a living up there in the woods?' a perfectly legitimate question. By no stretch of the imagination could our two acres be rated as a farm. There is no place of business within a day's hard journey of us. We don't like to kill things, so our trapping activities are confined to a trap line for mice and rats run by Gerrish and Rufus in the kitchen and corn patch. How we keep body and soul together is a mystery to the uninitiated. At times it's a mystery to us as well.

We make a living in a variety of ways. For one thing, there's the taxi and transport service from Middle Dam to Sunday Cove and way stations. The rates are a little bit flexible, depending on a number of things. Very often, in winter, woodsmen who are leaving the lumber camps call on us to take them and their 'turkeys' (woods for 'knapsacks') up to Middle Dam. If all goes well, the charge is a dollar. After Thanksgiving the road gets more and more treacherous as the snow gets deeper and deeper, and it becomes easier and easier to slide off into the ditch. The passenger then is obliged to help get the car back onto the road. If this is a matter of a few shoves, the rate goes down to seventy-five cents. If it requires a lot of snow shoveling and

strenuous heaving, the fare decreases accordingly. Sometimes it vanishes utterly. You can't charge a man for spending half the morning with his shoulder to the tailboard of a 1929 Essex truck, getting his clothes plastered with flying snow. When that happens, Ralph just decides to make a social occasion of it and spends the rest of the morning visiting with Larry Parsons. So far the situation has never seemed to demand that he pay the passenger for riding.

I always feel a little apologetic about our being a four-car family. After all, with only five miles of road available, it seems a little ostentatious, in view of our faded denim pants and patched work shirts, to be discussing which car to take to get the mail.

I shall not regret the passing of the Marmon, known locally as the Riches' Big Green Mormon, at all. It is a 1924 sports touring model, at least half a block long. Because of its tremendous power, Ralph uses it for hauling, and I have to ride in back and watch through the rear window that we don't lose our load. I hate the thing. There is no place to brace my feet, and the frame of the car is so long that a twig in a rut turns it into a catapult that tosses me helplessly into the air. The Carry Road is nothing but bumps, so it's like riding in a corn popper. And besides, I have a sneaking notion that Ralph is fonder of the Mormon than he is of me.

I'd better make it clear at once that we didn't *buy* any of our four present cars. We came by them through a series of deals — all except the Essex, which was given to us by a friend who had become too attached to it to be able to bear the thought of selling it down the river for the twenty dollars the dealer would allow him on a trade-in. He wanted to know that it would have a good home with kind people. Men get so emotional about machinery. And the Marmon was a leftover from the days when Ralph lived on The Outside.

The Model T used to belong to Larry Parsons. Larry is very sensible about cars. When they take to swooning in crises he says 'To hell with it,' waits until the ice is safe, tows them out into the middle of the lake, and leaves them to go down into a hundred feet of water during the spring breakup. That's what he was doing to this Model T one winter day when Ralph showed up. Gerrish is unhappy driving anything but a Model T — and I might add that anything but a Model T is apt to be unhappy after Gerrish has been driving it. So Ralph ground the valves on the Parsons snowboat, did something or other about the Parsons lighting plant, fixed the plug in the Parsons bathtub, which had had to be held up with the bather's toe while the water ran out, in return for the Model T. That is what is known as a deal.

The Model A, vintage of 1930, used to belong to Jim Barnett, the local lumber baron. He had it in here one summer when he was getting out hurricane pine for the government. Under the ægis of several non-mechanical-minded straw bosses, clerks, and government scalers, it developed all the ailments that motors are heir to. During its periods of hospitalization, Ralph did Jim's errands for him, and when Jim moved his camp out, he left the Model A in payment. Ralph spent a happy fifty-nine-hour week investigating its innards, with frequent summons for me to come out and view

with horror what some idiot butcher had perpetrated on the wiring, the pistons, or the timing, — I was always properly horrified, as a good wife should be, but I never knew quite at what, — and now the thing runs.

People always ask how we got all these cars in here, there being no road from The Outside; and we always tell them that we took them apart, packed them in on our backs over the trail, and set them up again. Gratifyingly often we are believed. Of course we really brought them in over the ice, or rafted them in on scows.

II

The heyday of the transport business, with this assorted fleet of animated junk, is summer. That is when the canoe trips go through here. Some misguide-book of the lakes, which every camper in the world seems to have fallen afoul of, says that one gets from the Lower Richardson to Umbagog by way of the Rapid River. Anyone who can read a contour map can see that that is impossible. It has been accomplished only twice in history: once by mistake — Captain Coburn, when young, got caught in the current and was lucky; and once by design — some guides from up along the border wanted to make a record, but before they got through they wished they'd never started. Cluley Rips, a mile below us, is the most vicious piece of water I have ever seen. It's frightening just to stand on the bank and look at it. The water pours into a narrow gut, overhung by rocks and dripping spruces, with such force that it has no time to level out. The middle of the river humps up, green and white and snarling, almost to eye level of the bank-stander. Cluley, whoever he may have been, was drowned there. That's how you get things named after you in this country.

We profit by the guidebook's error. Nobody wants to carry a canoe five miles. It would take all day. We can do it in half an hour, if we're lucky.

Ralph has hauled all sorts of things across the carry. He has hauled anything that will float, from a rubber fold-boat to a steel, Diesel-powered work boat. He has hauled woodsmen suffering from third-degree burns, all manner of cuts and fractures, pneumonia, and delirium tremens, known hereabouts as 'the horrors.' He has hauled a litter of pigs, bound for the garbage disposal department of a lumber camp. He has hauled newsreel men and their cameras, covering the National Championship White Water Races, and fire wardens covering a forest fire. But the ones I like best and he hates most are the girls' camps.

He hates the girls' camps because he claims that, in spite of the fact that the girls are always under the auspices of a guide and two or three counselors, you might as well try to organize a handful of quicksilver. I like them, because I like to see the old boy get his comeuppance. He gets them all packed in nicely around their canoes and duffel, and someone decides she has to have a picture of the outfit, but that Tessie's skinned knee and Vera's camp letter won't show, so will everybody please rearrange themselves? Or Muggsy can't find her sweater, so everything has to be unpacked. It drives him crazy, being, so he says, me raised to the *n*th degree.

The most recent invasion got even Gerrish down. Ralph went to Middle to get them — fifteen of them from some camp over in Vermont — and stopped here to refill his radiator. They swarmed into the yard like a pack of beagles, with an old and completely resigned guide making perfunctory motions of bringing them to heel. While his charges were posing for snapshots with Kyak, who makes local color to show the home folks, he came in to ask permission to build a lunch fire on our land. I asked him how he liked his job. He sighed wearily. 'Wal, it ain't no *position*,' he said with feeling.

He could have saved his breath about

the fire. Gerrish was tarring the seams of a boat and had the tarpot heating over a little fire between two rocks. According to his rather hysterical story, the first thing he knew he was smearing the boat with tomato soup, and then he realized he had somehow become embroiled in a mass culinary operation. He grabbed the tarpot, fought his way clear, and knocked off for dinner. He believes in coöperating with the inevitable.

I was charmed with that lunch, planned to fill the hollow brought on by ten miles of paddling since breakfast and to generate enough energy to get the whole assemblage to the nearest camp site, ten miles away, before supper. The menu: Tomato Purée, Cheese Dreams, Lemonade.

Once Ralph got a job with the Geodetic Survey, which was in here for the summer making a contour map of the country. To make a contour map, it seems, you first establish by some esoteric hocus-pocus with trigonometry the exact altitude of one point, in this case a stone in Coburn's front yard (altitude 1462.27 feet above sea level). Then, working with surveying instruments, you run in circles from that point, sticking sticks with the new altitudes on them at convenient places along the circumference of the circle. If the reading when you get back to Coburn's stone is 1462.27, you may assume that all points on the circle are correct. You then take any point on the circle and follow the same procedure from there. At the end of the summer the entire country is covered with imaginary circles and actual sticks. Then you start running straight lines across country, rechecking altitude with a barometer at any sticks you may come across — surveyors dignify these sticks by calling them Temporary Bench Marks — and attempting to come out at flags which have been tied — according to what system I never did find out — to various inaccessible trees. This is the last step before putting the map on

paper, and this is where Ralph came into the picture.

One of the rodmen was taken ill, the appropriation for the survey was almost gone, and the head surveyor was loath to lose time and money waiting for his man to recover. So he appealed to Ralph to help him out, assuring him that all he had to do was stroll through the woods with a string tied to his arm, stop when shouted to, and blaze the nearest tree. He didn't say that they would be working in the B Pond territory.

There is nothing the matter with the pond. It lies to the south of us, over a beech-covered ridge, and it is lovely and placid and wild. But Ralph loathes B Pond, because the trail over is rough and steep. He'd rather be dead than take a trip over the B Pond trail.

Nevertheless, he went to B Pond every day that he worked for the Survey, and he didn't go by trail. That isn't the way the Survey does things. They pick out a point at random, consult their notes, and learn that somewhere a mile off to the SSW is a white cloth tied to a yellow birch; then they take out their compasses, tighten their belts, and start looking for it. The rodman — Ralph — goes ahead, trailing a hundred-yard piece of string. When the end of the string comes abreast of the surveyor, he puts up a shout and the rodman stops and makes his blaze. As soon as the surveyor overtakes him, he sets out again, letting nothing, in theory at least, turn him aside from a perfectly straight line. This would be easy enough on the plains of the West, but this is rough country, and we had a hurricane in 1938.

The results of the hurricane here would have to be seen to be believed. Acres of trees are piled up like jackstraws in windrows forty feet high and half a mile long. A rodman doesn't go around these. He goes over and through them. Ralph insists that one whole day he never had his feet on the ground except when he came down for lunch. The de-

spised B Pond trail began to look like a boulevard, especially as he knew it was only a hundred yards off to the west, running parallel to their course. It might as well have been a hundred miles off. It might better have been, because he could have forgotten it. He tore his clothes to ribbons, and then did the same to his skin. He put a vicious blaze on a little sapling and a porcupine fell out of it, missing him by inches. That's the same as being missed by a twenty-pound ball stuck full of red-hot needles. He got three and a half dollars a day and whatever satisfaction went with the chief surveyor's affidavit that Ralph was the best rodman he'd ever had, and that this is the most hellish country he's seen in a career covering every state in the Union.

But I know better than ever again to try to persuade Ralph to take a nice little walk over to B Pond with me.

III

I have my difficulties, too. I don't like to cook. I like the results of a morning's hard labor to last more than ten minutes. But once in a while I have to take boarders. This usually happens when I am in the worst possible position to do so. Last spring is a good example.

All three families in Middle Dam had enough food to last, with care, over the breakup and until a load of supplies could be brought in from The Outside. We were feeling pretty good about it, because sometimes we aren't so lucky. Nobody, we fondly thought, could get in to eat up our carefully counted potatoes and beans. I was even entertaining the extravagant idea of making a one-egg chocolate cake instead of a no-egg gingerbread, when the telephone rang. It was Alice Miller, and she was in a dither.

She said, 'Louise, how much food have you got? I got a crew of five walked in here along the shore from the Arm to stay over the breakup and do some work

on the dam. I ain't got a thing to feed them.'

The Millers had helped us out in more pinches than I can remember, and it wasn't often that I had a chance to do much for them. This was a God-given opportunity to lend a hand. I'd peel the larder down to the last bone, and be glad of the chance. If I saved out a dozen eggs and a couple of cans of corned beef, and beans and salt pork and split peas and flour and corn meal, we could eat for the few days until the lake was clear, even if it wasn't a balanced diet. We had plenty of canned milk and potatoes. I told her what I could let her have.

'Swell! I'll send someone down with a pack-sack!'

She hung up and in due time her emissary arrived. I gave him everything I could spare, and he staggered off up the Carry Road under the load.

Barely was he out of sight when the telephone rang again. A man's voice said pleasantly, 'Mis' Rich? This is Ban Barnett. I'm down at Sunday Cove, with a crew of three. We walked in over the old Magalloway trail to fix the Carry Road before the drive comes in, and we'll be right up. We'll stay at your place for two-three days, like always.'

'Did you bring any food?' I asked with regrettable lack of hospitality.

'Food? Holy God, Mis' Rich, we had all we could do to get ourselves through that swamp!'

'Ban,' I said desperately, 'I can't board you. I've hardly got enough food in the house to feed the family. You'll have to —'

He'd have to what? The Millers couldn't feed four more. Al Parsons wasn't any better off than I was. The men couldn't go home, nine miles through the swamp and over a mountain, with nothing under their belts.

'You can feed us,' Ban assured me with touching faith. 'You got potatoes and salt, ain't you?'

I fed them for three days, and ever

since I have had implicit belief in the miracle of the loaves and fishes. We had pea soup, which is very filling. We had baked beans. I sent Gerrish fishing. You can never catch fish when you need them, but he did. We had trout and salmon. We had corn-meal mush and molasses. The butter ran out, but we had johnnycake and the last of the jam I had made the fall before. We had dandelion greens and fiddleheads, those strange, furry fern fronds that taste something like asparagus and something like swamp water. You boil them and serve them with butter, if you have any butter. My two cans of corned beef made two meals. There are ways of stretching meat enough for three to feed seven, other than Divine multiplication. One can I cut up in cream sauce — a lot of cream sauce — and served on toast. The other I cut up with cold potato — a lot of potato — and browned into hash. Mrs. Parsons let me have three cans of tomatoes. One made tomato soup, one went into scalloped tomatoes with bread crumbs, — lots of bread crumbs, — and the last I strained for Rufus to drink, in lieu of orange juice. You can make one egg take the place of two in scrambled eggs by using too much milk and thickening it with flour. It's not very good, but it's something to eat.

Oh, I fed them. It wasn't according to any known dietetics, but we all survived. And when the ice went out and the first boat came in with supplies, I had left a cup of sugar, five potatoes, three cans of milk, a quart of flour, and one egg.

While I was peeling potatoes paper-thin, diluting canned milk with too much water, — we did have plenty of water, — and measuring out lard by the quarter teaspoon, Ralph and Gerrish were working with the crew on the road. That's another annual source of income, the reimbursement for which just about covers the taxes. Working out your taxes on the road is routine procedure hereabouts. You spend a week filling in

washouts, rebuilding caved-in culverts, and leveling out the worst ruts, and the tax sale is forestalled for another twelve months. Oh, you can get along with very little cash money in this country if you know the ropes and are sufficiently adaptable.

I still take boarders when I have to, but I'd rather knit. I'm a good knitter, and I'm proud of it. I see no point in being modest about things you know you do well. It doesn't indicate humility so much as hypocrisy or lack of perception. So, then, I am a very good knitter. I even won first prize at the Andover Fair once for a pair of gloves. Fifty cents it was, and a blue ribbon. I spent the money, but the ribbon I wouldn't part with for pearls. I can knit while I read, thus staving off boredom and creating an illusion of great efficiency. I can make up my own directions or I can follow printed directions, which apparently is the harder thing to do, although I don't see why it should be.

I think the difficulty with people who can't follow printed directions for knitting or anything else is that they try to understand them. They read the whole thing through and it doesn't make sense to them, so they start with a defeatist attitude. They try to relate the first few steps to the whole, and there is no obvious relation, so they get discouraged and say, 'Oh, I can't learn things out of books. But if you'll just show me —'

You don't have to understand directions. All you have to do is follow them; and you can follow them only one step at a time. What you need is not intelligence but a blind faith. I never read directions through. I never read beyond the operation I am engaged in, having a simple trust that the person who wrote them knew what he was doing. That trust is usually justified. Oh, there's no trick to following directions, and if I don't teach Sally and Rufus one other thing, I'm going to teach them that. I think it's important.

When I get my own family's sweaters

and mittens and socks done for the winter, I knit for whoever will pay me — neighbors, lumberjacks, anyone. Also I sew on buttons and patch clothes for woodsmen, whenever there are lumbering operations in here. I don't like to sew, and I don't sew very well, but I do better than most lumberjacks. Ralph, coming across an article about Father Hubbard, the Glacier Priest, took to calling me Mother Hubbard the winter I started acting as housemother to the woodsmen. It applied, but not as he meant it to. I'm not a snappy model; I really don't wear Mother Hubbards, but the effect is about the same.

IV

Had Ralph been born a little earlier, he would have been a Yankee horse-trader. As it is, he doesn't do badly with his car trading, in a country where trading is a religion. Albert Allen, a friend from Upton who has lived all his life in this vicinity, covered the general attitude one day. 'Nope,' he said, 'I'd be ashamed to give it to anybody. 'T aint good enough. But maybe I can find someone who'll make a trade.' No matter what you start with, here, if you stick with it long enough, you'll get what you want. All you need is something to start with. Will Morton, who lives on Rifle Point, off Middle Dam, and who is the oldest working guide in the state — being eighty-two — and one of the best, started out with an electric razor, which one of his sports gave him for Christmas. He ended with a boat, which was what he had in mind all the time. I've forgotten, unfortunately, the intermediate steps.

Ralph's most remarkable operation was the trading of the old Model T touring car. There was a lumber camp over on Sunday Pond three miles north of us then, and one gray November day the clerk of the camp called up and announced that he'd heard Ralph had a lot of cars and would maybe sell one.

He wanted it to run up and down Umbagog, now that the ice was safe and the snow hadn't come yet, so he could go out and see his girl.

We'd just acquired the Essex, so Ralph was open to bids on the Model T. The clerk — Mac, his name was — said he'd be over next day to take a look. Ralph spent the intervening time pacing up and down and muttering to himself, trying to decide what price he ought to ask. He concluded finally that he'd ask twenty-five dollars, but would be glad to get fifteen.

The trial run was a huge success. They went everywhere — down to Sunday Cove, across Umbagog to Sturtevant Cove, and up through the woods to the Brown Farm, where they called on Joe Mooney and had a good game of ping-pong with the company doctor. Mac was impressed twenty-five dollars' worth, all right, only he didn't have twenty-five dollars to spare. Just as Ralph was about to come big-heartedly down to twenty, Mac advanced a proposition.

'Look, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you fifteen dollars and return the car when the camp moves out.'

Every woman occasionally wonders what manner of man she has married. No matter how long she has been living with her husband, once in a while he presents a new face. It's all nonsense about women being enigmas and men being just transparent little boys at heart. Or else I'm gullible. I had Ralph down as good old honest, outspoken Rich, the guy with the heart of gold; the guy who, offered his price in that frank and open manner, would say, 'Oh, hell, fifteen dollars is plenty. She's yours.'

And did he? He hemmed and hawed while I bit my tongue in an effort not to interfere. Finally he gave in, with the perfectly maddening appearance of granting a favor. 'That'll be all right,' he said graciously. 'When you get through with her, be sure to leave her on this side of the Cove, so I can get her

without any trouble.' Just like that. And then I swear he went out and measured gas into the tank with a teaspoon, so that Mac could get to the nearest source of supply, but not much farther.

That night Mac went to Errol to see his girl. The next day it snowed eighteen inches. The rest of the winter the Ford sat under a drift at Sunday Cove — on this side of the Cove, as requested — and never turned a wheel. In the spring Ralph drove it home. I should think he'd lie awake nights, but he doesn't. He has the horse-trader conscience, I guess.

I haven't. But I did do one deal that gives me perennial satisfaction. I think I came out all right, but even if I didn't, even if I got 'gypped out of my eyeteeth' as Ralph says I did, I'm very happy about the whole thing.

There are three boats and a canoe that go with the place, and of course everybody uses them. But they really were Ralph's boats. I wanted a boat of my own, to use and possibly abuse as I chose. I wanted a boat I could put into a pool down river and not be asked, 'When are you going to bring that boat back to the Pond? I want to use it.' So when the Bernier boat — Bernier was a famous builder of the type of boat called the Rangeley boat — began to go to pieces from neglect, Ralph gave it to me. The idea was that I would fix it up myself and it would be mine.

Well, I just didn't get around to it, somehow, and it continued to lie on the shore of the Pond, with the paint flaking off, the wood drying out, and the caulking falling from the seams. And that's where Gerrish enters the picture.

He said to me casually, 'Ralph tells me that Bernier boat belongs to you.'

I thought I felt a deal coming on, and I'd observed Ralph long enough to have learned some rudiments of the technique. So I just said, 'Yeah.'

'You ain't going to have no boat if you don't tend to it.'

I said, 'Yeah,' again, and we sat in companionable silence.

Finally he said, 'What'll you take for it?'

'I don't know. What'll you give for it?'

'It ain't worth much. Needs a lot done on it.'

'To tell you the truth,' I said frankly, 'I don't want to get rid of it. I want to cut the stern off square, when I get the price of an outboard motor, and make a kicker boat out of it. What'll you take for fixing it up for me?' That was in the classic tradition. I'd registered reluctance to part with my property and made a counter offer.

'Half the boat,' he said promptly. 'I'll do the work and you furnish the materials and we'll own it together. There's places I'd go if I had a kicker boat.'

'Where, for instance?' I asked. I didn't want my half of the boat hauled down to Mount Desert Island along with his.

'Upper Dam. Or the West Arm. I wouldn't take it off the lakes.'

So it was a deal. He scraped the boat, caulked the seams, replaced a broken gunwale, and put in a new stem and keel. That took a month. Then he gave it two coats of oil and two coats of paint, and it's the best boat on the place. I don't see why Ralph thinks it was a skin deal. I didn't pay anything for the boat in the first place.

I didn't pay anything for it in the last place, either, and that might be what annoys him. He seems to have a feeling that I should have paid for the paint and oil and steel wool and marine caulking and nails and copper sheathing. But he has a whole shop full of that kind of stuff. I should think he'd be glad — but he doesn't seem to be. It would bother me a lot more if I didn't remember Mac and the Model T.

V

Ralph's a guide, too. Just as soon as the ice starts softening up in the spring, he sends to Augusta for his guide's li-

cense. His actual guiding consists chiefly of taking out fishing parties by the day. His prize party was an outfit of politicians from a medium-sized Massachusetts city. At home they were elaborately teetotal; the W.C.T.U. is a force in that city. But they brought fourteen quarts of Scotch and a case of beer — snakebite precautions — for their three-day stay in the woods. They managed to get rid of it, and I don't think they dumped it in the river. That would argue a little training somewhere along the line, I should think. They'd never been fly-fishing before, but they'd seen pictures of fly-fishermen. So they had the paraphernalia: waders, creels, canvas jackets, tapered lines, collapsible landing nets, everything. Everything, that is, except the ability to cast a fly. Ralph spent the day climbing trees to retrieve flies caught in branches, and diving into the river to unsnag them from the bottom. Between times he hauled his sports out of the water — they were great fallers-in — and dodged erratic backcasts. He had a very active day. Along about dusk a great outcry went up. Someone had caught a fish. An enormous salmon, so he said. Ralph netted it. It was a small chub. The chub is a poor relation of the carp family, and we natives look down our noses at them. Even the cats won't eat them. The politician wasn't so choosy. Probably he has it mounted over his desk now.

Ralph finally got three of his party put to bed. The fourth — he of the chub — refused to go. He'd tasted blood and he wasn't going to waste time sleeping. Ralph left him sitting on the bank of the river with a quart of Scotch conveniently at hand. It was pitch-dark, which not only put him in the legal position of being a breaker of the half-hour-after-sunset law, but also in the impractical position of not being able to see his line. The first consideration didn't bother him. The second he got around by using a powerful flashlight trained on his fly. He caught no fish, but he had fun.

CHICAGO PATRIOT

'The World's Greatest Newspaper'

BY ROBERT LASCH

I

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH told the American Society of Newspaper Editors in April that the American press owed itself a duty to 'hunt out and expose by every instrument of truth the skulkers in the journalistic ambush — the cowardly, half-hearted publishers and the venal editors of their staffs.'

'I wish,' said William Allen White, 'he had named names.'

But it was abundantly clear to Mr. White and to everybody else that Mr. MacLeish, though he named no names, was looking straight at Colonel Robert R. McCormick and the *Chicago Tribune*. When he spoke of 'continuing and persistent efforts by a small minority of the press . . . to weaken the American determination to win, to divide the American people from their desperately needed allies and even to corrupt the confidence of the American people in their government and in themselves,' one automatically thought of 'the world's greatest newspaper.' Other papers, such as the Hearst press and the Patterson organs in New York and Washington, might follow much the same editorial line, but they seemed pale echoes of the Chicago thunderer. McCormick's extravagant personal hatreds and the twisted involutions of his peculiar thinking made the *Tribune* exhibit A in any discussion of the isolationist press.

Life had bracketed the *Tribune* with *Social Justice* as 'voices of defeat.' The

classification was not wholly accurate. For one thing, the colonel enjoys a superior respectability. His Tribune Tower rises among the skyscrapers of Chicago like a monument to his commercial success. His newspaper, highly solvent and technically excellent, conveys his mood daily to a million readers. Wealth, influence, and public acceptance freight his words with more than ordinary power; they make him seem to speak not only for himself but for middle-class middle America.

And it was inaccurate, or at least lacking in subtlety, to tag the *Tribune* as 'defeatist.' Ever since the war began, the *Tribune* had been lavishing the art of its color presses on the printing of American flags. Almost daily it had been demanding victory. It had led the country in building a pinnacle for MacArthur. Flag-waving patriotism it had aplenty.

What made the colonel an enemy in Mr. MacLeish's 'battle for American opinion' was his consistent distortion of the basic facts about the war, his implacable hatred of the men who were conducting it, and his die-hard determination to persuade this country to fight an isolationist war. The net effect of these attitudes was to present in the columns of the *Tribune* the picture of an essentially senseless war, an idiotic adventure which should be ended as quickly as possible, without alteration in America's relationship to the world. Colonel Mc-

Cormick supported the war, but fought anything which might give it meaning.

President Roosevelt in his April radio address declared that the war effort must not 'be impeded by a few bogus patriots who use the sacred freedom of the press to echo the sentiments of the propagandists in Tokyo and Berlin.' The colonel regards himself as the purest of patriots. Last February he wrote the following letter, which was printed in the *Chicago Daily News* under the caption, 'Whatta Man!':—

DEAR MR. SAWYER:

Thank you for your very temperate letter.

What the most powerful propaganda organization in the world has misled you into believing was a campaign of hatred, has really been a constructive campaign without which this country would be lost.

You do not know it, but the fact is that I introduced the R.O.T.C. into the schools; that I introduced machine guns into the army; that I introduced mechanization; I introduced automatic rifles; I was the first ground officer to go up in the air and observe artillery fire. Now I have succeeded in making that the regular practice in the army. I was the first to advocate an alliance with Canada. I forced the acquiring of the bases in the Atlantic Ocean.

On the other hand I was unsuccessful in obtaining the fortification of Guam; in preventing the division of the navy into two oceans. I was unable to persuade the navy and the administration that airplanes could destroy battleships.

I did get the marines out of Shanghai, but was unsuccessful in trying to get the army out of the Philippines.

Campaigns such as I have carried on inevitably meet resistance, and great persistence is necessary to achieve results. The opposition resorts to such tactics as charging me with hatred and so forth, but in view of the accomplishment I can bear up under it.

Yours sincerely,

ROBERT R. McCORMICK

Mr. J. H. Sawyer, Jr.
333 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

To all attacks upon him McCormick had a simple answer. 'MacLeish is a

communist,' he told *PM*. Of *Life's* article he said: 'It looks like a conspiracy in which the disreputable papers under Mr. Luce's direction have joined themselves to the crypto-communists of Greenwich village. It is possible to believe that the leadership in this campaign of slander comes from press agents on the Washington payroll. . . . The job of the press agents is to keep the people of this country contented with defeat.'

As the colonel saw himself, his editorial course since Pearl Harbor had been patriotic and constructive. According to the *Tribune*, it had merely argued that our State Department follows the lead of the British Foreign Office; that our government had erred in dividing our naval forces, and in failing to take precautions against surprise; that the men responsible for disaster should be ousted from office; that in prosecuting the war we must not scatter our forces; that MacArthur's brilliance stood in marked contrast to the 'blundering of the Washington amateurs.'

Was that all? Unfortunately, no. The full record differs markedly from the colonel's summary of it.

During the week which preceded Pearl Harbor, the *Tribune* was assuring its readers that Japan's invasion of Thailand offered no threat to the security of the United States, 'which is protected by the Pacific Ocean barrier and an adequate navy.' Britain was pictured as 'inciting' the Roosevelt administration to defend her interests in the Pacific (we having none, the paper implied, worth fighting for), while the *Tribune* warned that the country 'would not condone a course that got it into war on two fronts at the same time.' The implication was that we could have peace with Japan if we wanted it. If war came, the fault would lie with our government, not with Japan's.

Said Mr. MacLeish to the Society of Editors: 'When a powerful publisher can publish without criticism from his colleagues a secret document of vital im-

portance to the security of his country, which could not have issued from its place of safekeeping by any but dishonorable means, people of ordinary common sense and common observation are inclined to wonder why.' Obviously, Mr. MacLeish referred to the *Tribune's* scoop of December 4, three days before Pearl Harbor. Its Washington bureau got the top position that day with its 'exclusive revelation of the Roosevelt administration's project to expand the army and navy to ten million men and send American expeditionary forces of five million overseas to fight Germany, Italy and Japan.' What the *Tribune* had got hold of was one of several tentative war plans which army and navy officers had prepared for all eventualities. Most people will thank God that they had done so. Most people would consider the preparation of provisional war plans a principal and vital function of the military command. The *Tribune* spread the story in the most alarming manner, with a headline: 'Proof of Betrayal, say Critics.' It called the document an 'astounding blueprint for war,' and hopefully reported that its sensational revelation was expected to inspire strong opposition to the eight-billion-dollar arms bill then before Congress. On December 6 the House passed the arms bill with only five dissenting votes, and on December 7 the Japanese expunged the *Tribune's* scoop from everybody's mind.

Chicagoans found a page one editorial in the *Tribune* the following morning. It spoke nobly: 'War has been forced on America by an insane clique of Japanese militarists. . . . Recriminations are useless and we doubt that they will be indulged in. Certainly not by us. . . . All of us from this day forth have but one task. That is to strike with all our might to protect and preserve the American freedom that we all hold dear.' During the next few weeks, *Tribune* readers were told that Japanese perfidy had united the American people: 'They have sunk all their differences of opinion.

They are now firmly united to prosecute the war which the Japanese had begun by a piece of characteristic perfidy.' The *Tribune* defined its war policy in these words of the London *Daily Mail*: 'To tell the public the truth, fearlessly as possible consistent with the national interests, and to give what leadership we can with one object in view — the successful, victorious and speedy prosecution of the war.' This attitude prevailed for about a month.

By the middle of January, the colonel was devoting his attention to grand strategy. He decided that attack was impossible from Germany, but hourly imminent from Japan. Therefore 'our principal war aim must be the crushing of the Japanese.' When the Atlantic submarine campaign upset the notion that the Nazis could not reach us, the *Tribune* blamed 'lack of foresight, ingenuity and resourcefulness in Washington' for the tanker sinkings. 'The naval bureaucracy didn't foresee the intensity of the submarine attack and had made no plans.' Even so, Japan remained the only enemy we could attack 'in any effective way.' As the *Denver Post* had said, it was sheer madness to send American troops to Ireland, where there wasn't any war, at a time when MacArthur needed them so badly in the Far East. The problem of reinforcing MacArthur seemed to the *Tribune* no problem at all. The whole trouble, in the colonel's diagnosis, lay in the fact that President Roosevelt had surrounded himself with 'amateur strategists' and was trying to run the war without consulting seasoned military men.

The 'conduct of the war' — there the colonel found a handy peg on which to hang his basic opposition to the war itself. He accused the administration of conducting it in such fashion as 'to sacrifice our interests for the foreign princelings who have infested the eastern seaboard and the capital.' British 'aristocracy and snobocracy' were almost as grave an enemy, he implied, as the Axis.

And certainly we had to be on guard against Russia. As Hearst called Russia, after ten months of her struggle with Hitler, a 'semi-Axis partner,' so McCormick suggested that Stalin may have come to some sort of understanding with Japan, perhaps giving the Japs a free hand in the Pacific in exchange for a clear track to India. 'Will India be the price of keeping Russia in the war against Germany?' asked the *Tribune*.

Along with the Russians and the British, we had to watch out for our American enemies. *Tribune* news columns often reflect as strong an editorial bias as the editorial page itself, and these missed no occasion to suggest that our government harbored in its bosom 'revolutionary tendencies,' endeavoring to fasten on us 'alien notions of social and political organization,' and to 'destroy the republican form of government and with it the freedom for which we are fighting.' There was here no opposition to certain acts of our elected leaders, but a doctrinaire opposition to the leaders themselves. 'Uproar on U. S. War Bungling Jolts New Deal,' the reader was told. Our lack of preparedness was due to extravagant spending and 'wild Utopian schemes to remake America.' One read that 'vital segments of the nation's war effort are being paralyzed by high government officials scheming to develop a planned state in this country along accepted communist theories'; that the administration revealed 'a continuing disposition to run the war as a bigger and gaudier WPA project'; that 'academic nuts and dreamers' were directing the war.

Thus the colonel made good his pledge of no recriminations and of single-minded devotion to the 'successful, victorious and speedy prosecution of the war.' Gradually the war guilt shifted from the Axis to the administration. When a *Tribune* employee was killed in the Philippines, an editorial fulminated: 'It is time that those who willed the war were driven from their hiding places and

sent to the front where they can share some of the agony they have created.' What happened on December 7 was merely that 'our undeclared wars became a reality.' Hostilities had actually begun in October 1937 when the President's quarantine speech declared war on the Axis and enabled them to prepare against us. Despite the President's 'bellicose utterances,' nothing effective had been done to prepare our own defenses, and thus 'America lies stricken.'

The *Tribune* had waved the flag so long that, like other summer soldiers and sunshine patriots, it could not take defeat. In general its wildest outbursts came after some new reverse. Enclosing its editorial on 'The Bataan Tragedy' in a heavy black border to express mourning, the *Tribune* said: 'The nation prays that the bureaucrats in Washington whose blundering brought this catastrophe upon us will be replaced before they can repeat their folly.' Secretary Stimson's revelation of attempts to supply Bataan was an 'almost unbelievable commentary on the lack of foresight of the Washington bureaucracy,' which should have reinforced MacArthur long before December 7.

If other people in the stress of war forgot that congressional elections were on the way, the *Tribune* never did. Every act of the government thus became subject to criticism on the ground that it was performed by the *Tribune's* political enemies. When most people took satisfaction in the mission of Harry Hopkins and General Marshall to London, the *Tribune* ignored General Marshall and muttered: 'At such a time, we send an amiable social worker to speak for us in a council of war. No wonder the people of this country are disturbed.' When the Attorney General barred *Social Justice* from the mails, the *Tribune* suspected that the 'eccentric Biddle's' motive was 'to utter another threat against the freedom of the honest and patriotic press, and thereby to stifle any criticism of incompetence in Washington.'

In his desire to see Republicans elected, McCormick was interested most in a certain kind of Republican — his own kind. Such a man was Senator Wayland 'Curly' Brooks, who has faithfully mouthed *Tribune* doctrine in and out of war. Brooks voted against Lend-Lease, and thirty days before Pearl Harbor voted against revision of the Neutrality Act and arming of merchant ships. Up for renomination against a weak opponent in the April primary, he had the colonel's enthusiastic support. *Tribune* staff stories from Washington bore headlines like 'Brooks Battle Provides Test of Witch Hunt.' Brooks won an easy renomination with half a million votes to spare, and the *Tribune* explained: 'The people of Illinois as of the rest of the country are deeply troubled about the manner in which the war is being conducted. They want to win and to win as quickly as possible. . . . They want representatives in Washington who will not sit with folded hands while bungling continues.' The success of Brooks and his House colleague, Stephen A. Day, was presented in the news columns as a victory over the 'warmongers.'

Actually, of course, the *Tribune's* major interest in the election was something other than the conduct of the war. Brooks and Day had its support not for any signal contributions to the war effort, since indeed they had made none, but for their isolationism. This became clear when the Republican national committee met in Chicago a week after the primary. Anticipating Wendell Willkie's drive for a resolution committing the party to collaboration in world affairs, the *Tribune* read him out of the party: 'He deserted the principles of the party that nominated him even before the election, and any advice he may offer can be considered only in the light of the betrayal that that desertion involved. Courtesy may require that any resolutions Mr. Willkie offers be received, but his influence, fortunately, is so slight that they

cannot become a source of party dissension.'

Mr. Willkie's influence proved greater than the *Tribune* had been willing to admit. Senator Taft wanted the party to sit tight and say nothing. Senator Brooks presented a resolution reading like a *Tribune* editorial: 'We pledge ourselves and our resources to the efficient complete and final winning of the war for AMERICA.' Over the opposition of Taft, Brooks, and the *Tribune*, the national committee adopted a resolution which abandoned isolationism: 'We realize that after this war the responsibility of the nation will not be circumscribed within the territorial limits of the United States; that our nation has an obligation to assist in the bringing about of understanding, comity and co-operation among nations. . . .'

The *Tribune* in its frustration denounced this statement as a 'straddle,' and denied the committee's right to 'break new ground in party policy.' The colonel still wanted a 'war for AMERICA.' Meaning what? The *Tribune* does not say. A close reader can only note that, while McCormick rages against the Japs, he has been comparatively moderate with our European enemies. Whether or not he would support a negotiated truce with Germany, it is clear that the 'war for AMERICA' implies a war without meaning, a war without real victory, a war that will gain for America only the privilege of surviving in an armed camp.

To the nation's struggle for its life the *Tribune* has contributed suspicion of our allies and suspicion of our government. It has fought to keep alive the dying embers of isolationism. It has consistently sought to obscure the true nature of this conflict as a world-wide attack upon our freedom and our civilization. It has endeavored to lodge the responsibility for war with ourselves, rather than with our enemies.

Is this the voice of middle-class middle America?

WITH THE NEGRO'S HELP

BY ROBERT C. WEAVER

I

SKILLED WORKERS WANTED

LATHE HANDS NEEDED

WOMEN FOR ASSEMBLY WORK

MEN — NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

THESE and similar advertisements are constantly appearing in metropolitan newspapers. They reveal the unpleasant truth that the shortage of man-power is no longer a probability — it is a fact. Today it exists only in critical occupations; soon it will be general.

There are many estimates of the labor requirements of our war effort. Although they differ in detail, they all agree on one point: by the end of 1943, the nation will require the services of every qualified able-bodied man and of millions of women never before inducted into the labor market. We shall have to use *all* available sources of labor supply. We cannot, as a production measure, afford the luxury of continued discrimination against minority groups, older workers, or women. Nor can we afford the threat to national unity and morale which follows from continued exclusion or delayed acceptance of such groups as an integral part of the war effort. It has aptly been said of one of these groups that we can *lose* the war without Negroes — but we can't *win* it without them.

According to the 1940 Census, there were 5,389,000 Negroes in the labor force of the nation. At least 3,582,000 of these were males. More than 526,000 experienced and 65,000 new Negro workers

were seeking employment in 1940. Not reflected in these unemployment figures, however, are two important categories of potential man-power for war production: the thousands of Negroes now working below their skills, and the vast reserve of Negro women not included in the labor market in the past. Colored workers with training and aptitudes are now employed in unskilled nonessential work; and Negroes with skills are, in the South, often kept in semi-skilled classifications, while white workers with no industrial experience are assigned to skilled jobs under the tutelage of colored 'helpers.' Included among those thus underemployed are at least 200,000 Negro males.

Negro women have been generally relegated to domestic service, unskilled industrial employment, or farm labor. There are in domestic service today tens of thousands of colored women with high-school education, and hundreds with college degrees. These women are capable of learning quickly single skilled and semi-skilled operations which would materially aid war production. Other thousands of similarly qualified women, who have never been employed, are anxious to contribute to our war effort.

In the United States today, at least 500,000 male and an equal number of female colored workers are either unemployed or underemployed. Not only are these potential workers available, but many of them are now living in areas where general labor shortages exist, and where large-scale in-migration of white

labor has occurred. In cities like Mobile, Baltimore, and Los Angeles, tens of thousands of local Negroes are seeking jobs while an equal number of outside white workers are being drawn into these already overcrowded areas. This has resulted in expensive programs of defense housing (involving the unnecessary use of vital, scarce materials) and great strains upon local transportation, water, sewer, hospital, school, and fire-protection facilities. It has also resulted in delayed production because migrant workers soon return to their original homes, since living in the 'boom' towns is both uncomfortable and expensive.

II

At the outbreak of World War I, there was a general shortage of unskilled workers. Negroes were brought into the industrial centres of the nation to meet this need. These workers entered the iron and steel, meat packing, shipbuilding, automobile and associated industries. They inherited from earlier migrant groups many of the domestic and general service jobs. Negro men became an important element in the unskilled labor force for construction and street maintenance. By the close of the war, it had been demonstrated that, when labor shortages forced their employment in new industries and new occupations, Negroes were found to be satisfactory workers. The results were perhaps most outstanding in shipbuilding, where the labor market was the tightest. In Philadelphia, for example, a gang of Negro pile drivers established a new world record; and at Sparrows Point a colored riveter broke the existing record.

Such results in the North and the West were not as remarkable as they then seemed to many in these sections. For the Negro worker in America has had a long and productive past as a skilled artisan. Much of the historically important architecture of the old South was constructed with skilled slave labor.

The ironwork in the old French section in New Orleans and the fine old residences in Charleston, South Carolina, were in large measure built by Negro skilled workers, both slaves and freemen. When emancipation came, the Negro continued to work as an artisan in the construction industry, and he participated in the initial efforts to organize workers in this industry. In New Orleans, Negroes were among those who established the bricklayers' union, and in Charleston, South Carolina, colored workers participated in setting up the first locals of both the bricklayers' and the carpenters' unions. In many other Southern cities there is a similar history.

In the South, the Negro worker is a familiar figure of long standing in iron and steel production, tobacco processing, shipbuilding, sawmills and lumbering, coal mining, and turpentine production. His ability to perform skilled work has long been accepted in this section. It was, however, World War I and its labor needs which laid the foundation for a similar demonstration in the industrial areas of the country. In these centres the Negro worker was the last arrival in industry, and he was relegated, for the most part, to unskilled work. In the period of industrial activity which followed the war, his occupational status gradually improved.

Then came the depression. The Negro worker had little seniority and only the beginnings of skilled status in basic industries. Thus he felt doubly the throes of the depression and the devastating influence of unemployment which typified the period. Racial attitudes intensified the impact of these economic developments. In a few industries, such as meat packing, where the demand for the finished product was more stable than in the heavy industries, the colored worker was able to maintain some of his earlier gains in occupational status. But in general he suffered extreme unemployment and lost much of the ground which he had won in skilled

employment. Depression also took its toll in the South, where the displacement of Negro skilled workers had gradually been in process for some time. Extreme competition for jobs in a contracting economy accelerated this trend and gave a new economic basis for antagonism between white and black labor.

Looking back over the industrial history of the nation, one is impressed by the fact that management of American industry has rarely faced the problem of racial employment in the framework of any well-conceived plan. The employment practices which have emerged have created in the mind of management the concept of the black worker as an untrained, unskilled laborer. The white worker, too, has generally shared this feeling; and even democratic public education, wedded as it has been in the field of vocational training to the concept of preparing workers for specific jobs in a contracting labor market, has hesitated to offer training to Negro youth. Labor organizations have reacted violently to groups of Negro strikebreakers; and these organizations, in a period of contracting job opportunities, have attempted to restrict the supply of workers in order to preserve labor standards. In the case of the craft unions, particularly in the metal trades, a traditional prejudice against the idea of black artisans has contributed greatly to an active and often aggressive opposition to the training and employment of skilled Negroes in certain trades.

The racial employment patterns which resulted from these circumstances made employers hesitant to use black workers in production capacities which had not become traditional. Supervisory staffs and foremen rapidly absorbed this attitude, contributed their own prejudices, and soon became almost insurmountable barriers to Negro occupational advancement. These patterns of industry created in the minds of the white workers a feeling of vested interest in certain jobs. And competition for employment during

the depression accentuated such attitudes, so that these factors effectively prohibited the training of the mass of Negroes in many of those occupations which are today so vital to war production. But with the advent of the current war effort and the resulting need for training hundreds of thousands of workers for production in certain vital industries, a new situation has been created. In the tight labor market which is rapidly developing, the concept of competition for a limited number of available jobs and the policy of training for a contracting labor market are impediments to the effective mobilization of man-power.

When the defense program was launched, there had been sufficient employment of Negroes by American industry to convince all but the most biased or the least informed that Negroes, as individuals and when subjected to the usual processes of training and selection, can do any and all types of production jobs. There were, in every industrial area, object lessons in the truth that white and Negro labor can work together on production, and that management's policy has much to do with the white workers' attitude in the matter. At the same time, there was a large supply of Negroes with necessary aptitudes and education to fit them for defense training on the same basis as white youths. It seemed that our fight to defend democracy abroad would offer an opportunity to establish much greater economic democracy for our minority groups at home. Such results did not immediately follow, however, and today only the beginnings are being made in solving the problem of Negro integration into war industries.

III

Employment of Negroes in war industries has two principal aspects, the quantitative and the qualitative. The first relates to the number of jobs held

by Negroes regardless of the occupational distribution involved. The second refers to the industries and the occupations in which these jobs are distributed. At a time like the present, when we are rapidly restricting the production of nonessentials and converting existing plants into war production, qualitative factors materially affect quantitative results. This is true because production for a highly mechanized war requires new skills and the services of a larger proportion of trained workers than is usual. Therefore, unless there are full opportunities for a given group of workers to enter diversified occupations in war production, their numerical employment will be materially limited.

In the case of the Negro, the matter of the kind of jobs is intimately associated with the question of how many jobs. This is amply illustrated in the automobile industry, which is now in the process of being converted to war production. The converted industry requires few foundry workers; Negroes have heretofore been concentrated in foundries and generally excluded from assembly lines and skilled work. (The one notable exception has been in the Ford Motor Company, where there was the usual concentration in foundry but also participation in many highly skilled occupations and employment on assembly lines.) Management in the industry, despite the terms of agreements which provided for transfer of workers on the basis of seniority and industry-wide experience, hesitated to assign colored workers to occupations for which they qualified but in which they had not been used in non-defense production. Many of the white workers took a similar position, and certain local unions were hesitant to deal effectively with the problem. Such a policy limited the occupational advance and the numerical employment of colored labor since the bulk of Negroes with seniority were being assigned to the relatively few laboring and janitorial jobs, as were new

Negro workers brought into defense activities of the converted industry. The potential Negro employment was therefore much less than would exist had there been opportunities for the transfer and upgrading of Negroes into new jobs.

This occupational pattern is now in the process of being changed. While the majority of new colored workers are entering unskilled and janitorial jobs, other new Negro workers are slowly finding jobs as welders, as riveters, and on other production operations in firms which previously did not so employ them. On the basis of the qualitative gains which have been made to date, the industry is in a position to tap the large reserve of Negro labor in Detroit. This is of more than theoretical importance in an area where there will be great expansion in employment and need for much defense housing. At the present time, approximately a thousand Negro trainees in defense occupations are available in the Detroit area. Their employment in war industries would make a real contribution to production by easing the pressure upon housing, reducing future labor turnover, and eliminating the necessity for duplicating training.

To date, the outstanding advances in numerical employment of Negroes have occurred in traditional occupations and industries where the number of Negro semi-skilled and unskilled workers has substantially increased during the last eighteen months. The number of Negro janitors has grown steadily. In many sections, Negroes have replaced white workers who formerly were employed as cooks, waiters, garage attendants, and house servants, and who are now entering defense work. These gains, in numerous instances, represent only an indirect contribution to war production and often involve the use of skilled persons in nonessential work at occupations far below their training and abilities. They cannot absorb the unemployed Negroes or facilitate the maximum use of this source of man-power. They

do not contribute to the bolstering up of the morale of the colored citizen who sees white neighbors with no better or even poorer qualifications rapidly absorbed in better jobs in war industries.

In iron and steel production, Negro employment has appreciably increased since the war effort began. Gains in this industry have been concentrated in the larger firms which have traditionally used black workers. Even in some of these there are still serious occupational limitations preventing the upgrading of Negroes. Certain developments in this industry are, however, encouraging, and illustrate the real contribution to war production which Negro workers can and do make.

At the Lackawanna plant of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Negro labor has figured in production work since World War I, when colored workers were brought in by management during a labor dispute. The Negro workers remained, and nearly all of them are now fully integrated into the union as members of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee. At least 150 shop stewards and a score of grievance adjusters are colored. Today the plant is engaged in war production, and the number of Negro employees has increased in the last eighteen months to the extent that about 20 per cent of the present labor force is Negro. Approximately 7 or 8 per cent of the Negro employees are skilled, and about 40 per cent are semi-skilled. Among the Negroes employed at the plant are crane operators, stampers, bricklayers, first-class machinists, engineers, switchmen, and a score or more other types of production workers.

The pattern of employment set by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation in its Lackawanna plant has done much to facilitate the use of Negroes in other industries in the Buffalo areas. It has effectively repudiated the contention of local employers that Negro and white workers will not work together. It has

illustrated the fact that, even when colored workers are introduced during a labor dispute, labor has a stake in winning Negro members to its ranks and protecting their opportunity for employment.

In most of the older, established shipyards, Negro workers were employed prior to the war effort. In the majority of these yards, their participation has greatly increased. This growth of employment, while significant, has been limited by occupational patterns which have excluded Negroes from certain types of skilled and semi-skilled work. The most serious of these limitations, from the point of view of man-power, is the general disinclination to train and employ Negro welders. While in certain areas of small Negro populations, as in New England, a few colored welders are employed, this is by no means the general pattern. Also, the traditional opposition to Negro machinists, machine-tool trainees, and electricians has restricted the use of black labor in an industry which is admittedly behind schedule in production. At such large shipyards as the Federal Shipbuilding Company in New Jersey, Sun Shipbuilding Company in Pennsylvania, and the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company in Virginia, where approximately 10,000 Negroes are employed, traditional attitudes toward the use of Negroes in certain important production jobs are limiting artificially the degree to which existing reserves of available Negro labor can be tapped. The United States Navy yards were the first establishments in the industry to widen appreciably the occupations open to Negroes. Private yards are beginning to follow this lead; for example, the Sun Shipbuilding Company has recently announced a program of training and employing thousands of Negroes in all occupations — a notable development.

In the newer shipyards of the Southwest, only slight progress has been made in the employment of Negro production

workers although most of the yards in this section use Negro laborers. On the West Coast, however, hundreds of black workers have been added to the payrolls of the shipyards in recent months. Current negotiations with the craft unions in this area should lead to expanding job opportunities for colored labor. In the Southeast, Negroes employed in shipyards are generally restricted to unskilled and certain semi-skilled occupations. There are a few encouraging exceptions, but, throughout the area, management and unions have evaded facing the problem. Labor supply considerations are requiring the government to bring the issue to a head.

In the March 1941 issue of *Fortune*, which was devoted to a study of the aircraft industry, is found this statement: 'The industry also has its prejudices. You will find an almost universal prejudice against Negroes — and in the West Coast against Jews. This statement stands the test of observation; you almost never see Negroes in aircraft factories nor do you see Jews in the West Coast plants except in some engineering department. . . . There is little concealment about the anti-Negro policy.'

In the two-year period ending July 1941, employment in aircraft manufacture increased fivefold and reached 310,000; and it has, of course, continued to grow at a rapid rate. Since most of the workers in this industry have been trained for their new employment, tens of thousands of Negro Americans likewise could have been trained and employed in aircraft production. Such was not the case. In 1940 only a few colored men were employed by the industry; at the close of 1941, some 2000 Negroes had entered aircraft; as of April 1942, 5286 colored workers were employed in 49 selected aircraft plants.

In September 1941 the Bureau of Employment Security made a survey of employment prospects for Negroes in selected armament industries. At that time only 5.9 per cent of the establish-

ments which anticipated hiring workers for aircraft production employed Negroes; 24.3 per cent did not then employ colored workers but expressed a willingness to do so in the future; 69.8 per cent of the firms did not then and did not intend to employ colored. Significant progress has been made since this survey was undertaken, and many of the principal aircraft companies, such as Glenn L. Martin, Lockheed, Curtiss-Wright and Wright Aeronautical, North American, Douglas, Bell, Brewster, Republic, and Fairchild, use colored production workers. Others are committed to such a policy, and practically all the major firms in the industry now employ Negroes in some capacity. Although a start has been made in this new and expanding industry, the numerical participation of Negroes in aircraft is still disappointing, and woefully small in the light of the total employment figure for the industry. Only a few companies, such as Lockheed, North American in Kansas City, Curtiss-Wright and Wright Aeronautical, have laid solid foundations for really tapping the vital labor potential which exists in the Negro community.

The vast, expanding ordnance industry in the nation is affording Negroes opportunities for employment. Already thousands of colored workers are employed by this industry. The Winchester Arms plant in New Haven, Connecticut, has over 1300 Negroes on its payroll. Colored men and women are on the production lines in many new ordnance plants, and plans for similar employment patterns have been developed in a score of other plants which are now in various stages of construction and operation.

In many sections of the nation, these ordnance works are offering Negroes their first opportunity for industrial employment. In certain areas, notably in communities of the South and in northern areas with small Negro populations, there is opposition to the introduction of Negroes as production workers. This is even more pronounced in the

case of Negro women. The bases for this opposition are the local beliefs that: (1) there are white workers still unemployed who should be absorbed before Negroes are used in any but unskilled and service capacities; and (2) the industrial employment of Negro women would upset local wage scales and 'spoil' good domestic servants. The first of these considerations is usually a carry-over of depression thinking in the community, and management hesitates to consider Negro production workers until labor shortages force the issue; the second is often championed by the middle-class housewives who do not want the cost of domestic service to rise. The experience in ordnance to date illustrates two things: Full mobilization of labor for war production in certain areas will involve occupational patterns which are new and will be opposed by certain community attitudes; and Negroes are satisfactory and efficient workers in what is largely a new industry to them.

In a production war, the machine-tool industry is vitally important. When the defense effort began, there were few Negro toolmakers and only a small number of Negro machinists. Labor organizations having jurisdiction over workers in these trades had generally either excluded colored workers or discouraged their entrance into the field; and vocational education officials cited this opposition in justification of their failure to extend training to Negroes. With the advent of defense training, colored youth had their first real opportunity to learn the rudimentary principles of machine-tool work. When the first Negroes completed defense training, however, they faced great difficulties in securing private employment, because the old prejudices remained; and the first real opportunities for their employment occurred in the United States Navy yards and Army arsenals.

Gradually, war industries have followed the lead of the Federal establishments in accepting Negro machine-shop

trainees. The initial steps in this direction occurred in New England, where labor shortages first appeared. Today an increasing number of established firms such as Brown and Sharpe Manufacturing Company in Providence, Rhode Island; the Brewer Drydock Company at Staten Island, New York; the Morey Machinery Company in Queens, New York; the Taylor Chemical and Hartsook Machine Company of Cleveland; and the Pressed Steel Car Company accept Negro machine-shop trainees. In most instances, however, only a limited number of Negro operators and trainees are used, and the bulk of their employment has been concentrated in the smaller firms. In Cleveland, where several of the larger establishments which hire a substantial number of trainees have manifested their willingness to employ colored machine-shop workers, the traditional attitude of white opposition has continued. At the time of this writing, the government is negotiating with the locals of the International Association of Machinists to secure labor's coöperation in effecting Negro employment. Recently President Roosevelt, at the behest of his Committee on Fair Employment Practice which he had established to carry out the provisions of his executive order banning discrimination in defense employment, intervened in a similar difficulty with machinists' unions on the West Coast. As a result of this action, the International sent to two locals a directive requiring them to facilitate the employment of qualified Negroes on war production.

In the spring of 1942 the Labor Division of the War Production Board made a survey of 750 selected defense plants. These establishments were primarily large firms and they were located in areas where there are available supplies of Negro labor. They are the firms which, if there were no discrimination against colored workers, would employ large numbers of them. The survey showed that, while most of the companies are

now employing some Negroes, in many cases this employment is either so small as to represent token compliance with governmental non-discrimination policies or it is concentrated in unskilled and semi-skilled occupations. There have been, however, two significant gains. In hundreds of cases, Negroes are now being inducted into production jobs in firms which formerly banned them from such employment. Although the numbers used to date are not significant, the occupational patterns recently established offer a basis for full utilization of Negro labor. At the same time, encouraging gains in numerical employment and occupational diversification have occurred in government establishments, in firms which have had long experience in employing Negroes, and in the majority of the new war production plants covered by the survey.

IV

There is already sufficient accumulated evidence in World War II to indicate how we can achieve full utilization of Negro labor. Three groups are the deciding factors, and governmental activity and community pressure must be directed toward them. They are top, policy-making management; the supervisors and foremen; and the workers in the plant. Of these the first, top management, is by far the most important. In instance after instance, it has been demonstrated that, when management has developed a comprehensive and definite plan for dealing with this problem, the desired results are achieved. It is, of course, not enough for management to have an *inclination* to use Negro labor; it must have a *conviction* and transmit that conviction to its supervisory officials, foremen, and workers. The attitude of the supervisory staff is important because this staff can, by its coöperation or lack of it, do much to decide whether or not a given program succeeds. When supervisors realize that

a part of their job is to make a given policy work, they generally devise means to achieve such results. Workers, organized or unorganized, are influenced by management's attitude.

Where there is a well-developed, strong labor organization, the active coöperation of the union should be sought by management when a new source of labor supply is about to be introduced. This is a natural approach in a company where industrial relations have matured to the point that employment policies are changed only after they have been the subject of discussions between labor and management. In other instances, where management is not in the habit of conferring with its workers on matters of labor policy, delaying action on employing Negroes until the workers agree to such a policy can hardly be more than an attempt on the part of management to shun its responsibility and delay action on what it considers a difficult problem. This does not mean that the hostility of white workers has ceased to exist or that exclusionist policies of labor unions and unorganized workers are unimportant. It does mean, however, that in most instances (save under closed-shop agreements) management exercises the right to hire workers and must take the initiative in introducing new employees. Unless and until this is done, it is impossible to establish the responsibility of the workers, organized or unorganized, for any restrictive hiring policies. And until such responsibility is established little can be done to influence the policies or practices of labor. There are, for example, scores of instances where labor organizations have capitalized on management's hesitancy to face the issue and have hedged on the problem. Increasingly, however, as these cases are brought to light, it has been possible for the government to secure action by union officials, as in the case of the machinists' union on the West Coast, mentioned before.

A typical example of an intelligent and effective approach to the problem is offered by the Lockheed-Vega Corporation of California. When officials of this firm decided to introduce skilled, semi-skilled, and unskilled Negro workers into their aircraft plant, they developed a comprehensive plan in which foremen and supervisors were charged with responsibility for the success of the experiment. Cyril Chappellet, secretary of the corporation, sent every executive and supervisor a memorandum announcing the company's intention to abide by the President's executive order banning discrimination in defense employment, and to train and employ Negroes 'in capacities commensurate with their individual skills and aptitudes.' A similar memorandum was sent to Aeronautical Lodge 727 of the International Association of Machinists, bargaining agent for the company's employees. On October 15, 1941, Randall Irwin, director of industrial relations, informed this writer: —

'During the last few weeks we have employed 31 Negroes, 22 of whom have been placed on mechanical work in various departments of the factory. . . . As you see, we do not practice segregation of Negroes and I am happy to say that our supervisors and employees are entering into this program with a wholesome attitude.'

By April 1942, more than 350 Negroes, including women, were employed by the Lockheed-Vega Corporation, the majority in production work; and the local union, despite a 'white' clause in the I. A. M. ritual, had begun to induct the Negro workers into full union membership.

A similar approach to the problem, in a case where the workers were not organized, is offered by the Denver (Colorado) Ordnance Plant. At the start of operations John J. Hastings, employment manager, decided to introduce Negro workers, and he enlisted the aid of his supervisory personnel. When

the first hundred workers were brought to the plant for an 'orientation' period, a single Negro was placed in each crew of ten men. As these crews entered the plant for the first time, the foreman made a short speech: —

'It is the policy of the Remington Arms Corporation and the United States Government not to discriminate against any worker because of his race, religion, or color. And this company expects each worker in its employ to abide by this policy.'

Although workers in this plant were from all sections of the nation, not one offered an objection to the company policy, and Negroes were integrated into all divisions of the plant from the beginning. Recent reports from the Denver Ordnance Plant revealed the employment of more than 300 Negroes, including a number of Negro women trained and employed as inspectors.

The influence of top, policy-making management on the employment practices of war plants is demonstrated in the case of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation and its subsidiary, Wright Aeronautical Corporation. In May 1941, Guy A. Vaughan, the president of this corporation, assured OPM officials that Negroes would be employed in skilled, semi-skilled, and unskilled capacities in the company's many plants. In keeping with this promise and subsequent commitments to the President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice, colored workers are now speeding aircraft production in the New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio plants of Curtiss-Wright and Wright Aeronautical. One Ohio plant of Wright Aeronautical had more than 1000 Negroes at work in April 1942, and another had begun the introduction of Negro women as production workers. Two of the Wright Aeronautical plants have Negroes on the staffs of their personnel departments.

An Ohio Curtiss-Wright plant figured in the news in November 1941, when a walkout was reported to have occurred

because a Negro trainee was assigned to the tool and die department. Investigation by OPM's Labor Division revealed, however, that the racial factor had not been the chief cause of the walkout, although there had been some misunderstanding incident to the methods used to introduce Negro workers. A settlement was quickly effected when management stood its ground on Negro employment and the CIO assumed its responsibility and cooperated. An agreement between management and labor called for the extension of Negro employment to all departments, including the clerical and engineering staffs. More than 250 Negroes were at work in this plant in March 1942, including three in the tool and die department, many skilled and semi-skilled workers, and Negro women in production work. A Negro engineer who had been employed as a ditchdigger during the construction of the plant had been given a technical job and transferred to the Buffalo plant as an engineer.

The theory that Negroes cannot be trained and employed on skilled work in Southern war plants was again exploded by the Higgins Industries in New Orleans. This theory is often advanced by Northern industrialists who establish plants in the South. In their anxiety to observe oft-mistaken Southern 'traditions' these employers have, in many cases, restricted the employment of Negroes far more rigidly than established Southern firms.

Higgins Industries recently received one of the largest contracts yet negotiated for the construction of ships. It is estimated that over 40,000 workers will be required to produce these ships on schedule. The new Higgins contract was announced at a time when a neighboring shipyard, despite a need for skilled labor and earlier commitments to the Federal Government, cited union opposition as its reason for not employing colored production workers.

Immediately upon receipt of his record

contract, however, A. L. Higgins, Sr., president of Higgins Industries, announced publicly that Negroes would be employed without occupational discrimination 'on any job for which they can be trained.' Mr. Higgins followed this announcement by a personal appearance before the local A. F. of L. shipbuilding unions, at which he asked the cooperation of organized labor in his project. This cooperation was granted. The company then announced that training schools would be established immediately for the first 5000 workers and that equal training would be furnished Negroes and whites. Classes are now being set up, and they will be so directed as to facilitate the full use of all local sources of labor supply, both Negro and white. The company has already enlisted the aid of local Negro newspapers and organizations in recruiting colored workers.

These detailed cases and the experience in several hundred defense plants, of which there is a record in the War Manpower Commission, illustrate that full use of available Negro labor can be achieved.

The necessity of introducing women into industries and occupations where they have not been used before will present a new element. From the point of view of production, however, it is imperative that, as far as possible, women already living and housed in a given community be used by the local industries. Also, in tapping this new and, for the most part, inexperienced source of labor supply, care should be taken to secure the best possible selection of available workers. In order to do this, selection must be made from the largest possible universe of potential workers. This means that all elements in the population must be drawn upon and the best from each must be chosen. Firms like Curtiss-Wright, in its Ohio plants, and Lockheed-Vega are finding that, by tapping early the vast source of Negro women, they are able to select superior

workers who are displaying remarkable aptitude. Thus it is reported that, at the Columbus plant of the Curtiss-Wright company, one of a group of Negro women selected for training completed a standard six weeks' course in less than half the allotted time.

V

To the casual observer it might appear that, since the necessities of our war production are such that the use of colored workers is inevitable, it is useless to waste time further considering the matter. Unfortunately, it is not as simple as this. There are economic and morale factors which must be dealt with. It is, of course, true that ultimately American industry will use Negro labor to a much greater degree. For many war plants this step, when seriously taken, will represent a new practice. Attitudes will have to be changed, and immediate plans should therefore be made to accomplish this. At the same time, study should be given to the local supplies of Negro labor so as to devise programs for the training and employment of workers in capacities which will make them most productive. These things cannot be done overnight. They must be anticipated and planned. Patterns should be changed within the framework of a long-run program. In a word, since such employment is generally inevitable, steps should be taken now to start it. Many sound managements realize these things and are acting accordingly. Unfortunately, the number is not large enough, and it must be increased if we are to meet our production goals.

The productivity of a worker is intimately associated with his feeling for and belief in his job. Therefore it is important that the Negro worker feel that his services are wanted to win victory in an important battle. He can hardly be expected to go all-out in his efforts, as he and all other workers must, if he is led to believe that his employ-

ment is a last resort and the result of economic necessity alone. He must have faith and belief in his opportunity to participate, so that he will be eager for training and will be anxious to go into war industries. He must feel that he is a part of America's great struggle and that he has an opportunity to make his greatest possible contribution to it. That he may feel these things, America must demonstrate that his contribution, as a citizen, is needed and that he, as a worker, is wanted. In a democracy it is dangerous for any citizen to feel less.

There is perhaps no issue as little understood as the matter of Negro morale. Many people in the United States have never given much thought to the attitudes of Negroes. Others have repeated that colored folk are traditionally loyal; while still others say that what Negroes feel toward the war does not matter. Recently there has arisen an articulate leadership among Negroes which questions blind loyalty and asks: 'What are we colored folk fighting for?' It wonders if we should not give more thought to developing democracy at home while we are fighting to preserve democracy in the world. White citizens, who have given little thought to the shortcomings of our democracy as far as Negroes are concerned, recoil with surprise at such embarrassing questions and, coupling them with Japanese propaganda that this is a race war, jump to the conclusion that Negroes are potential fifth columnists.

As a matter of fact, the vast majority of Negroes are opposed to all that the Axis powers stand for. They either know or instinctively feel that their destiny is intimately associated with that of the United States, and they feel as great an allegiance to their country as any other group of citizens. They *do* question discrimination against them in the armed forces, they are indignant at the initial refusal and eventual conditional acceptance of their blood by the Red Cross, and they do resent discrimination in employment in war production.

They do sometimes wonder what *they* are fighting for. Their attitude is one of apathy toward — and at times bewilderment at — the war as it is now progressing in America. It is not disloyalty — but it certainly is not enthusiastic support. This is a serious matter; it is one which can and must be cured by the simple process of extending to 13,000,000 citizens of America more of the essence of the democracy which we are defending throughout the world. A chance to earn a living, and equality of opportunity, are basic elements of democracy. Denial of them to Negroes is the cause of the Negro's hesitancy to be all-out for the war effort. These same features are also

delaying our production of war materials.

For some time I have been trying to express tersely the basic attitude of Negroes which explains their current feelings. As I was recently reading Stuart Chase's *The Road We Are Traveling, 1914-1942*, it suddenly dawned upon me that my approach to the problem had been wrong. The attitude I was seeking to express is not peculiar to Negroes; it is an attitude of mankind. Then I found it. Chase expressed it in these words: "Man is a working animal, as any biologist will tell you. They want to *belong*: to feel that they are a part of a living community, that they have a place in it which other people recognize."

CREAMY EYES

BY LLEWELLYN HOWLAND

I

DEBORAH, the cook, had 'stepped out to see her folks' that afternoon of a late September day in 1889, leaving the Skipper and me, for a time, masters of 'The Cottage' and free to choose and provide our supper and, what was more, eat it where and when we felt inclined.

It was too late in the day to go fishing and yet, with the blue glinting water of the Cove lapping gently on the shingle at the foot of the lawn, a craving for spoils of the sea was so compelling that shortly we were searching the low-tide shallows for Bay scallops.

The Skipper was equipped with waders and a long-handled dip net, while I had on my thigh gum boots and towed a gunny sack. By keeping our backs toward the westering sun and with the gentle breeze from the same quarter, we had good vision through the two or three

feet of clear water that covered the eel grass and patches of sand where the quarry lay — sometimes in numerous colonies and again in ones and twos. Working from north to south in order that the northeasterly trending wavelets might carry the rile of our footsteps away from us, the Skipper, without over-extending himself, was able to dip up in the course of an hour or so three quarters of a bushel of selected 'fish' which, after every fruitful scoop, I would retrieve from his net and stow in my sack.

We'd brought our simple gear to high-water mark in a wheelbarrow — not one of the wooden horrors of mass production, but one so designed and built that, with its big broad-tired wheel, its light but strong frame, and its balance when loaded with our dripping plunder, it gave to one trundling it up to 'The Cot-

tage' a feeling of power and ease rather than of disagreeable labor.

Before shucking our scallops that evening, we divided the lot by count. When each of us had his half piled at his left on the long wooden bench in the scullery and our knives in hand ready for business, the Skipper said 'Go!' and the plump creamy 'eyes' began to plop swiftly into two glazed earthenware bowls at our right. This making a race of it was to settle a long disputed question of technique. It was also an endurance test, for when the Skipper won by a half dozen or so I was wondering whether or not I could last the course, and ached all over from nervous tension.

By tacit agreement, as the Skipper picked up the two bowls and left me alone in the scullery, I understood that every trace of our operations there must be scrubbed and scalded away before Deborah should return. My final act of cleaning up was another trip to the beach, where the damning evidence of shells and offal could be disposed of safely below high-water mark.

As I pushed the barrow up the path again toward the house in the now cool darkness, I could see by a wavering rosy reflection on the panes of one of the long windows that the Skipper had a fire alight on the hearth in the 'gun room,' and a tide of satisfaction seemed to well up around me as I sensed the snugness of that retreat for 'men folks.'

This feeling of well-being was in no way dulled as I came into the room where I found the Skipper before an old battered pine table, very busy with a rolling pin and cutting board, reducing bread crusts to an aggregate of crisp brown crumbs. On the hearth, toasting themselves in the bland heat of a deep bed of glowing embers, were an old-fashioned tin kitchen and two oak keg-staves, on edge, flanking it. These staves had been buttered and then plastered on their concave faces with a half-inch mortar of well scalded and salted Rhode Island gray corn meal.

Setting aside his rolling pin, the Skipper brushed the crumbs into a loose pile on the board and turned to a platter on which were ranged perhaps three dozen of the scallop 'eyes.' Picking these up one by one, he gave them a dip in a saucer of olive oil, a roll in the crumbs, and passed them to me to be threaded on a long skewer. When the last scallop had been spitted we locked the skewer and its brown beads into the tin kitchen.

As I sat down on an old milking stool, prepared to turn the handle of the spit, the Skipper warned me, 'Don't play "Yankee Doodle" on that tonight. "Dead March" from *Saul* is about the right timing.' So, reining my hungry impatience, I sat there cranking slowly while the Skipper disappeared, to return shortly with a tray on which was half a Ponderosa lemon, a roll of butter, Austrian paprika, a jug of new cider, a dusty bottle of port, a green glazed jar of African dates preserved in pink syrup, and the requisite silverware, glass, and crockery.

By the time these things had been set out on the table and the two fat spermaceti candles that gave us our light had been freshened with the snuffer, the scallops were showing signs of having had as much toasting as they could bear, and the ashcakes on the staves were a golden brown.

Every mouthful of that supper 'done us good' — particularly the sweet tender scallops with a drop of lemon juice and a pinch of paprika on them, so that when at last we turned away from the table to face the fire that now, replenished with hickory and applewood fagots, was shooting tongues of yellow flame up the devouring throat of the fireplace, I felt that realization had, for once, equaled anticipation.

While the Skipper sipped his port and crunched the last of his ashcake it dawned on me that, so long as I had known a scallop, I had accepted the fact that the part of him we ate was called an 'eye,' while at the same time I was

fully aware that this delicious morsel was in no way connected with his vision but was in reality the muscle by which this extremely lively bivalve could on occasion clap his shells like castinets. 'How come?' I wondered and forthwith asked the 'Old Man.'

Before answering, he took his time to light one of his Manila cheroots and savor the first long and fragrant pull on it; and then at last, with a look that passed me by and seemed to bore deep into gone years, he spun this yarn.

II

'It must be nearly half a century since I asked *my* grandfather the very question you've asked *me*. It was an early December day in the old gray house — the furthest out on the Point here. We'd had a mess of scallops for midday dinner and had just finished the last of them when I asked for information. The old gentleman did not answer; but instead bundled himself into his winter cap, comforter, and heavy overcoat; and after helping me into similar warm wraps he drove me ahead of him up the attic ladder through the roof trap and out onto the Captain's Walk that stretched along the ridgepole between the two big chimneys. From this vantage point we could sweep Buzzards Bay from Woods Hole to Cuttyhunk with the long spy glass which was kept on a rack between two rafters handy to the scuttle.

The weather was clear — moderate northerly, the best sort for picking up the private signal flying at the main truck of a homeward-bound ship that had reached into Vineyard Sound and anchored in Tarpaulin Cove. There she would wait for a southerly slant of wind that would allow her to fetch through Quick's Hole, cross the Bay, and finally run up the Acushnet River into New Bedford harbor.

Because she was lying head on to us, it was difficult for Grandfather to make certain of the ship's flag; but after

several minutes' peering he gave a sigh of satisfaction, lowered the glass, slapped the joints together, and said: —

'Run down and tell thy grandmother that the *Ann Alexander* is in Tarpaulin and that thee and I will be starting in the *Panther* within an hour to visit Captain Snow and get the news of his voyage. Thee can help her stow the grub in the hamper while I keep on the heels of Gumbo and Jahazael and get the main-sail hoisted and the jib loosed.'

The *Panther* was a fifty-foot sloop Grandfather kept moored in a little bight on the east side of the Point for such expeditions as this of ours and an occasional fishing trip. She belied her name, being neither lithe nor lean. Instead she had tremendous beam, apple-cheeked bows, and a fine run, — a regular cod head and mackerel tail model, — and, with the centreboard hoisted, a shoal draft. To windward she was an indifferent performer, but on a reach or a run fast and comfortable. If anyone twitted him on the *Panther's* inability to sail close-hauled, Grandfather would explain that, as a retired seafarer, at his age he had earned the right to keep the wind eternally on his back instead of his face, and that he was through forever with 'shovin' and pushin'' to windward. I found he even went a step further as to the wind, for on that chilly December afternoon, as the *Panther* ran swiftly across the Bay towards Robinson's Hole, the old gentleman went below directly we had dropped the mooring, to toast his face in the pleasant warmth of the big cookstove and euchre the wind entirely.

It was dark when we anchored deep in the Cove that late afternoon and I can remember how, by the time we had the sails furled, Jupiter, Mars, and Sirius were firing the placid water around us. It was a night in a thousand — cold and so crystal clear the stars seemed to snap as they winked. It gave me a cable-laid twist, so that, by the time Gumbo, the colored boy, had the cold corned beef,

cottage fried potatoes, apple turnovers, and coffee on the table, I had to sit on my hands to keep from snatching while Grandfather asked a silent blessing.

Before I felt I had any more than commenced my supper I noticed Grandfather was shuffling his feet — a sure sign that a squall of impatience was building up. I knew this was unhealthy weather to be caught out in, and so I quickly lined up my knife and fork on my plate and 'looked' as satisfied as I could. It must have been a good 'try on,' for by the time we were in the dory, with Jahazael at the oars, headed for the *Ann Alexander*, Grandfather was reminiscing about the Cove in Revolutionary days — a sure sign that the squall had blown by.

As we came alongside that little ship (she was only eighty-nine feet long) the tale of her wanderings could almost be read by the varied odors that wafted out from her. There were the coconuts of the Pacific atolls, the mildews of Cape Horn, the cockroaches of Brazil, all tangled and held together by the sweetish sickly smell of sperm oil in oak casks.

Having hailed her, we climbed aboard at the starboard mizzen chain plates while Captain Snow gave us a hand as we went over the rail and dropped on deck. He and Grandfather immediately went below to the cabin, as I knew they would, to talk, talk, talk about such uninteresting things as the price of oils and candles. Jahazael could not and I would not follow them to that region of knives and forks in the stern. Instead, after the painter of the dory was fast, he and I made a beeline forward to the forecastle, where I knew there would be a treasure house of curios and scrimshaw work to look at, and plenty of tall yarns to listen to.

'What an evening!' But again I was not half satisfied when I heard a familiar voice coming from on deck at the head of the ladder saying: —

'What is thee doing down there? Doesn't thee know it's long after bed-

time? Come! Shake a leg or Gumbo'll have fallen asleep and let the fire go out and we'll shiver all night.'

On the way over to the *Panther* I asked if it had been a good voyage.

'She's bung full and Captain Snow says he's even filled all the old boots. Thee can see she's pretty low in the water.'

This was good news for me too. I felt Grandfather would be, so to speak, malleable; so I tried him again with: —

'Thee hasn't told me yet why what we eat of a scallop is called an eye.'

'And I'm not going to now, my boy. But if it's fair tomorrow we'll run over to Menemsha and let Monohansett Joe satisfy thy curiosity.'

We started the next day early and were well across Vineyard Sound before the sun rose with promise of another fine day. Jahazael set us ashore in the dory on the beach of Menemsha Bight well to the westward toward Gay Head, and from there we watched him until he had reboarded the *Panther* and had her on her course up the Sound towards Holmes Hole (Vineyard Haven now), where he was to anchor and wait for us to come overland by horse and wagon.

To reach Joe's little farm we had to cover about three miles of uneven, rolling moorland that, sloping gently to the eastward, skirted the great tidal salt lake known as Menemsha Pond. For most of the distance, we could follow some one of the innumerable sheep paths that led all whither through dun-colored winter grass and leafless clumps of bayberry. At almost every step, up would soar a meadowlark, to sail downwind away from us, leaving behind a train of plaintive, fairylike music. We seemed bewitched and I, for one, felt I had come to a new world by the time we had reached the weather-beaten, lichened cabin, on the very margin of an arm of the Pond, where this handsome old Gay Head Indian friend of ours lived.

We found him splitting driftwood on

the lee side of the building and Grandfather said to him: —

‘Joe, we’ve come over from Tarpaulin, where Captain Snow’s lying in the *Ann Alexander* waiting for a slant to run into Bedford, and we want thee to make us a chowder and then drive us over to Holmes Hole. Does thee think thee can accommodate us?’

‘Reckon I can,’ said Joe, ‘if thee’ll give us time. My horse and me’s gettin’ stiff in the joints for cold weather travelin’.’

Looking out across the sheltered pool at our feet where Joe moored his dory and a couple of skiffs, I noticed the calm glassy surface was constantly broken by little dark splashes. There were so many of these breaks, and they came so constantly, that there was a patter like rain. I was puzzled and must have shown it, for I came out of a trance to hear Joe say: —

‘Has thee never seen first-year scallops gettin’ ready to move into deep water before the ice comes? Them youngsters are comin’ up now to have a look at the weather. They’ll all be moved out come evenin’. Thee’ll be froze out too if thee don’t come inside where thy grandad’s been settin’ by the fire for some spell.’

Inside, that little house was shipshape — the neatest, cleanest you ever saw. In the one big room Joe had his workshop — tools, bench, and all; there was all his gear for fishing, eeling, clamming, and fowling; his cookstove, blacked and shining like Grandfather’s Sunday boots; the sink and polished copper pump; a ship’s built-in bunk; a table that folded against the wall; light but comfortable chairs of his own make; but not a ‘boughten’ useless gimcrack in the place — even the air there smelled useful.

With a good fire going in the stove, Joe set about preparing the chowder. He was so skillful that Grandfather and I just sat and watched. From the bucket of ‘soft-shelled’ clams that he brought in from the woodshed (he was careful to

explain they had neither been drowned nor frozen) he selected about forty-five small ones and put them aside in a wooden bowl. Six small white onions were then cut into thin rings and fed slowly, one at a time, into a saucepan of already boiling water. While the onions were seething furiously on the hottest lid of the stove, he peeled six medium-sized potatoes, sliced them thin, and set them to boiling with two quarts of milk in a double boiler. By the time he had the potatoes and milk going strong he moved the onions onto the back of the stove and put a big heavy-lidded kettle, an eighth full of salt water, in their place. When this salt water had begun to steam and jiggle the lid, the clams, shell and all, were dumped in and the lid clapped on again. After the potatoes and milk had been cooking for twenty minutes or so Joe slowly mixed in with them a white sauce — pretty thick — seasoned with not too much salt and a good dose of black pepper, and set the whole to cooking again. He now took the big kettle over to the sink, scooped out the clams with a long-handled skimmer, shucked them, and, cutting off the black tips of the snouts, chopped the balance fine in a wooden tray and then poured them in with the milk and potatoes, adding two cupfuls of the ‘clam liquor’ from the kettle, and all the onion rings. The chowder was now allowed to boil two minutes more and then, piping hot, was set on the table in the double boiler and ladled into deep earthenware bowls. A plate of hard ship’s bread (hardtack) was the side dish for our chowder, and hand-wrought iron spoons that must have been very old the conveyers.

After we were well into our second bowl Grandfather said: ‘Joe, I can feel every spoonful of thy chowder makin’ Kyle the instant it reaches bottom.’

Joe looked pleased, but I wondered if, like all the rest of our friends and family, he was hazy as to the nature of this elixir ‘Kyle’ that Grandfather seemed to generate whenever his palate was

pleased. Without expecting an answer the old gentleman continued:—

‘This boy of mine’s been pestering me for the last two days to tell him how scallop meats came to be called “eyes” — and I told him thee was the only man in the world that knew and had the right to tell the secret. It will please me if thee’ll tell the whole story.’

At this Joe’s rather severe face lightened up, and turning toward me he said:—

‘My folks were born, lived, and died on the Vineyard here for long — years and years before thy folks come in their ships. I was born over across the Sound on Monohansett (Little Island) in Lackey’s Bay. My mother and father were on a summer fishing in their canoe. That’s how I get my name. My grandfather told me about the scallop eyes when I was a boy like thee. His grandfather told him. All grandfathers in my family tell grandsons of times so far back that Vineyard and No Man’s all one island. In them times scallops were no account — had no good sweet eyes, just watery bellies; lay on the bottom like oysters — never come up like we see ’em out there today.

‘One year, at dusk, hell of big canoe with one mast an’ big red and white sail come pokin’ into Bight. Tide was slack, water high, an’ her crew run her up the canal into the Pond ten or twelve oars aside double-banked. They beached her before they seen any o’ us. Our folks lay under cover and watched ’em. That night they had a big fire on shore, an’ after eatin’ their victuals they lay round the fire to sleep with watchers takin’ turns to keep the fire alight. In the

mornin’ my grandfather of them days, first mate to Gay Head Indian Captain, went down to palaver with these strange folks. When he come back he says they was all pink and white with hair like light corn silk. They was all men but one. *She* was boss an very tall and good lookin’. They cut down trees and made houses, they come fishin’ with us folks, they eat clams and oysters and stayed all winter cutting oak knees and crotches. They was friendly and good boatmen. Our folks made out they come from a long ways to the eastward.

‘The woman was a great hand for walkin’ round the shores of the Pond watchin’ the shore birds and singin’ to herself, and one early afternoon before they set out for home this boss woman came round on this side of the Pond lookin’ across toward the highland yonder. By damn! if all the scallops in that Pond didn’t begin to rise and break water. After that, every time that woman went walkin’ near the Pond them scallops would rise, and they kep’ this up until the ice came to keep ’em down under. So then my folks knew scallops had grown eyes so they could rise and have a look at this stranger, and they took some ashore and watched ’em and they seen they opened and shut their shells quick as a wink and peeked out when they thought no one was lookin’. Then they shucked some and there, sure enough, were them white creamy eyes that was good eatin’ when you get used to ’em. And ever since them days,’ said Joe, ‘at this time o’ year thee’ll see them scallops risin’ and risin’ in hopes they’ll catch a sight o’ that handsome woman again.’

BACK TO FIRST THINGS

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

I

THE sailor was departing. His leave was up. We stood, the two of us, before separating, on a ridge above the Channel, waiting for the sun to show himself. The sky was kindling over France. We had not long to wait, only a few minutes more to be together, so there was nothing to say. Like others before us, the future questionable, I desired a token, some sign or another, anything would do, to tell me how things would be; but nothing showed in the sky but radial colors.

There came day! An arc of fire peered over the sea, and burnished it. Flames caught the clouds, and increased the zones of heaven. Athwart the bright plane of the Channel were arrayed the distinct black models of a convoy of British ships, stretching from a famous headland and out far to westward. 'Asking for it,' said the sailor, 'but not getting it. What a target! We wouldn't have dared spread out so many in daylight that way this time last year. . . . I suppose we must be getting on. . . . But I wish America would tumble out soon, and pull her weight.'

As to that I could promise nothing, except the certainty that somehow, somewhere, the imponderables of opinion and desire would discharge, and America would be one indignant body in an hour. Then I stood watching his familiar figure while it descended the slope, and prayed, besides the advent of America, for several other things. The two of us were unaware that morning, when the sun

greeted us over the sea, that on his way to meet us he had looked down on the affair at Pearl Harbor.

Japan had intended war, and America had not; and once more it had to be sadly admitted that the more confidently a patient man turns his back on plans for his undoing, the greater the chance he will be undone. Then, within a little, we were dumb, caught unprepared when told that the *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales* had gone down in the China Sea. Such ships! And outside Singapore! Between Singapore and Pearl Harbor there has always been an unavowed but intimate relationship, should the worst befall. The excellence in the method of Japan's madness was made clear. What would happen next was easily guessed. Recrimination would be loud enough to be heard across the ocean. A babel of blame would arise, and the greater part of the noise would come from those who have never troubled to think out where the tide of events, from Versailles to Manchuria and on to Poland, would most likely carry the lot of us. Suddenly, therefore, everybody speaking English is discussing the right way to make war.

Let us admit that Authority had blundered. That is not blasphemous. It has been ascertained that governors, generals, and admirals are not well advised in all they do, even when most sure. Still, to be fair, we should also admit that to harmonize in an ocean the courses of the ships of a great fleet so that sufficient power can be at any point, in the right

hour, is not a task for every man's delight. To dispatch armed men by land, sea, and air to meet a foe who has the choice of rendezvous, but has not named it, needs second sight and other uncommon supports to free the act of worry. To order off many choice men and much precious material on the strength of conjecture out of the measurement of facts that are not available, despite the awful consequence of error, is not a responsibility for which most of us would compete. Yet the common reader and the ready writer, in their haste, never doubt that they are sufficient judges.

The other day — it was the day Java fell — I listened while a group of eager and honest elderly folk were explaining it, or explaining it away. It was undecided whether the loss of Java was of first importance or of small importance. In the midst of the talk a spectacled and youthful corporal leaned towards me and murmured, 'Our wearisome pedantic art of war, By which we prove retreat may be success, Delay best speed; half loss, at times, whole gain.' The corporal had been sitting back in self-effacement till that moment. All he had done was to glance at me questioningly, once or twice. As he was so young, I had supposed he felt humble when the experienced and judicious were settling the matter. Then, having quoted Browning to a stranger, he winked, adjusted his glasses, and sank into nonentity.

I feel that but for these sparkles from younger people I should be inclined to wonder whether the fire was going out. But it is there. It is only somewhat smothered by neglect. These men and women are now acting in the field of war, and driving the factories at high speed, but a day must come when their wit will not boggle before the frowns of ancient monuments and gray jurists. That is the hope which keeps some of us going. If it should reach fulfillment, then the loss of Singapore will be only a footnote to history to mark the end of much that was due for oblivion.

At times they startle us with surmises about the probable origins of our difficulties. One thing which interests the younger sort is the supposition that this war could have been stayed where its first shot was fired, in Manchuria. They say that the hesitancy with which we watched Japan's behavior must have been noted thankfully by Fascists everywhere. It told them that they were at liberty, if low cunning kept a face of shy reasonableness, to permeate everywhere for the eventual undermining and downfall of democracy. The point where universal ruin began can be marked on the map.

Of course, we know Manchuria was only China; but the sequence, from Shanghai down to Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, and Batavia? Yes, and also from Madrid to Warsaw and Paris. There was a day when juridical non-interventionists — this too is a matter of history — would not allow hospitals of the Spanish Republicans to have cotton wool, though the Fascist powers were sending bombing squadrons. As Mark Twain once pointed out, how deadly is the silent lie! For which of us cried out? We remained apathetic witnesses while Chinese were killed and their goods stolen; and as the wounds were in Spain that had to be dressed with dirty bandages, we felt no hurt. Would it not be good for us to own up — because the future depends on the accuracy of our knowledge and the quality of our conviction. For it is true; if in civic matters the peoples of the democracies had acted with no more than the common sense and humanity they have shown in international affairs, we should now be fighting all the diseases of dirt as well as the present enemies of life and sanity. Let us remember that it is no more immoral for the Japanese to be looting and killing in Java than in Nanking; no more wrong than in San Francisco and Australia. All the peoples of the world are of one body. Prelates as well as poets have full authority for that dogma.

II

It is this inattention and indifference to first things that has brought us to war; and the war is total. Either the way of life we prefer must go, at Harvard as well as Oxford, — no side street of ours anywhere is exempt, — or else our enemies are broken. Between categorical opposites there can be no accommodation; what is day to the other fellow is not only night to us but final eclipse.

It will need an effort, but we might ask ourselves, though still appalled by what happens when nations run amuck, whether we have yet seen the face of one enemy as mischievous as any. If we inquire after this unsuspected foe a probability may appear, which is quite distasteful, and as hard to acknowledge as the aspect of failure always is, when personal. For is it not nonsensical in a democrat to condemn his government when affairs go awry? He is the government; or if nothing like it, that also is his affair. Democracy is the luxury of personal responsibility; and what does personal responsibility amount to if justice, through ignorance and neglect, is indistinguishable from its opposite? It begins to look as if an enemy were in the house. We seem to have been on easy terms with him. Anything to his advantage he claimed, but harm that left him untouched he did not feel. When he heard of distant havoc he was seldom curious enough to experience it in an atlas. What did not reach his own door could be forgotten. Only today does he begin to remember, and fear drives him to accuse something, that he may rid himself of dismay; to blame, let us say, this or that authority in his own country, or preferably in some other country not unfriendly to him; though he is unaware, of course, of its activities. The New Yorker and the Londoner are alike in that; it is human. Fear will make a man suddenly and fiercely political before he is aware of the truth that he was always a social creature. Explosions are lighting up

those lands lately of no interest to him, and the blasts shake his kitchen.

Now he knows whether there is relationship between Vladivostok and London, Rangoon and New York. And there it is. It is disclosed, by a rain of fire, that continents are not separate entities, but are parts of the round body of this small and sensitive planet of ours. So an old question acquires severity. Who is my neighbor? I see it is of first importance to me what is thought and done in Tacoma, Chungking, and Delhi. Whatever happens there sends its impulse up the Thames. I learn that the way I regard Moscow means life or bullets to fine fellows I do not know. In the long history of mankind the day is here when we must accept the fellowship, or take the penalty for denial, which is doomsday.

An unofficial Washington commentator remarked recently, 'The concept of this war is British, and the British, strictly speaking, are not in the war.' What was at the back of that man's mind? Maybe it would be better not to inquire. Let us hope it was a thought for the lives of American seamen. Nor will I answer that he ought to have been in London when Hitler had announced an immediate visit, or in my house while I was writing this, when a stricken enemy bomber fell and blew up closely; but I will dare swear that, until the guns went off, he had given small thought to what was likely to happen when war was not pedestrian, but on wings and wheels; that he had never guessed the first explosion would scatter all the sound textbooks into broken words, and leave commanding officers without guidance, looking seven ways for Sunday. Yet that fact could have been found, after a brief search. The British concept of war? Did Dunkirk show it?

We had no concept but to hold on lest we be blown off. I think it would be for the world's good if Americans and British went to their perilous adventure together having agreed that not anywhere on

earth — which brings in Germany and Japan — was there an admiral, general, or air marshal who knew what would come of it when the new forces which science had in waiting were released. Germany, at the outset, made a near guess, based chiefly on the moral distinction of France and hesitancy everywhere else; but the forces, as she understood them, are not at present working quite so well for her. Japan looked on, reading the lessons, and profiting from them in a way we have not; for our attention, with no enjoyment in war, was apt to wander. Yet the lessons were all new to Japan; there are her previous exploits in China to show it. If war is the last instrument applied to politics, then not a politician or warrior seems to have known how the instrument would certainly act, when applied. The French General Staff appears to have been absent in a fabulous garden, listening to the cuckoos, when the bugle sounded. Mussolini did not distinguish between war and opera, Hitler conceived a grand outburst of tanks and airplanes to overcome all at once, and the British had the ancient concept to hold on and hit back when a chance came; and presently Japan, too, will feel the embarrassment of the unexpected. The only statesman who seems to have judged well what might come about, and to have prepared for it, and who had a body of people behind him resolved to act at the call, was Stalin.

We may not enjoy admitting some of these facts, but we shall profit if we confess. To abandon some pride and prejudice will lighten the burden; there will be less on the march to cause suspicion, doubt, and bickering. Let us not waste time beating the air. We need only remember that in all the democracies the usual citizen was intent on benefits within the liberty of his reach, which he wished to extend. When he became grave and important about liberty, that is all he meant. With eyes bent narrowly on his interests, he never saw the

sword dangling above his neck, as another interest, and so never paused to wonder on the chance of a squall, and from which quarter, bringing that thing down to destroy him and his liberty.

And of course that man was unaware that each new war confuses the trusted old brigade. It meant nothing to him that after the early months of the last war all the immense armies went to earth, and the generals knew no more what to do next, having no classical centre and flanks to pierce and turn, than a bust of Julius Cæsar. Not that there is ever anything new in war but the weapons, but these may make a plan of campaign, in a week or so, about as applicable as an old newspaper. The machine gun was master last time, sinking men into burrowing animals, till the tank, newly arrived, and four years of weariness, loosened a measure of mobility.

The first apparent lesson of this war moving on wings and wheels is that an army's centre and flanks may be ignored altogether, and that it is fatal to go underground on the defensive while considering what to do next, since it is possible for the foe to speed forthwith to the seat of your government and occupy it. The enemy arrives not only by road, but by sky and sea. Soldiers who went to this war confident in the lessons of the last grand occasion were soon without flanks, centre, or base. They were surrounded. The mistake they made was in not going back far enough for their lessons, not by a long way; but it is absurd to blame them, because only now do we see that the latest instruments of science have compelled a return to Red Indian strategy and tactics — another of the wonders of science — with all the oceans and continents in which the genius of a Daniel Boone may spring surprises; and nobody had thought of that. General MacArthur and a few others, we may expect, are applying themselves to this planetary guerrilla warfare with zest, for it must be comfortable to a pioneering tradition.

Quite the strangest outcome of total conflict with steel foundries, industrial plants, ships, broadcasting stations, the newspaper press, and armies that are winged and wheeled, is that, as in the days of chivalry and the battle-axe, individual wit and initiative has broken out of the academies, and is making light of the gravity of the whole pedantic art of war. The value of the person is restored. In Russia there is not only a front to this war, but a back, extending to the German rear nobody knows how far. Guerrillas rise from the ground as ghostly commandos where, by all the proprieties of battle, the Germans should be in full ownership. Central Europe is haunted. Words are whispered, in the very armament factories of the Nazis, which will one day enlarge and bring prisons down, like the walls of Jericho, with a releasing shout. Critics who are nervous before this prospect, and who suppose they can keep its purport from our thoughts with the publicity devices which hitherto have served, might as well sit on the top of Krakatao when it begins to smoke. It is coming. For it would be expedient not to imagine that Japan will topple only after Tokyo is bombarded. Japan, I fancy, will begin to totter in Poland, as another paradox of this war. Anyhow, the enemy rarely appears where he was expected; and his discomfiture begins at a place from which his eyes were turned, for a reason he had not considered.

III

But then war, though there is never anything new in it but the weapons, is paradoxical itself, and that may explain why it rarely teaches us much. Afterwards we want to disencumber the mind of its litter, except the memory of comradeship. It is even paradoxical that we should recall but good in the hateful. That may explain why we are caught next time, for we have been inattentive, while badly disposed men have been alert to the likelihood of gaining power

by the extravagant use of new engines. They saw that the speed of motorized pillboxes and of winged artillery ought to be good for a surprise, especially over the inattentive and reluctant. Yet those panzer divisions, dive bombers, and wheeled columns but recall what happened in Europe long centuries before them, when floods of archers on horseback from the steppes of Asia submerged Russia and reached mid-Europe, for armies of footmen with pikes were helpless. Europe seemed lost then, as now under the swift machines, till dissensions amid success slowed the Mongol impulse, and it failed.

Nothing is new in it, except the novel application of those expedients as old as flint weapons, surprise and speed. We are again hearing of commandos. We heard of them first at the beginning of this century, when British generals in South Africa were hurt and indignant when groups of Boers appeared able to materialize out of the nothing. The Boers conjured themselves up when least welcome. A commando blew in where all seemed well, and when it was chased it had gone. Transport was ruined, havoc made of sound plans; and there was not a guess at where it would happen next, as happen it would. It was very improper, and nowhere provided for in the manuals, but it happened, and was successful.

America is wondering, I suppose, what the British Army is doing. As an old war correspondent I can say this. Far the greater part of our army in France last time was raised in the British Isles, but outsiders never knew it. We never told them. There were numberless battalions of our county regiments, taking most of the casualties, yet they were rarely named by us. The censorship was shy over those common names. The British themselves — oddly, if you like — were informed chiefly of the doings and valor of the troops from overseas, and of a few favored home regiments. We have nobody to blame but ourselves this time when other people wonder what our men

are doing, since we prefer to trumpet praise of troops from the Dominions and India; and they have earned it, as the conquest of Northeast Africa shows. Still, our own men, too, were there. Bear in mind that the British would hail American prowess with gusto, but would be shaky and indecisive with the trumpet on their own account. My people have a nervous habit of understatement. Fearful of rant, they become immoderate in moderation. When the bomber crew alighted, after a raid over Kiel, with their machine in tatters, and you wondered how the wreckage had remained aloft, and on fire, one youngster remarked that he rather thought they were having a touch of luck. You can never get those fellows to talk. Ironical and allusive, all that happened was some luck, if they survive.

We learn with surprise, in a laconic message, of another outbreak by one of our commandos — of ships, airplanes, paratroops, and infantry becoming one force in an adventure. Now, we rarely see one of those men. Where they are hidden and trained nobody seems to know; they are as circumspect with us as they are with the enemy. There is but silence till all is done, and as to how they did it no robust tale is given out. But we do know their training would break the heart, if weakness were there, of a hardened explorer, for stories of that come through; and exploration without regard to peril in unknown territory where they are not wanted is their vocation. We are back in this war to first things. The heart and intelligence of the common man, and a Spartan hardihood, though nearly all the news we get is of the impersonal nature of total war, take on a significance that transcends the power of the machines; the man himself is again of first importance, as in the beginning. And nobody had thought of that, as another outcome of war waged by engines.

So strange a consequence is auspicious. We had forgotten, even in the democra-

cies, that the person is above the state, and that its august machinery, without his approval and drive, is with the discarded iron. His word sanctions the state and gives it purpose. That original fact has been obscured by the noise and dust of factions contending, while the illusion of peace allowed it, for the security of privileges; but now, when the foundations of society are threatened by anarchy, the common man is quicker than the jurists to sense the peril, for his only precedents are the freedom of his mind and the necessity of his hearth. Out of imminent disaster comes the beginning of understanding. If his household gods go, then the Commonwealth loses its meaning. What the Commonwealth means is life, and the abundance of life's undertakings for good. All must go, unless he give his full value to save the rights of his neighbors. Do you know of what more he could do?

We return to first things. It has been remarked — only by a poet, I know, and not by a prudent measurer — that in the familiar Hebrew description of the way Creation went the first prescription for chaos was Light. It is usual to assume that this bright revealing of the task of shaping things out of darkness and confusion was by the heavenly lamps we know. Not so, says the poet. Light came first. In the only way a poet would understand creative effort, the sun would have to be imaged before it could be made. There must be vision, or a thing that is to be cannot be willed to arise. Light was, before heaven was above, or earth beneath; before the sun rose, and moon and stars. Mind came, to prevail over confusion in the universal dark. In the beginning was the word for order and comeliness. But darkness was not destroyed. There it still is; and the original creative word loses power when it is forgotten. Order and comeliness, though settled under the firmament, and seen to be good, have to be kept, or disorder and darkness flood in to founder the gains. Creation never ends.

THE WAR ON THE COLLEGE

BY W. H. COWLEY

FOR the past ninety years the four-year American college has been repeatedly under attack. President Henry P. Tappan of the University of Michigan initiated these onslaughts in 1852 when he proposed that the college be abandoned and that the German system of higher education be substituted. For about thirty years the warfare has been quiescent. Now it has been stirred up again by the January 22, 1942, announcement of the University of Chicago that, beginning with students entering this summer, it will grant its bachelor's degree two years earlier, to wit, at the end of the sophomore year.

The Chicago change is not an emergency measure adopted for the duration of the war. It is meant to be permanent. Said President Robert Maynard Hutchins in announcing the new Chicago plan: 'The reforms adopted by the University are no ill-considered program of acceleration to meet a war emergency. . . . We have taken a comprehensive view of education as a whole in making these plans.'

Including President Tappan's campaign, eleven attempts have been made to kill off the four-year college or to change its structure. They have all failed. But because both educators and the public are now preoccupied with defeating the Axis, this twelfth *Putsch* may succeed. Lest a decision be reached by default without a discussion of the issues involved, this article is written: (1) to review the attacks upon the college since Tappan's day; (2) to describe the

educational philosophy of the attackers; (3) to analyze that philosophy; and (4) to suggest the desirable outcome of the conflict.

I

President Tappan sought to eliminate the college for three reasons: first, because he believed that the establishment of universities constituted the greatest educational need of the nation; second, because he judged the German system to be the most desirable plan for the United States to follow; and third, because German education did not include anything comparable to the American college. Following these premises, he and those educators who have agreed with him have persistently sought to undermine if not to liquidate our traditional college.

A century ago the United States obviously and urgently needed universities. The country supported about one hundred and twenty colleges, but not a single university. Changing rapidly from an agricultural and maritime to an industrial society, the nation needed institutions to train chemists, economists, engineers, geologists, physicists, and dozens of other varieties of specialists and professional men. The old-time American college could not offer the advanced instruction necessary, and therefore universities were properly and insistently demanded. For a number of reasons England and France offered no desirable models, and thus Tappan and other educators turned to Germany, whose

universities had developed curriculums devoted to extensive specialization in all intellectual and professional fields.

Since German universities were becoming, as Huxley later phrased it, 'the most intensely cultivated and the most intellectual corporations the world has ever seen,' Tappan proclaimed German education to be 'the most perfect educational system in the world.' He therefore set about reorganizing American education after the German pattern, which, he wrote, 'we are constrained to admire, to approve, and to copy.'

But the German system differed from the American in two very significant respects. In the first place, in contrast to the American democratic system, the Germans supported a class system of education. In the second place, German education reduced by two or three years the time available for broad, general education and therefore provided no institution comparable to the traditional American college.

The class system of German education segregated children at the age of six. For the common people Germany provided only a *Volksschule*, offering eight years of elementary education. Ninety per cent of all German children attended the *Volksschule* and finished their formal education at about fourteen years of age. The other ten per cent attended the *Vorschule*, which provided the only gateway to secondary education and to advanced instruction in the technical schools and universities.

The democratic convictions of America would tolerate no such dual system of education. As early as 1779 Jefferson presented a bill to the Virginia legislature calling for the establishment of a single educational road democratically open to the children of all citizens and running from elementary to higher education. The bill failed, but Jefferson's leadership brought about the passage of the Ordinance of 1787, which became the charter of American democratic education. All the states in the Northwest

Territory wrote provisions into their basic laws for a unitary plan of education, and after several bitter struggles the less democratic East and South followed the example of the Middle West and West. Thus class education disappeared from the United States, and young Americans assisted by public funds and private philanthropy are now able, in the democratic tradition, to pursue their education with very substantial equality of opportunity.

The second difference between German and American education has proved considerably more important and more troublesome. It has in fact been the cause of the war on the colleges. The German system terminated the period of general or liberal education when a student finished the *Gymnasium*, or high school, at nineteen or twenty years of age. The student then entered a university or technical school and began his specialized education. After the establishment of American universities, however, the traditional four-year college continued in operation, interposed between the high school and the university. Differently expressed, Germany provided three levels of education: elementary, secondary, and advanced; the United States provided four levels: elementary, secondary, collegial, and advanced.

How to reorganize or to dispose of the college, so that American education could be made as comparable as possible to German education, constituted the persistent question in the minds of the men who through the years have been in the Tappan tradition or who have been in sympathy with it. They answered the question with one or another of three major plans of action: (1) by attempting to reduce the four-year college course to three years; (2) by forcing university specialization down into the college; and (3) by seeking to kill off the college entirely, assigning its two lower years to the high schools or junior colleges and its two upper years to the graduate or professional schools.

During the present war, college instruction is being accelerated so that, by using the summer months, the four-year course may be covered in three years or a little less. But such acceleration is in no way related to the effort to reduce the college course permanently to three years. The campaign toward this objective has been undertaken five times and has each time failed.

These five unsuccessful attempts were made (1) at Johns Hopkins from its establishment in 1876 to 1907; (2) at Yale Sheffield Scientific School from its opening in 1847 to 1920; (3) at Clark University from 1902 to 1920; (4) at Cornell for a few years beginning in 1885; (5) at Harvard, where President Eliot started in 1883 to reduce the undergraduate course to three years and kept fighting for his plan until his retirement in 1909. His biographer describes his failure in these words: 'It was the only reform which he had undertaken and which he had not succeeded in carrying through.'

The second effort to undermine the college has proved much more successful. Liberal-arts college educators were able to save the four-year college, but they were not able to prevent university specialization from being pushed down into the college course. Instead they compromised and set up what is generally called the major system, under which students concentrate most of their work during the junior and senior years in a single academic subject or a group of related subjects.

Since about 1910 this system of concentration within the undergraduate curriculum has been adopted by almost all American colleges. It provides both for those students who want to specialize narrowly, while still living in the environment of liberal education, and also for those students who seek to continue their broad education through four years of college work. The compromise thus furnished by the major or concentration system has proved to be reasonably successful and has at once protected the life

of the college and, in many respects, improved its work.

The compromise has not, however, proved satisfactory to the extreme group of idolizers of the German system. They have therefore persisted in their attempts to bring about the adoption of the third plan: the complete abandonment of the college. 'To admire, to approve, and to copy' the German system means to them that the traditional American college must be discarded, and periodically they have made strong efforts toward that end.

To date, six major attempts to conquer the college by partitioning it have all failed: (1) at Michigan under Tappan from 1852 to 1861; (2) at Minnesota from 1871 to 1884; (3) at Cornell in 1890 and 1891; (4) at Columbia in 1902; (5) at Stanford sporadically, beginning in 1907; and (6) by a committee of the National Council of Education which in 1913 presented a long report, therein continuously citing education 'as in Germany' and concluding that 'there is no longer any excuse for the American college as a mere four-year addition to the earlier periods of education.'

II

This rapid review of the difference between the educational systems in Germany and in the United States, and of the attempts to reorganize American higher education because of the spectacular success of German universities, is of course greatly simplified. It serves, however, to put Mr. Hutchins's sophomore-degree plan in perspective and to provide a background for an analysis of the educational philosophy which Tappan, Hutchins, and other admirers of German education have held and hold.

In his book *The Higher Learning in America*, published in 1936, Mr. Hutchins succinctly states this educational philosophy: 'If education is rightly understood,' he wrote, 'it will be understood as the cultivation of the intellect.

The cultivation of the intellect is the same good for all men in all societies. It is, moreover, the good for which all other goods are only means. Material prosperity, peace and civil order, justice and the moral virtues are means to the cultivation of the intellect.' Intellectual cultivation, he asserts, is the chief reason for living; every other human activity is but a means toward this end; therefore education must put all its emphasis upon intellectual training.

This doctrine applies not only to specialized education in the university but also to the general education that precedes specialization. 'The object of general education . . . must be the training of the mind for intellectual activity.' General education, moreover, has nothing to do with extra-intellectual objectives such as development of character: 'The objective of general education will not be the formation of character since little can be done about character at that age level.'

Mr. Hutchins gives even greater emphasis to this intellectualistic doctrine on the level of specialized, or university, education. 'A university's unique function is the advancement of knowledge,' he writes; 'therefore it should confine itself to advancing knowledge and to the education of those interested in becoming scholars or professional men, or in the cultivation of the intellect.'

This is exactly in the tradition of the German universities. When Fichte, Stein, and Humboldt reorganized German life after the disastrous defeat of the Prussian armies at Jena in 1806, they elevated the doctrine of intellectualism to supremacy in German education. Fichte laid down this policy in his famous 'Addresses to the German People' which he gave in Berlin every Sunday night for an entire winter to large audiences of leading Germans. He said in essence that the soil of Prussia was poor, her armies beaten and dispersed, her economy ruined, her spirit crushed, but that Germans could rise rapidly not only

to self-respect but also to the domination of Europe and of the world by making education their controlling passion.

In 1899 William James, who had spent several years studying in German universities, described the results of the policy which the German people accepted from Fichte: —

In Germany the explicitly avowed aim of the higher education is to turn the student into an instrument for advancing scientific discovery. The German universities are proud of the number of young specialists whom they turn out every year, — not necessarily men of any original force of intellect, but men so trained to research that when their professor gives them an historical or philological thesis to prepare, or a bit of laboratory work to do, with a general indication as to the best method, they can go off by themselves and use apparatus and consult sources in such a way as to grind out in the requisite number of months some little pepper-corn of new truth.

Valuing above all else 'the cultivation of the intellect' so that men and women may engage in life's supreme enterprise of 'advancing knowledge,' Mr. Hutchins would reduce the opportunities available for general education. 'General education,' he observed in his January 22 announcement, 'can easily be completed by the end of the sophomore year.' In support of this *ex cathedra* utterance he has offered no evidence except the example of Germany and of other European countries which have been largely influenced by German educational thinking.

If Mr. Hutchins's sophomore-degree plan is successful at Chicago and is adopted throughout the country, general education would be turned over to the secondary schools — to elongated high schools and to junior colleges which would absorb the first two years of the traditional college and thereby become four-year institutions. Thus American general education, following the German pattern, would be finished by the time students reach nineteen or twenty years of age, at which point they would either

end their formal education or go on to universities to become 'scholars or professional men.'

The educational theory of the attackers of the four-year college boils down, therefore, to this: (1) the purpose of education is intellectual training; (2) general education, intellectualistic in emphasis, should follow the German pattern and be completed at a point comparable to the end of the sophomore year of the four-year college. If these two premises are accepted by educators and the public, American education will be completely reorganized, and the major structural change will be the disappearance of the traditional college. The validity of each premise must therefore be subjected to analysis.

III

The first premise — that the purpose of education is intellectual training — has never been accepted by the American college. Instead, through all its history, the college has been dedicated to social and moral as well as intellectual ends. It has attempted to make men as well as minds. It has directed its energies to emancipating its students, in Woodrow Wilson's words, 'from narrowness of sympathy, of perception, of motive, of purpose, and of hope.' It has clung tenaciously to its place in American culture, to quote President Walter A. Jessup of the Carnegie Corporation, as 'life's one institution most wholeheartedly devoted to the development of the individual as a unit in society.' It has worked from the conviction that, in education as in living, intelligence is not enough.

Intelligence is not enough because students come to college not only for the training of their minds but also for the enrichment of their lives as people; because college students need the advice and direction of mature and experienced adults who understand their problems; because the fundamental problem of every student is to understand himself;

because such self-knowledge is physical and emotional and social and spiritual as well as intellectual; because not only the student's mind comes to college but also his body and his prejudices and his loyalties; because the lessons in human relations learned from his fellow students complement those learned from books and professors; because the college is not only an intellectual enterprise but also a full human environment; because society expects of college graduates not only trained minds but also civilized attitudes, matured emotions, and cultivated character.

In support of this broad conception of education the men who would protect the college from dissolution cite the limitations of intellectualism which the depression and the war have so tragically spotlighted. And liberal-arts educators need not quote their own statements since commentators on American life in general have eloquently stated their case for them. Walter Lippmann described the results of intellectualistic education in this powerful statement:—

There is no common faith, no common body of principle, no common body of knowledge, no common moral and intellectual discipline. Yet the graduates of these modern schools are expected to form a civilized community. They are expected to govern themselves. They are expected to have a social conscience. They are expected to arrive by discussion at common purposes. When one realizes that they have no common culture is it astounding that they have no common purpose? That they worship false gods? That only in war do they unite? That in the fierce struggle for existence they are tearing Western society to pieces?

In much the same vein Lewis Mumford has recently written a telling essay on the limitations of intellectualism and has therein defined education as 'the harmonious culture of the entire personality.' The following brief passages from Mr. Mumford's essay indicate his development of his broad definition of education:—

We have to frame a whole new set of objectives in terms of balance, equilibrium, coördination, and cultivation, a many-sided organic development: above all, in terms of human balance, human coördination, human development.

Man is born into a world of human values, human purposes, and human instruments: these values, purposes, and instruments condition all his other experiences; indeed without them he would live only on the level of brute sense and appetite.

Our feelings, our passions, our evaluations, our fantasies, our ideals are no less concerned in the effort for unity than our scientific and practical procedures. For an objective order that attempts to exclude subjective elements as unreal or irrelevant inevitably ends, as ours has in fact done, by leaving the field open to an added subjectivity.

One more quotation is perhaps sufficient to clinch the point that many of the keenest commentators on American life assert that intellectualism has run its course and has indeed been largely responsible for the sorry state of the world. In an address delivered in February, Henry R. Luce, editor of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*, spoke fervently as follows: —

Reason has been the Maginot Line behind which Western civilization retired. The rampart has been breached — and not only by naked force. Simple childish lies, cleverly told, have been enough to dissolve our vaunted Reason into confusion and nonsense.

Science, in these years, gentlemen, has indeed marched on — not only your physics and chemistry but also your economics and sociology and psychiatry — Science has marched right on, helpless and ignorant, right on to chaos.

And now if Science will kindly get out of the driver's seat and under the hood where it belongs, Man will take over — Man, as Man.

The educators who oppose German intellectualism recognize, of course, the nation's need of scientists, scholars, and professional men not only to advance knowledge but also to man our complex social structure. They insist, however, that such men should be broadly edu-

cated in the sense in which Mumford has defined education — 'the harmonious culture of the entire personality.' They have said repeatedly what James Russell Lowell said in 1886 at the 250th anniversary of the founding of Harvard: the ideal of the college should be 'a man of culture, a man of intellectual resources, a man of public spirit, a man of refinement, with that good taste which is the conscience of the mind, and that conscience which is the good taste of the soul.'

The acceptance of the second premise — that general education can be completed at a point comparable to the end of the sophomore year of the four-year college — requires the adoption not only of intellectualism but also of an undemocratic class system of education. If the American people would assent to intellectualistic education and if at the same time they would agree to the early and rigid selection of those who are to be permitted to undertake advance studies, general education could probably be completed as soon in the United States as it is in Europe. But the American people have consistently opposed both intellectualism and class education, and there is no reason to believe that these deeply rooted convictions will soon be discarded. Thus Mr. Hutchins's second premise is without validity for the United States.

Moreover, during recent years, the demand for a longer rather than a shorter period of general education has been growing steadily. Spokesmen for professional schools, for example, have been urging more rather than less general education before the beginning of professional specialization. In his capacity as president of the Association of American Law Schools, Judge Herschel W. Arant of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals wrote in 1938: —

Many law schools now require for admission more than two years of academic study; a considerable number require three years, and a few require an academic degree. If,

however, they felt altogether free to prescribe an ideal requirement, most schools would probably require four years of general education, and admitting authorities in the various states would doubtless also prescribe higher standards.

The medical educators have been even more outspoken in expressing their conviction that men preparing for medicine should be broadly educated, and many of them have explicitly gone on record as in favor of the four-year college. Dr. Fred C. Zapffe, secretary of the Association of American Medical Colleges, has recently reported, for example, that 'the ranking group of students in medical school are bachelors of arts.' Because of this fact he stressed 'the need for more college work; for a broader, less intense, course of study . . . for more culture.' 'What is expected,' he queried, 'of the future physician?' He answered his own question: —

He must be an educated man in every sense of the word. Why do medical educators now insist on economics, sociology, genetics, philosophy, mathematics rather than on more science? Because the future physician must be familiar with these subjects if he is to be a true physician. He must know people; understand them; be able to solve all of their problems. Treating a patient for his physical ailment is not solving all his problems. There is much more to treat. The man must be treated. To do that calls for a very high type of fundamental education.

For years medical educators have been putting their emphasis upon broad general education before the beginning of medical training. As a result, of the 5961 freshmen who entered medical schools in the fall of 1940, only 199, or 3.3 per cent, had as little as two years of college work, in comparison with 4182, or 70.2 per cent, who had finished a four-year college course.

The sturdiness of the four-year college is demonstrated by its success in defeating the eleven attempts made upon its life during the past ninety years: the five attempts to establish the three-year

curriculum and the six to divide it in half and apportion the parts to other educational units. Such strength against adversity grows from the broad human objectives of the college. Contrasting the collegial and university functions of Harvard, James Russell Lowell exclaimed in 1886: 'It is the college that we love and of which we are proud!' A few years later George Santayana wrote in the same vein; and applauding Harvard as 'a mother of men' rather than as a 'school of doctors' he went on to observe: —

It is Harvard College that has a history and enlists the sympathies of the community; it alone has a spiritual existence and touches the hearts and the pockets of the great body of alumni. To Harvard College they wish to send their sons. The Harvard graduate school is useful and excellent; as a place of study I should not hesitate, to judge from my own experience, to prefer it to those German universities to which American students flock in search of the last words of science. But with all its merits the graduate school has necessarily no intellectual, moral, or social unity. The majority of the students are forlorn atoms, and their concourse is too fortuitous ever to make a world. It is impossible to have any affection or loyalty for such an aggregation, however excellent the instruction supplied to its constituent parts.

These are still the sentiments of Harvard men toward Harvard. Other alumni share the same sentiments toward their colleges, because they know the college to have been infinitely more important to their development as human beings than their graduate and professional schools. They and Americans in general regard the college as more than a mind factory for the production of specialists. They know it to be the chief humanizing agency in American life, that it not only instructs but often inspires its students, that it develops their capacities as individuals and as citizens, and that it has been and continues to be the door through which young men and young women can most readily stride to greater useful-

ness both in their local communities and in the broad life of the nation.

IV

Despite the warm place which the college holds in the hearts of the American people, it has repeatedly been under attack for almost a century. The present assault has a better chance to succeed than any previous attempt because the war has diverted the attention of almost everyone from even such an important question as the stability of the college. Nonetheless, Mr. Hutchins's effort seems likely to fail — and because educators are refusing to follow his leadership.

In his January announcement of the Chicago change, Mr. Hutchins remarked that he had discussed the sophomore degree with the presidents of fourteen other universities and that he was 'trusting to the rationality of American educators' to support him. At the present writing, however, the 'rationality of American educators' has not come up to Mr. Hutchins's expectations. No other university has announced concurrence with Chicago; on the contrary, six leading national educational associations have deplored the Chicago action. It seems probable that other educational associations will soon join these six and that in particular the American Association of Junior Colleges will snub Mr. Hutchins's proffered leadership. In March, Walter C. Eells, executive secretary of the junior-college association, published a report of junior-college sentiment concerning the sophomore degree. 'Of replies received from about 500,' wrote Mr. Eells, 'only 8 per cent favored the bachelor's degree at the end of the junior college course [that is, at the end of the sophomore year of the four-year college], and many of this small minority qualified their approval in some way. Only one junior college in the Middle States was favorable.'

Since junior colleges would acquire considerable prestige by taking posses-

sion of the bachelor's degree, Mr. Eells's interpretation of these statistics is of great significance. 'The junior colleges,' he writes, 'are not attempting to usurp the use of the baccalaureate degree to which the four-year American college has had proprietary rights for more than 300 years.' Of even greater significance is his statement: 'I cannot conceive of any procedure more likely to develop greater antagonism, rivalry, hostility, misunderstanding, and academic hair-pulling.'

'Antagonism, rivalry, hostility, misunderstanding, and academic hair-pulling' have intermittently drained off a large proportion of the energies of American educators. Men who should be giving their time and thought to the insistent educational problems of the college have been forced to become warriors fighting against its destruction. Such warfare is an exhaustive and unprofitable business to the men involved, to the institutions they represent, to educational progress, and to the nation.

In the present struggle, the probabilities are that the four-year college will once more be able to maintain itself. But a victory will not resolve the conflict. Other assaults will be made, and inconclusive struggles will again result. The conflict can be intelligently concluded only through an impartial and thorough-going study of all the issues involved. Meanwhile a truce should be called, and qualified students of education and of American life should be put to work on the investigations which a sound solution demands.

Such an undertaking need not be costly. It is sincerely to be hoped, therefore, that one of the philanthropic foundations will become interested in financing it. No contribution to the development of American education seems more timely and more urgent. The only alternative to this procedure is the continuance of the war of attrition which has embroiled our higher education for almost a century.

THE FIGHT FOR EDUCATION

BY JOSEPH J. SCHWAB

I

THE early American college attempted to train men to be good men and able citizens. It sought to imbue the student with a knowledge of and a passion for the ideals this country served. It sought to provide him with those intellectual tools necessary for effective choice and administration of the means to serve those ends. It sought to provide him with knowledge enabling him to communicate meaningfully with the array of experts whose services government and citizenry required. It provided the student with experiences designed to yield habits and attitudes which would serve him in his search for personal happiness and in his efforts to contribute to the common good.

J. S. Mill described such objectives in his Inaugural Address at St. Andrews: —

The proper function of a University in national education is tolerably well understood. At least there is a tolerably general agreement about what a University is not. It is not a place of professional education. Universities are not intended to teach the knowledge required to fit men for some special mode of gaining their livelihood. Their object is not to make skillful lawyers, or physicians, or engineers, but capable and cultivated human beings. Men are men before they are lawyers, or physicians, or merchants, or manufacturers; and if you make them capable and sensible men, they will make themselves capable and sensible lawyers or physicians.

Whatever errors of method and means the early American college may have

made, these were its ends and they are good ends.

They are the ends of the American college no longer. The American college has been engulfed by the backwash of an American version of the German ideal of exhaustive, factual, and specialized research. As Mr. Cowley of Hamilton says, 'Changing rapidly . . . to an industrial society, the nation needed institutions to train chemists, economists, engineers, geologists, physicists, and dozens of other varieties of specialists and professional men.' The nation got such institutions — the American universities. And the colleges later got for faculties the men such universities trained as specialists and researchers, but whom the universities could not place as specialists and researchers; and the colleges are still getting these men.

Four out of six of their faculty members are specialist trained and specialty devoted. They have gone through a training whose rigor rivals that of mediæval monks. They have lived, eaten, and slept zoölogy, economics, chemistry, for from two to five of their intellectually most impressionable years. Most of them have been filled with the notion that research in their field is the highest form of human action; that training even of potential new specialists is a nuisance; and that undergraduate teaching is irrelevant to their interests and talents. With this equipment of specialized knowledge and narrowed horizons, they go out to staff the colleges

of this nation. Prospective teachers who are interested in training the young to become effective men and citizens rather than specialists must be reëducated at the institutions to which they go as teachers, and this occurs, if at all, as erratically and imperfectly as any other accident. That accident does not happen to most of them. These specialist teachers have taken over the college. They are dictating its curriculum, sustaining the free elective system and fostering the 'major sequence.'

The specialist insists that the major function of a college is to let him reproduce his kind. The scientist would have the college mostly science; the historian wants mostly history. There is little or no chance for a rational resolution of such a conflict among twenty-odd different specialists. Relativistic in the first place, and steeped in jealous professionalism, the specialists have no way of settling their differences except by logrolling and an academic version of *laissez-faire* economy. By logrolling, they establish the list of 'required' courses: says the chemist to the English instructor, 'If you'll back Inorganic, I'll vote for Shakespeare I, II, and III.' By *laissez-faire*, they establish the free elective system, a free competition for the students' time unhampered by restrictions based on the worth of their subjects to a general education.

Nor have the colleges been able to withstand the demand from their faculties for some miniature imitation of the specialized regimen of graduate training. The sign of that defeat is the 'major sequence.'

Domination of the American college by these two curricular devices spells time-serving for the student and disaster for the nation unless stopped or counteracted. In a college run on these twin principles, the judgment of an adolescent — inexperienced, ignorant, and swayed by winds of momentary publicity and prestige — determines what education he shall get.

Consider what the student may get from his 'major.' The 'major' usually requires that he devote one-fourth to one-third of his college years to courses in a single field or with some additions from closely allied fields. If such a program were successfully pursued, it would constitute specialization at a close approach to its worst, for, to quote J. S. Mill again: —

Every department of knowledge becomes so loaded with details, that one who endeavors to know it with minute accuracy, must confine himself to a smaller and smaller portion of the whole extent. . . . Now, if, in order to know that little completely, it is necessary to remain wholly ignorant of all the rest, what will soon be the worth of a man, for any human purpose except his own infinitesimal fraction of human wants and requirements? His state will be even worse than that of simple ignorance.

The vices of the elective system are obvious. The student bounces from one elementary course to another, selecting the 'snap' courses if he is smart or has the right upper-classman advice, promptly forgetting what he learns in one while getting a 'pass' in another. This is no mere private opinion. As part of the monumental examination of Pennsylvania colleges conducted by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, Learned and Wood conclude: —

Beyond the course concerned the student knows that he bears no obligations for possessing even the material with which to think. Instead of secure confidence in a mastery of what has been learned as a basis for further learning to come, the attitude of the undergraduate, unless corrected by personal efforts that are quite optional, is one of vagueness and apologetic uncertainty regarding all ideas contained in courses that have been 'passed.' While still a freshman he begins to qualify for that definition of the college-educated man which as an alumnus he will lustily invoke: one who willingly forgets all he has learned in order the better to appreciate what remains. The institution can scarcely be charged with the avowed aim of

producing this devastating attitude toward knowledge, but its procedure is as effective as though this were its sole purpose. Except as chance correctives operate within himself, the student receives from the institution all the logic of an invitation for closing each course with the familiar campus requiescat, 'Nevermore.'

This then is the proud Baccalaureate which the University of Chicago is abandoning. This is the American college which the University of Chicago is 'attacking.'

II

The Chicago Plan is a four-year plan; it begins at the end of the sophomore year of high school. It does, however, admit, for the time being, *graduates* of conventional high schools without prejudice and without penalty. Furthermore, it is a plan with two slightly differing curricula, leading respectively to the Bachelor of Arts and the Bachelor of Philosophy degrees. The controversy over this plan, however, revolves about its last two years and its program for the Arts degree. It is with these years and this program I deal.

The Chicago Plan is a plan to prevent the descent of university specialism into general education. It is an attempt to hew out of the jungle and confusion of the four-year college two years devoted and dedicated to the ideals of a general education.

A general education is one devoted to development in men of the virtues required of able men and able citizens in a democratic nation. These virtues are both moral and intellectual. 'Society,' says Frank Knight, 'must educate and restrain, must make men intelligent and moral in such a way and to such a degree . . . that they can be trusted with the freedom, which means the power, required for the good life.' It is not enough for an able citizen of a democracy to 'know' a body of principles if he is unable to apply them. It is not enough to be able to apply them if he has not the

stamina and discipline to obey his reasoned conclusions once they are made. It is not even enough to obey one's reasoned conclusions if the conclusions proceed from premises which ignore or reject the common good. In the words of Robert Ulich: 'Education is the organized attempt of mankind to develop skills and criteria, knowledge and values, that will help us not only to discriminate between good and evil, freedom and bondage, but to decide actively for the positive and reject the negative.' The emphasis then is not upon 'knowing' alone, but upon knowledge plus skills plus attitudes, for the sake of action.

In short, the ends and objectives of the college are distinct from those of the university. If the university's function is the 'advancement of knowledge,' the function of the college is to provide a common faith, a common body of principle, a common moral and intellectual discipline. Any man who fails to distinguish between the ends of these two institutions, the college and the university, cannot comprehend the nature of the Chicago Plan.

The skeleton of the Bachelor of Arts program, as it pertains to the conventional college years, can be described in four sentences. The average student will explore for two years the three main lines of human knowledge: the Natural Sciences, the Humanities, and the Social Studies. In addition, for the first of those two years he will receive intensive training in the use of his native tongue; in the second year, he will examine the concepts, methods, and dilemmas which have given rise to these fields of knowledge and which knit them into a single tool for solution of human problems. He will receive his degree, not after completion of these particular courses, nor for serving a given time, but after demonstrating his mastery of the knowledge and skills which comprise these three fields. He may demonstrate such mastery whenever he considers himself prepared to do so.

The content, the form, and the method of this plan have each its separate significance. With each, I shall deal briefly and incompletely.

The success of a man and a nation depends upon wise choice of goals and methods. One field which contributes to such wisdom is the history of man's ideas concerning himself and his politics. This is not the conventional history of names and dates and rulers and wars, but the history of man's developing insights into the meanings of his constantly multiplying data. It is a history whose landmarks are not Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and Bismarck, but Plato and Aristotle, Paul and Anselm, Calvin and Knox, Hobbes, Locke and Mill, Adam Smith and Marx, Paine, Jefferson, and Hamilton. It is the history of political and humanistic ideas, man's best available knowledge of himself as individual and member of society. This matter, Walter Lippmann's 'common faith and common body of principle,' is one of the joint responsibilities as part of the content of the Humanities and the Social Studies.

The need for such bodies of knowledge in turn requires certain skills in reading, expression, and logic. Reading is necessary in a sense which lies far beyond what is usually meant. It means comprehension not only of words and sentences, but also of a larger unit of discourse, the argument. It means ability to distinguish the propositions of an argument, to identify them as statements of fact, faith, theory, hypothesis, or opinion. It means the further ability to identify and judge the relationships between such propositions, to determine whether the arguments are valid or fallacious. It means also the ability to compare and contrast one argument with another in order to choose the better. Such skill in reading is necessary not merely because the vehicle of man's social heritage is a syntactical language, but because there are bad arguments as well as good ones. A generation benefits

from the knowledge of previous ones only if it can distinguish the fallacious from the proper, the complete from the incomplete, the probable from the less probable.

Complementary to skill in reading is skill in expression: the ability to state one's ideas with clarity, to choose one's arguments well, and to participate in coöperative debate. Without clarity and wise choice of argument, the citizens who have been best endowed by heredity and circumstance with intelligence and information are not heard by other citizens. Without ability at coöperative debate, committees and legislative bodies cease to function as instruments for the common good.

These skills are part of the joint responsibility of The College as a whole, and comprise one of the specific tasks of the Humanities and the course in English.

The Natural Sciences also have a share in this aspect of general education. Men must be able to ascertain the truth of the propositions with which argument begins. This is done through the scientific processes of observation, experimentation, and reasoning — the gathering and evaluation of evidence. Truths once gained must be applied. Such skills as these comprise one proper function of the Natural Sciences in the Chicago curriculum, though it is not exclusively theirs.

One further peculiarity of science instruction in The College is that the particular materials are chosen for the contribution they can make to a liberal education. There is no anguish in Biology when an obscure animal phylum goes undescribed. We do no weeping because our list of digestive enzymes is incomplete. When our students leave us, they may not be embryo chemists or able to repair their electric fans. They do know the basis of the physical universe in which they live; they do know the essentials of the organic world of which they are a part.

The significance of the form of this curriculum is evident. It consists in essence of only five lines of effort. Three of these (the Humanities, the Natural Sciences, and the Social Studies) run through both years. The fourth is English. The fifth is 'Integration.' Departmentalization is gone. Even divisional lines are hazy. The Humanities overlap English. The Natural Sciences collaborate with English and the Social Studies. Darwin is set in a humanistic as well as a biological context. The same books and the same ideas may be parts of both Social Studies and Humanities.

The specific content and objectives of these courses are chosen and formulated for their value to the student, not for their value as prerequisites to a specialized education. They include no electives to be chosen by adolescents. They are chosen and formulated by mature men, and men who have been self-educated and mutually reeducated over a period of ten years or more to a broader perspective than one is ever likely to find in young Ph.D.'s or older practitioners of specialized, graduate departments.

This form of The College is neither accident nor hurried choice. It had its birth, not in 1942, but in 1931. Most of the present plan was inaugurated then. Since then, it has been watched and altered, shifted and reexamined, refined and modified. The action of 1942 was not to produce a novelty for the wartime tourist trade. The action of 1942 was to amplify the product of ten years of effort and give it a symbol which means what the program achieves — competence in the liberal arts.

The essential features of method may

be summed up in two phrases: educational opportunities, and comprehensive examinations. The educational opportunities are made available to the student, not thrust upon him. Each 'course' offers lectures, discussions, and demonstrations. These the student may attend or not as he sees fit. There are reviews for those who need them, advanced seminars for those who can use them. A syllabus describes each 'course' and guides the student to the books and other readings which will help him attain to mastery. When the student has attained such mastery, by whatever means he chooses, he may demonstrate the fact through the comprehensive examination.

The intent of this method is to develop initiative and a capacity for responsibility. It is an effort to develop initiative and responsibility by one of the few means that will do the job — by requiring them. The student is placed in a situation where initiative and responsibility pay and the lack of them does not; where paternalism by the teacher or dictatorship by the dean does not replace adulthood in the student.

This is the skeleton of the Chicago Plan. It is a plan evolved and administered by the teaching faculty. And that is significant. Presidents, assistants to presidents, and public relations counsels may dream of colleges. They may write glowing descriptions of ends and objectives which appear in catalogues. But the professors teach the students. The professors' ends — or a lack of them — determine what education the student shall receive. The Chicago Plan is no fiat from above; it is a realization of more than one man's hopes, the product of its teachers' labors.

POEMS

BY JOSEPHINE YOUNG CASE

I

Do not awake; the news is very bad.
The west is full of lightnings and the east
Brews hurricanes. Therefore sleep on, be still.

There is no ocean but provides a feast
For flesh-delighted fishes; under the hill
Of water to the vault the ships go down.

Shut up your ears; this noise alone can kill.
Nor ask, like some, for peace; for she is flown
And left no address, not a feather dropped.

Yes, it is late. Though there is time to drown
Or bleed, the sun's uprising is not stopped
And from the blue he grins. But never mind,

These curtains make a night; and you are wrapped
In the impenetrable past, a kind
Soporific. You may not wake at all.

II

BECAUSE of the sickly bodies, the bones sticking out, the eyes
Bigger than ever under the shock-grown hair,
Here, take the meat from my hand, the milk from the cup.

It is not you I am feeding, you that have already enough,
It is my own heart I am feeding, that starves at the sight
Behind my eyes of the children my hand cannot reach with the cup.

III

HERE in the attic in the dust
I will sit down and break my fast
By gnawing with the moth and rust
Upon the useless lovely past.

No mouse more hungrily than I
Sniffs out the aroma of decay,
The mouse whose domesticity
Is nested down in yesterday.

Here are the curling skins of snakes
Once animated from within;
This is the lace the heart-beat shakes,
Here is the glove which wears thin.

I alone remain to keep
What little else is left behind,
The living image in the deep
Embalming fluid of the mind.

IV

THESE last warm smoky days that like a grape
Must be sucked out for sweetness and the skin
Dropt purple on the ground, these are the days
To sit and remember, where the willow leaves
Fall yellow to grass, topaz on emerald.
Remember the smell of hay-fields in the sun,
The sound of falling water white in dusk,
The whiteness of the swimmer in the lake.
This is the sweetness of the last regret,
The inviolable, the solved and salted past
That asks no action and but seldom tears.

V

THE stern earth gives no answer to our cries
And bears our blows with iron fortitude
Knowing within its molten breast more power
For devastation than is in these guns,
The miniature destruction of these bombs.
The tides along the shore, the mountain fires,
The woods laid down by hurricane and ice,
The quaking ground, the river demons loosed,
Are tools prepared for mightier death and sorrow
That may be never or may be tomorrow.

IT'S JUST THE WAY IT IS

BY FLYING OFFICER X

NOVEMBER rain falls harshly on the clean tarmac, and the wind, turning suddenly, lifts sprays of yellow elm leaves over the black hangars. The man and the woman, escorted by a sergeant, look very small as they walk by the huge cavernous openings where the bombers are. The man, who is perhaps fifty and wears a black overcoat and bowler hat, holds an umbrella slantwise over the woman, who is about the same age, but very gray and slow on her feet, so that she is always a pace or two behind the umbrella and must bend her face against the rain.

On the open track beyond the hangars they are caught up by the wind and are partially blown along, huddled together. Now and then the man looks up at the Stirlings, which protrude over the track, but he looks quickly away again and the woman does not look at all.

'Here we are, sir,' the sergeant says at last. The man says 'Thank you,' but the woman does not speak.

They have come to a long one-storied building, painted gray, with 'Squadron Headquarters' in white letters on the door. The sergeant opens the door for them and they go in, the man flapping and shaking the umbrella as he closes it.

The office of the Wing Commander is at the end of a passage; the sergeant taps on the door, opens it, and salutes. As the man and woman follow him, the man first, taking off his hat, the woman hangs a little behind, her face passive.

'Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd, sir,' the sergeant says.

'Oh, yes. Good afternoon.' The sergeant, saluting, closes the door and goes.

'Good afternoon, sir,' the man says.

The woman does not speak.

'Won't you please sit down, madam?' the Wing Commander says. 'And you too, sir. Please sit down.'

He pushes forward two chairs, and slowly the man and the woman sit down, the man leaning his weight on the umbrella. The office is quite small and there are no more chairs. The Wing Commander remains standing, his back resting against a table, beyond which, on the wall, the flight formations are ticketed up. He is quite young, but his eyes, which are glassy and gray, are old and focused distantly, so that he seems to see far beyond the man and the woman, and even far beyond the gray-green Stirlings lined up on the dark tarmac in the rain. He folds his arms across his chest and is glad at last when the man looks up at him and speaks.

'We had your letter, sir. But we felt we should like to come and see you too.'

'I am glad you came.'

'I know you are busy, but we felt we must come. We felt you wouldn't mind.'

'Not at all. People often come.'

'There are just some things we should like to ask you.'

'I understand.'

The man moves his lips, ready to speak again, but the words do not come. For a moment his lips move like those of someone who stutters, soundlessly, quite helplessly. His hands grip hard on the handle of the umbrella, but still the words

do not come, and at last it is the Wing Commander who speaks.

'You want to know if everything possible was done to eliminate an accident?'

The man looks surprised that someone should know this, and can only nod his head.

'Everything possible was done.'

'Thank you, sir.'

'But there are things you can never foresee. The weather forecast may say, for example, no cloud over Germany for perhaps sixteen hours, but you go over and you find a thick layer of cloud all the way, and you never see your target — and perhaps there is severe icing as you come home.'

'Was it like this when —?'

'Something like it. You never know. You can't be certain.'

Suddenly, before anyone can speak again, the engines of a Stirling close by are revved up to a roar that seems to shake the walls of the room; and the woman looks up, startled, as if terrified that the plane will race forward and crash against the windows. The roar of airscrews rises furiously, and then falls again, and the sudden rise and fall of sound seems to frighten her into speech.

'Why aren't you certain? Why can't you be certain? He should never have gone out! He should never have gone out! You must know that! You must know it! You must know that he should never have gone!'

'Please,' the man says.

'Day after day you are sending out young boys like this. Young boys who haven't begun to live! Young boys who don't know what life is! Day after day you send them out and they don't come back and you don't care! You don't care!'

She is crying bitterly now and the man puts his arm on her shoulder. She is wearing a fur and he draws it a fraction closer about her neck.

'You don't care, do you! You don't care! It doesn't matter to you. You don't care!'

'Mother,' the man says.

Arms folded, the Wing Commander looks at the floor, silently waiting for her to stop. She goes on for a minute or more longer, shouting and crying, her words violent and helpless, until at last she is exhausted and stops. Her fur slips off her shoulders and falls to the ground, and the man picks it up and holds it in his hands, helpless too.

The Wing Commander walks over to the window and looks out. The airscrews of the Stirling are turning smoothly, shining like steel pinwheels in the rain; and now, with the woman no longer shouting, the room seems very silent, and finally the Wing Commander walks back across the room and stands in front of the man and woman again.

'You came to ask me something,' he says.

'Take no notice, sir. Please. She is upset.'

'You want to know what happened? Isn't that it?'

'Yes, sir. It would help us a little, sir.'

The Wing Commander says very quietly: 'Perhaps I can tell you a little. He was always coming to me and asking to go out on operations. Most of them do that. But he used to come and beg to be allowed to go more than most. So more often than not it was a question of stopping him from going rather than making him go. It was a question of holding him back. You see?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And whenever I gave him a trip he was very happy. And the crew were happy. They liked going with him. They liked being together, with him, because they liked him so much and they trusted him. There were seven of them and they were all together.'

The woman is listening, slightly lifting her head.

'It isn't easy to tell you what happened on that trip. But we know that conditions got suddenly very bad and that there was bad cloud for a long way.'

And we know that they had navigational difficulties and that they got a long way off their course. Even that might not have mattered, but as they were coming back the outer port engine went. Then the radio transmitter went, and the receiver. Everything went wrong. The wireless operator somehow got the transmitter and the receiver going again, but then they ran short of petrol. You see everything was against him.'

'Yes, sir.'

'They came back the last hundred miles at about a thousand feet. But they trusted him completely, and he must have known they trusted him. A crew gets like that — flying together gives them this tremendous faith in each other.'

'Yes, sir.'

'They trusted him to get them home and he got them home. Everything was against him. He feathered the outer starboard engine and then in spite of everything got them down on two engines. It was a very good show. A very wonderful show.'

The man is silent, but the woman lifts her head. She looks at the Wing Commander for a moment or two, immobile, very steady, and then says, quite distinctly, 'Please tell us the rest.'

'There is not much,' he says. 'It was a very wonderful flight, but they were out of luck. They were up against all the bad luck in the world. When they came to land they couldn't see the flare-path very well, but he got them down. And then, as if they hadn't had enough, they came down slightly off the runway and hit an obstruction. Even then they didn't crash badly. But it must have thrown him, and he must have hit his head somewhere with great force, and that was the end.'

'Yes, sir. And the others?' the man says.

'They were all right. Even the second pilot. I wish you could have talked to them. It would have helped if you could have talked to them. They know that he brought them home. They know that they owe everything to him.'

'Yes, sir.'

The Wing Commander does not speak, and the man very slowly puts the fur over the woman's shoulders. It is like a signal for her to get up, and as she gets to her feet the man stands up too, straightening himself, no longer leaning on the umbrella.

'I haven't been able to tell you much,' the Wing Commander says. 'It's just the way it is.'

'It's everything,' the man says.

For a moment the woman still does not speak, but now she stands quite erect. Her eyes are quite clear and her lips, when she does speak at last, are quite calm and firm.

'I know now that we all owe something to him,' she says. 'Good-bye.'

'Good-bye, madam.'

'Good-bye, sir,' the man says.

'You are all right for transport?'

'Yes, sir. We have a taxi.'

'Good. The sergeant will take you back.'

'Good-bye, sir. Thank you.'

'Good-bye,' the woman says.

'Good-bye.'

They go out of the office. The sergeant meets them at the outer door and the man puts up the umbrella against the rain. They walk away along the wet perimeter, dwarfed once again by the gray-green noses of the Stirlings. They walk steadfastly, almost proudly, and the man holds the umbrella a little higher than before, and the woman, keeping up with him now, lifts her head.

And the Wing Commander, watching them from the window, momentarily holds his face in his hands.

THE STORK, THE GOOSE, THE EAGLE, AND THE SWAN

Some Notes on Adultery

ANONYMOUS

How old,' said the visiting European pleasantly, as we sailed the dinghy down a quiet New England creek between walls of rice-green grass, 'were you when you first committed adultery?'

He was an intelligent and widely traveled man, used to getting straight to the core of a situation or a people. It was his first visit to the United States, and at the moment, to while away the time until the wind should get up, he was investigating the American women of, say, the type one meets at dinner round the world. My answer would form part of his comments and convictions as a man who had seen the country and really known the people. It would be as casual, but as positive, as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's observation on the breasts of Viennese women, so prominent in youth, so deflated by child-bearing.

I looked across the placid landscape and thanked the lunatic semi-divinity who tosses incongruities to those for whom they may be the only tidbits of delight. During a war this juxtaposition of the totally unrelated may become the mainstay of our humor. Incongruities lie in the cheek and under the tongue. In a voice I tried to make suitably casual, I said that I had never committed adultery.

He ceased to be the amateur anthropologist and looked at me with personal

concern, indignation, and, I recognized, missionary zeal. I have seen missionaries confronted with opposition, and I know the gleam which presages a determined effort to lecture another human being into a complete reversal of all he has been trained to believe.

'Do you mean,' he began very sternly, to spare himself the strain of proselytizing in case I had lied, 'that you have lived for thirteen years with one man, and for two without him, and have never committed adultery?'

As it happens, I do not smoke, and for much the same reasons: I have never wanted to and my husband, now away in the war, likes it better not. I could see I was about to be put through one of those tiresome discussions when smoking friends demand to know just why I deny myself their heartening form of stimulation.

I said that such was, indeed, the case, and I refused to let myself add defensively that I was very much in love with my husband. This seemed a more intimate flag to raise than the situation warranted. I let out the mainsheet a bit and put my feet up on the seat, to brace myself against the flow of reason I saw was about to be loosed.

The first point of attack was my up-bringing. Surely something somewhere had gone wrong and I was obeying an outworn taboo imposed by the Victori-

ans or a maiden aunt. The assumption was that I could not realize what I was missing, and I saw we should return to that point later. We had a bitter little essay on the tyranny of the Victorians and the fact that, as preservers of Hebrew thought, they ranked as the last surviving tribe. Obviously the hand of that stern little chaperone at Windsor had lain heavily over more than England in the last century. He had just managed not to let it ruin his early life, and he was prepared to do what he could to keep it from ruining mine.

The wind freshened and, as we slid along a little faster, the wonder grew if I could possibly be typical of my age, race, class, and sex.

The Gallup polls must have brought the suspicion to even the most narcissistic individual that he is but the product of his immediate environment; but I could remember no Gallup polls on this subject. Our sociology class at college had tried a timid questionnaire on the exchange of evidences of esteem and passion before a formal announcement of the engagement, and had been frowned on officially. For me to speak generally for my countrywomen would have been quite unfair. I said I did not know if I was typical, that I had never really talked it over with my friends.

I should have known this would bring us to what is wrong with Anglo-Saxon love-making. I had been prepared for that, but not so soon. There is something about being on the water which induces a formal statement, from even the least talkative of men, on the subject of emotional accomplishments. It may be the sight of so much water, universally a symbol of fertility, which precipitates this preoccupation with romantic experience. I had always assumed that vibration from the ship's engines had something to do with it, creating an artificially throbbing world which vanished as soon as the ship docked, and yet here we were, in a small sailboat in a placid creek, determinedly if onesidedly

embarking on a long voyage of mutual exploration. I have had to spend rather long stretches of time on the sea as a passenger, and I know that the story of successful love can be very charming and impersonal, as in those long dissertations on one's wife's pluck as well as her beauty, illustrated by snapshots of all the children. Even so, it is a statement of the way one has spent one's time and powers emotionally. Usually, however, the account takes the form of long and vibrant tales of state balls in Warsaw where widows crawled through windows at dawn to dance one more mazurka with the narrator.

I watched the shore for a moment and so did not pick up the trail again until he was attacking the last of his reasons for the initial coldness of Anglo-Saxon women — ignorance, censorship, doltish men, economic fear, and lack of frank discussion. I rearranged the picnic basket and decided to let him have the argument his own way.

He said that if we were all more open about our experiences, if we confided more in each other (I could see widows beginning to crawl through his windows), we should be able to turn our second-hand experience into firsthand skill. Perhaps, he sighed, it really was a national matter. (I heard a muted orchestra striking up a Viennese waltz.)

I am one of those doubting souls who can never really enjoy another's full and boastful confession for fear I have simply not read enough and it may all come out of Pushkin. And I resist titles, so that the minute the countess opens the window or cuts her way through the hedge I am determinedly unimpressed. So I stopped listening and looked at the grasses flattening in the sunlight, and wished I could preserve all this to divert my husband, cooped away from such relaxations in an atmosphere alternating between extreme dullness and the smell of high explosives.

Of all the lovely tales, I saw one thing was true. The women had all committed

adultery. He was making his point by enumerating instances where all had been gained and nothing lost. They had all remained countesses, and grateful to him. If all these truly grand creatures could so easily adjust their lives to circumstance, the implication was why should I, whom no one, we both kindly if silently felt, could consider at all grand, hesitate so to commit myself?

The beauty of our sort of sailing is that, whenever the elements fail, one can always use one's legs. The wind had dropped and we had drifted against the green bank where the water was just washing over the roots of the grass. I stepped out, gave the boat a push, and jumped in again. To make sure we did not leave his chosen subject, he remarked that he would grant that American women had very nice legs. But I was not allowed to think my European sisters would yield anything else to us.

I asked if his love did not interfere with his work.

That, of course, was an extremely ingenuous question and a great mistake. The true artist and great man, naturally, allows nothing to interfere with either. It showed I had no idea how to arrange anything except the most primitively simple form of existence.

We were going to have to picnic on an island at high tide and return in a long afternoon. It seemed likely that this would be our subject for the day, so I allowed myself to be drawn into the argument from an anthropological point of view. It was he who had first mentioned savages. Actually, I began affably, if one takes a bird's-eye view of the whole subject, the one thing on which we could both agree is that husbands universally do not think highly of adultery. I admitted that there are tribes where it is a mark of hospitality to offer one's wife to a stranger, and where it is legitimate for the wife to add to the family income and hasten the day of retirement to the little hut in the jungle. I even granted him that in more complicated and civilized

societies one sees some complacent husbands who fortify their self-esteem with their wives' extramarital triumphs. But I made him admit that there is a common reluctance on the part of most husbands to share their wives with others. Some of them, I submitted, were even violent about it. I gave the boat another push to get it around the island.

Quite, he said, and that was exactly what made it all the more exciting and worth doing — that husbands did not like it. He was not in the least impressed by anthropological proof. I had been about to toss in the point that, in some warring tribes, the women whose husbands are fighting conduct themselves with extra circumspection lest any careless behavior on their part darkly and magically impair the chances of victory. But that seemed stressing a point too near home and I decided to make a fuss far from my own nest.

Trying to lead him away from my personal hodgepodge of unreasoned convictions brought back a bird lecture I had attended through some wild error of judgment, but from which I had extracted what I thought would make a good refrain for an old English ballad. A stout little man had pursed his lips and announced with unintended lyricism that the commonest birds known to stay with one mate for life are the stork, the goose, the eagle, and the swan. A strange assortment, but a good refrain. But my passenger did not look as if he would be more nearly convinced by birds than by aborigines. He was talking about Moses.

As I seemed fond of bringing in primitive peoples to make my points, he said, surely I must have considered the outmoding of some of the prohibitions imposed upon the early Hebrews — for instance, those against the eating of the flesh of swine and hares. We know now that in countries where these creatures do not eat offal there is no reason for abstaining from their flesh. Similarly today there is no practical or economic objection to adultery.

The Biblical words reminded me of my sister's discovery, at an early age for such things, that he who dares to say what others hesitate to pronounce may pass for wiser than he is. Frighten people a little, she had said sagely, and you will get good marks. When her Latin and history teacher, who always made classes skip the description of Dido on her couch, would ask the causes of the fall of the Roman Empire, she would call quickly on my sister, who would immediately reply, 'Fornication and adultery,' thus proving her value to the class. But we were landing on the island for lunch and I did not want to hear either how Rome did not fall because of the defections of her matrons, or how she did. If one wishes a good example of how Americans prefer to avoid the words as well as the subject, one has only to attend an American Episcopal service, armed with a Church of England prayerbook. The British still face up to sordid facts in church rituals, but Americans prefer not to probe beyond the demands of ideal and romantic love. Whenever the desire to avoid the sins of the flesh is about to be expressed, the American prayerbook says Amen quickly before they can be named, leaving one with the feeling of running on asphalt in one's rubbers.

Of course there was no Polish countess for lunch, but I shall never see that spot without thinking of her. The way home was devoted to telling more beads, sadly now, because one cannot remain forever

young and some of them must be dulled and dimmed by age. I looked at the foreigner, who had seemed completely middle-aged to me at the start and had now assumed a universal agelessness, like a real old man of the sea, and wondered why it is always the women who fade. Men so seldom worry and fret about what age will do to them. With them it is all or nothing, yet they bewail the least falling off from adolescent perfection in the objects of their esteem. I remembered a very old Dutch ship's doctor on a freighter between Soerabaja and Hong Kong. Every morning he took Pills of Youth to the gusty laughter of the ship's captain, who had not seen beyond his own waist for twenty years. The subjects of the little doctor's thoughts and critical appraisal were always young and fair, and yet we used almost to assist him from his chair at table.

The memory of the little doctor made me decide to give up any attempt to think clearly upon the subject. A sense of fitness, I told myself as we came up to the mooring — that is all it is.

Our guest rowed us to the dock, and as he helped me out he said a little irritably, 'I should like to see this man of yours. When I go back I shall try to find him and see what he can be like.'

'Do,' I said. 'He will love to see you. Tell him what a nice picnic we had. Tell him I am working on that ballad about the birds.'

DEBUSSY: THE RESURRECTED PAN

BY SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

I

SO MUCH has been said and written about Debussy that there would appear to be nothing to add that is not already known. There was a time, and it seems not so long ago, when this name aroused hot passions and violent controversy. Now this is in the past; the works of Debussy have been numbered among the classics and their worth indisputably acknowledged.

Study of his works naturally followed their acknowledgment. The importance of his achievements in the matter of form has been more or less thoroughly scrutinized. Those new riches that Debussy has brought into the art of music have been analyzed and classified, and that which only a short while ago was a matter of controversy has become an accepted truth which young musical aspirants acquire in the schoolroom. For this reason we are not going to speak here of the formal values of Debussy or of his professional musical importance, but rather of that side of his creative art which has up to now remained in the background—that is to say, of the inner, mystical meaning of his music to which critical literature has paid scarcely any attention.

This inner meaning, which we cannot term other than mystic, is after all of paramount importance in Debussy's music. Failure to understand it means also failure to understand the purely formal—that is to say, the professionally technical—importance of all he did. Throwing light on his artistic ideology

also brings into relief the technique of his composition and can make his music understandable even to those who have up to the present remained indifferent to it or who still oppose it with some inner resistance.

Let us first remember that Debussy is now also dear to us because his music has become for us a memory of the world in which it originated. If we recollect that the appearance of this music was in the full sense of the word a discovery of a *new world*, some kind of new promised land of which, before Debussy, we could only have a vague intimation and which he presented to us as an amazing reality, we are saddened by the thought that this world has ceased to exist and that we can no longer say we live in it. Whether the world in which we now live is better or worse is another matter, but there can be no question of the fact that it is not the same.

The riches of the world that was discovered by Debussy are enormous, but they are now squandered, exhausted. This is, of course, in line with the fate of our whole culture. We have to admit, however, that with the changed world not a new name has appeared in music equal in importance to that of Debussy—that is to say, not one which would have brought to music the sharpness and novelty of form with its equivalent in depth of inner contents. What was, then, this ideological rôle of Debussy and what was the mystic meaning of his creative art?

II

In broaching this subject let us draw a distant historical parallel. There is an analogy between what Raphael did in art in the period of the Italian Renaissance and what was done by Debussy in music in the twentieth century. From this point of view one might say that the period of Debussy is the period of the latest musical renaissance after the confusion and darkness of the last decades of the nineteenth century. There is, of course, a difference: the titanic creative forces which gave birth to the humanism of the Italian Renaissance found expression in Debussy's music in the extreme of fragile refinement, and we now see his world as through the broken mirror of contemporary man. As a consequence this new world (as well as the whole new culture) proved to be so unstable and short-lived that it remained with us for barely a few decades, whereas Raphael's humanism survived and nurtured humanity with its sap for centuries.

In what, then, can be found the parallel between Debussy and Raphael? It lies in the fact that, if it be allowed that Raphael brought heaven back to earth, then Debussy did something of a similar nature in music. Let us revert to the past. Pope Julius II undertakes archaeological excavations and in so doing resurrects the ancient gods. The consequences are astounding. The official church of the time had become ossified, immersed in worldliness and triviality and turned into a stronghold of worldly power only. It had lost heaven and built its prosperity solely on the visible, — on force, on temporal power and authority, — declaring itself to be the supreme power of the world. Artists could find here no basis for either creative work or inspiration. The revival of the ancient world produced an unheard-of revolution in fundamental principles. Confronted with the mystery of antiquity, Raphael turned to the creation of new inhabitants of the heavens, his Madonnas,

finding beautiful forms for their incarnation no longer in abstract scholastic canons, but in life itself, in living women, his contemporaries. The Sistine Madonna may be said to be a symbol of this new spirit. Standing in the clouds, she is opening a door into the heavens, into a new world, where the free inspiration of the artist, liberated from all chains, can live and breathe. Debussy likewise, in the twentieth century, longed for an 'open door' to give access to the winds from the spaciousness of the beyond, which, while sweeping away the stale atmosphere suffocating the music of his time, would clear for it a new path.

The first creative door 'to the world beyond' was for Debussy the deification and revival of nature and of its elements. Water, air, sky, and earth — these are the elements of which his music was created. After this, higher and now invisible entities were revealed to him. The earth harbors gnomes; the air, sylphs and elves which are in a way related to birds and butterflies. Water conceals nymphs and undines; fire, salamanders — that is to say, sylphs of a higher order. Debussy lives in this child-like fairy-tale world and is happy. Man, to him, was the crystal which reflected the whole of God's world, the entire universe and all the wonder it contained. Debussy himself was this magic crystal in which was reflected Pan's multicolored and multivoiced hymn of nature. Literally every one of his works contains voices from this world of Pan.

This is what he says himself: —

La musique est un total de forces éparses; on en a fait une chanson spéculative! J'aime mieux les quelques notes de la flûte du berger égyptien, il collabore au paysage et entend des harmonies ignorées de vos traités. . . . Les musiciens n'écourent que la musique écrite par des mains adroites, jamais celle qui est inscrite dans la nature. Voir le jour se lever est plus utile que d'entendre la 'Symphonie Pastorale.' . . . N'écoutez les conseils de personne, sinon du vent qui passe et nous raconte l'histoire du monde.

[Music is a summing up of elemental forces; but musicians have made of it a purely theoretical song! I prefer the few, simple notes of an Egyptian shepherd's flute, for he belongs to the landscape and detects harmonies unknown to your learned treatises. . . . Musicians listen only to music composed by skillful hands, and are deaf to nature's own music. Seeing the day dawn is more profitable than hearing the 'Pastoral Symphony.' . . . Hearken unto no man's counsel, but only to the wind which sings of the world and all its wonders.]

III

It has been charged that Debussy's music expresses nothing but an aimless play of sound tones. This is of course wrong, but it is the secret of his music that actually it not only 'expresses nothing,' but it simply does not exist for those who hear it, if their attitude toward it at the moment of listening is not one of active awareness. This is the reason its execution is so difficult. The mystic essence of this music lies in the fact that it becomes a reality only inasmuch as there is created within the performers and the audience that state of mind which called these sounds into existence.

The same can be said of the anti-religiousness of Debussy. He was anti-religious in the commonly accepted meaning of this concept. But Debussy's atheism was anti-religious only in the sense of the formal church tenets of any one faith. Actually, in another sense, — in the love of nature and its enthusiastic worship of which we have just spoken, — his consciousness and emotions were deeply mystical. His religion was of course pure pantheism and expressed itself in the seeking of the invisible in the visible, and of the visible in the invisible.

But again, Debussy's pantheism should not be regarded as pure pagan idolatry. If in his young years his pantheism did contain certain pagan features, in the years of his maturity there was opened

up to him through pantheism a path to another spiritual life, and the closer he approached the end of his life the deeper did these spiritual principles become. To ascertain this it is sufficient to compare his entire creative course from 'L'Après-midi d'un Faune' to 'Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien.'

Debussy's music has a twofold aspect: it is at the same time both a recollection of antiquity and its reflection in contemporary consciousness and emotional feeling — one might say, the consciousness of a new antiquity. Whether it is his chamber compositions, piano pieces, songs, or finally his big compositions for orchestra, it is always music representing a conjuration of nature, a sound penetration into its mysteries, and a call for the resurrection of Pan. Immersed in 'the twilight world in which people live as in all,' this music is a continuous hymn to the resurrected Pan and at the same time sings of the emancipation of life and its awakening from stupor. Debussy's mysticism is reality in the nonexistent, and unreality in commonplace facts of life. The essence of the visible is not in what we see, hear, and touch, but in what our soul draws from our emotions in order to evidence it in the higher consciousness. The harmony of the world, therefore, is to be found in the soul of man and not in the world's outward manifestations. Emotions in themselves disclose to man only the physical manifestations of the world and not that harmonious order from which these manifestations are evolved. Man must find the harmonious order within himself before being able to find it again in the external world.

And so, if the essence of the universe is disclosed in the soul of man, — which aspires to the highest conception of the world, — then the soul, if it impregnates itself with *nature*, thereby conceives the divine, for out of the wedlock of nature and the soul there is born God. He comes to life in a man's soul at the moment of creative action. The essence of God is

love, which is mysteriously concealed in the world and is diffused throughout all creation, throughout all that exists — animate and inanimate. The problem of the pantheist is to find God in all of nature and to liberate Him within himself. Thus, if man strives to find God, through this desire for God he *has* found Him already. God does not exist for the human intellect, for our intellect cannot grasp Him and easily denies Him. But nature does exist for our intellect as well as for our emotions. Nature is undeniable; therefore God is in nature, and only there can He be found. The only path open to man in his search for God is through his own creative work. In his creative work man liberates God, who reposes in everything and is diffused by love in every creation. A man who strives to find God turns first of all to his inner self, concentrates on his inner world, and then listens to himself. That is all he does; if he takes this path he needs to undertake no other action.

This is the essence of pantheism disclosed to us by its ardent followers.

This is why Debussy listened to himself more than he manifested himself. He built his sound world almost without acting; he just listened and contemplated. Therefrom is derived his *lack of passion* — not indifference or lack of feeling, but lack of passion. He has a contemplative attitude towards the world, the realization that everything in the world is temporary, everything perishes, everything passes. Debussy knows that one must not be consumed by passions. This is the reason for the absence of tragedy in his music.

Of course, Debussy grieves and grieves often over all that is fragile and perishable in this world, because he has pity for everything, — otherwise he would not be an artist, — but he remains only on the border of tragedy. Debussy's mysticism consists in the fact that *he contemplated life and death with equal calmness of soul*, and in that lies his great wisdom.

HILL DAUGHTER

BY LOUISE McNEILL

LAND of my fathers and blood, oh my Fathers, whatever
 Is left of your grudge in the rock, of your hate in the stone,
 I have brought you at last what you sternly required that I bring you,
 And have brought it alone —
 I, who from the womb must be drawn, though the first-born, a daughter,
 And could never stand straight with the rifle nor lean with the plough.
 Here is ease for the curse; here is cause for the breaking of silence.
 You can answer me now.
 It has taken me long to return, and you died without knowing;
 But down where the veins of the rock and the aspen tree run —
 Land of my fathers and blood, oh my Fathers, whatever
 Is left of your hearts in the dust —
 I have brought you a son.

TWO RIVERS

BY WALLACE STEGNER

I

HIS father's voice awakened him. Stretching his back, arching against the mattress, he looked over at his parents' end of the sleeping porch. His mother was up too, though he could tell from the flatness of the light outside that it was still early. He lay on his back quietly, letting complete wakefulness come on, watching a spider that dangled on a golden, shining thread from the rolled canvas of the blinds. The spider came down in tiny jerks, his legs wriggling, then went up again in the beam of sun. From the other room the father's voice rose loud and cheerful: —

'Oh I'd give every man in the army a quarter
If they'd all take a shot at my mother-in-law.'

The boy slid his legs out of bed and yanked the nightshirt over his head. He didn't want his father's face poking around the door, saying, 'I plough deep while sluggards sleep!' He didn't want to be joked with. Yesterday was too sore a spot in his mind. He had been avoiding his father ever since the morning before, and he was not yet ready to accept any joking or attempts to make up. Nobody had a right hitting a person for nothing, and you bet they weren't going to be friends. Let him whistle and sing out there, pretending nothing was the matter. The whole business yesterday was the matter, the Ford that wouldn't start was the matter, the whole lost Fourth of July was the matter, the missed parade, the missed fireworks, the missed ball game in Chinook were the matter. The cuff on the ear his father

had given him when he got so mad at the Ford he had to have something to hit was the matter.

In the other room, as he pulled on his overalls, the bacon was snapping in the pan, and he smelled its good morning smell. His father whistled, sang.

'In the town of O'Geary lived Paddy O'Flannagan,
Battered away till he hadn't a pound,
His father he died and he made him a man again,
Left him a farm of tin acres o' ground. . . .'

The boy pulled the overall straps over his shoulders and went into the main room. His father stopped singing and looked at him. 'Hello, Cheerful,' he said. 'You look like you'd bit into a wormy apple.'

The boy mumbled something and went outside to wash at the bench. It wasn't any fun waking up today. You kept thinking about yesterday, and how much fun it had been waking up then, when you were going to do something special and exciting, drive fifty miles to Chinook and spend the whole day just having fun. Now there wasn't anything but the same old thing to do you did every day. Run the trap line, put out some poison for the gophers, read the Sears Roebuck catalogue.

At breakfast he was glum, and his father joked him. Even his mother smiled, as if she had forgotten already how much wrong had been done the day before. 'You look as if you'd been sent for and couldn't come,' she said. 'Cheer up.'

'I don't want to cheer up.'

They just smiled at each other, and he hated them both.

After breakfast his father said, 'You help your Ma with the dishes, now. See how useful you can make yourself around here.'

Unwillingly, wanting to get out of the house and away from them, he got the towel and swabbed off the plates. He was rubbing a glass when he heard the Ford sputter and race and roar and then calm down into a steady mutter. His mouth opened, and he looked at his mother. Her eyes were crinkled up with smiling.

'It goes!' he said.

'Sure it goes.' She pulled both his ears, rocking his head. 'Know what we're going to do?'

'What?'

'We're going to the mountains anyway. Not to Chinook — there wouldn't be anything doing today. But to the mountains, for a picnic. Pa got the car going yesterday afternoon, when you were down in the field, so we decided to go today. If you want to, of course.'

'Yay!' he said. 'Shall I dress up?'

'Put on your shoes, you'd better. We might climb a mountain.'

The boy was out into the porch in three steps. With one shoe on and the other in his hand he hopped to the door. 'When?' he said.

'Soon as you can get ready.'

He was trying to run and tie his shoelaces at the same time as he went out of the house. There in the Ford, smoking his pipe, with one leg over the door and his weight on the back of his neck, his father sat. 'What detained you?' he said. 'I've been waiting a half hour. You must not want to go very bad.'

'Aw!' the boy said. He looked inside the Ford. There was the lunch all packed, the fat wet canvas waterbag, even Spot with his tongue out and his ears up. Looking at his father, all his sullenness gone now, the boy said, 'When did you get all this ready?'

His father grinned. 'While you slept

like a sluggard we worked like a bug-gard,' he said. Then the boy knew that everything was perfect, nothing could go wrong. When his father started rhyming things he was in his very best mood, and not even breakdowns and flat tires could make him do more than puff and blow and play-act.

He clambered into the front seat and felt the motor shaking under the floorboards. 'Hey, Ma!' he yelled. 'Hurry up! We're all ready to go!'

II

Their own road was a barely marked trail that wiggled out over the burnouts along the east side of the wheat field. At the line it ran into another coming down from the homesteads to the east, and at Cree, a mile inside the Montana boundary, they hit the straight section-line road to Chinook. On that road they passed a trotting team pulling an empty wagon, and the boy waved and yelled, feeling superior, feeling as if he were charioted on pure speed and all the rest of the world were earth-footed.

'Let's see how fast this old boat will go,' the father said. He nursed it down through a coulee and onto the flat. His fingers pulled the gas lever down, and the motor roared. Looking back with the wind-stung tears in his eyes, the boy saw his mother hanging to her hat, and the artificial cherries on the hat bouncing. The Ford leaped and bucked, the picnic box tipped over, the dog leaned out and the wind blew his eyes shut and his ears straight back. Turning around, the boy saw the blue sparks leaping from the magneto box and heard his father wahoo. He hung onto the side and leaned out to let the wind tear at him, tried to count the fence posts going by, but they were ahead of him before he got to ten.

The road roughened, and they slowed down. 'Good land!' his mother said from the back seat. 'We want to get to the Bearpaws, not wind up in a ditch.'

'How fast were we going, Pa?'

'Forty or so, I guess. If we'd been going any faster you'd have hollered 'nuff. You were looking pretty peaked.'

'I was not.'

'Looked pretty scared to me. I guess Ma was hopping around back there like corn in a popper. How'd you like it, Ma?'

'I liked it all right,' she said, 'but don't do it again.'

They passed a farm, and the boy waved at three open-mouthed kids in the yard. It was pretty good to be going somewhere, all right. The mountains were plainer now in the south. He could see dark canyons cutting into the slopes, and there was snow on the upper peaks.

'How soon'll we get there, Pa?'

His father tapped the pipe out and put it away and laughed. Without bothering to answer, he began to sing:—

'Oh, I dug Snoqualmie River,
And Lake Samamish too,
And paddled down to Kirkland
In a little birch canoe.

'I built the Rocky Mountains,
And placed them where they are,
Sold whiskey to the Ind-i-ans
From behind a little bar.'

It was then, with the empty flat country wheeling by like a great turntable, the wheat fields and the fences and the far red peaks of barns rotating slowly as if in a dignified dance, wheeling and slipping behind and gone, and his father singing, that the strangeness first came over the boy. Somewhere, sometime . . . and there were mountains in it, and a stream, and a swing that he had fallen out of and cried, and he had mashed ripe blackberries in his hand and his mother had wiped him off, straightening his stiff fingers and wiping hard. . . . His mind caught on that memory from a time before there was any memory, he rubbed his finger tips against his palm and slid a little down in the seat.

His father tramped on both pedals hard and leaned out of the car, looking. He swung to stare at the boy as a startled idiot might have looked, and in a

voice heavy with German gutturals he said, 'Vot it iss in de crass?'

'What?'

'Iss in de crass somedings. Besser you bleiben right here.'

He climbed out, and the boy climbed out after him. The dog jumped over the side and rushed, and in the grass by the side of the road the boy saw the biggest snake he had ever seen, long and fat and sleepy. When it pulled itself in and faced the stiff-legged dog he saw that the hind legs and tail of a gopher stuck out of the stretched mouth.

'Jiminy!' the boy said. 'He eats gophers whole.'

His father stopped with hands on knees to stare at the snake, looked at the boy, and wagged his head. 'Himmel,' he said. 'Dot iss a schlange vot iss a schlange!'

'What is it?' the mother said from the car, and the boy yelled back, 'A snake, a great big snake, and he's got a whole gopher in his mouth!'

The father chased the pup away, found a rock, and with one careful throw crushed the big flat head. The body, as big around as the boy's ankle, tightened into a ridged convulsion of muscles, and the tail whipped back and forth. Stooping, the father pulled on the gopher's tail. There was a wet, slapping noise, and the gopher slid out, coated with slime and twice as long as he ought to have been.

'Head first,' the father said. 'That's a hell of a way to die.'

He lifted the snake by the tail and held it up. 'Look,' he said. 'He's longer than I am.' But the mother made a face and turned her head while he fastened it in the forked top of a fence post. It trailed almost two feet on the ground. The tail still twitched.

'He'll twitch till the sun goes down,' the father said. 'First guy that comes along here drunk is going to think he's got D.T.'s.' He climbed into the car again, and the boy followed.

'What was it, Pa?'

'Milk snake. They come into barns sometimes and milk the cows dry. You saw what he did to that gopher. Milk a cow dry as powder in ten minutes.'

'Gee,' the boy said. He sat back and thought about how long and slick the gopher had been, and how the snake's mouth was all stretched, and it was a good feeling to have been along and to have shared something like that with his father. It was a trophy, a thing you would remember all your life, and you could tell about it. And while he was thinking that already, even before they got to the mountains at all, he had something to remember about the trip, he remembered that just before they saw the snake he had been remembering something else, and he puckered his eyes in the sun thinking. He had been right on the edge of it, it was right on the tip of his tongue, and then his father had tramped on the pedals. But it was something a long time ago, and there was a strangeness about it, something bothersome and a little scary, and it hurt his head the way it hurt his head sometimes to do arithmetical sums without pencil and paper. When you did them in your head something went round and round, and you had to keep looking inside to make sure you didn't lose sight of the figures that were pasted up there somewhere, and if you did it very long at a time you got a sick headache out of it. It was something like that when he had almost remembered just a while ago, only he hadn't quite been able to see what he knew was there. . . .

III

By ten o'clock they had left the graded road and were chugging up a winding trail with toothed rocks embedded in the ruts. Ahead of them the mountains looked low and disappointing, treeless, brown. The trail ducked into a narrow gulch and the sides rose up around them, reddish gravel covered with bunch grass and sage.

'Gee whiz,' the boy said. 'These don't look like mountains.'

'What'd you expect?' his father said. 'Expect to step out onto a glacier or something?'

'But there aren't any trees,' the boy said. 'Gee whiz, there isn't even any water.'

He stood up to look ahead. His father's foot went down on the low pedal, and the Ford growled at the grade. 'Come on, Lena,' his father said. He hitched himself back and forward in the seat, helping the car over the hill, and then, as they barely pulled over the hump and the sides of the gully fell away, there were the real mountains, high as heaven, the high slopes spiked and tufted with trees, and directly ahead of them a magnificent V-shaped door with the sun touching gray cliffs far back in, and a straight-edged violet shadow streaming down from the eastern peak clear to the canyon floor.

'Well?' the father's voice said. 'I guess if you don't like it we can drop you off here and pick you up on the way back.'

The boy turned to his mother. She was sitting far forward on the edge of the seat. 'I guess we want to come along, all right,' she said, and laughed as if she might cry. 'Anything as beautiful as that! Don't we, sonny?'

'You bet,' he said. He remained standing all the way up over the gentle slope of the alluvial fan that aproned out from the canyon's mouth, and when they passed under the violet shadow, not violet any more but cool gray, he tipped his head back and looked up miles and miles to the broken rock above.

The road got rougher. 'Sit down,' his father said. 'First thing you know you'll fall out on your head and sprain both your ankles.'

He was in his very best mood. He said funny things to the car, coaxing it over steep pitches. He talked to it like a horse, patted it on the dashboard, promised it an apple when they got there.

Above them the canyon walls opened out and back, went up steeply high and high and high, beyond the first walls that the boy had thought so terrific, away beyond those, piling peak on peak, and the sun touched and missed and touched again.

The trail steepened. A jet of steam burst from the brass radiator cap, the car throbbed and labored, they all sat forward and urged it on. But it slowed, shook, stopped and stood there steaming and shaking, and the motor died with a last, lunging gasp.

'Is this as far as we can get?' the boy said. The thought that they might be broken down, right here on the threshold of wonder, put him in a panic. He looked around. They were in a bare rocky gorge. Not even any trees yet, though a stream tumbled down a bouldered channel on the left. But to get to trees and the real mountains they had to go further, much further. 'Can't we get any further?' he said.

His father grunted. 'Skin down to the creek and get a bucket of water.' The boy ran, came stumbling and staggering back with the pail. His mother had already climbed out and put a rock under the back wheel, and they stood close together while the father with a rag made quick, stabbing turns at the radiator cap. The cap blew off and steam went up for six feet and they all jumped back. There was a sullen subterranean boiling deep under the hood.

'Now!' the father said. He poured a little water in, stepped back. In a minute the water came bubbling out again. He poured again, and the motor spit it out again. 'Can't seem to keep anything on her stomach,' the father said, and winked at the boy. He didn't seem worried.

The fourth dose stayed down. They filled up the radiator till it ran over, screwed the plug in, and threw the pail in the back end. 'You two stay out,' the father said. 'I'll see if she'll go over unloaded.'

She wouldn't. She moved two feet, strangled and died. The boy watched with his jaw hanging, remembering yesterday, remembering when something like this had happened and the whole day had gone wrong. But his father wasn't the same today. He just got out of the car and didn't swear at all, but winked at the boy again, and made a closing motion with his hand under his chin. 'Better shut that mouth,' he said. 'Some bird'll fly in there and build a nest.'

To the mother he said, 'Can you kick that rock out from under the wheel?'

'Sure,' she said. 'But do you think . . . Maybe we could walk from here.'

'Hell with it,' he said cheerfully. 'I'll get her up if I have to lug her on my back.'

She kicked the stone away and he rolled backward down the hill, craning, steering with one hand. At the bottom he cramped the wheels, got out and cranked the motor, got in again, and turned around in the narrow road, taking three or four angled tries before he made it. Then his hand waved, and there was the Ford coming up the hill backwards, kicking gravel down from under its straining hind wheels, angling across the road and back and up, and the motor roaring like a threshing engine, until it went by them and on up to the crest and turned around with one quick expert ducking motion, and they got in and were off again.

'Well!' said the mother in relief. 'Who'd have thought of going up backwards.'

'Got more power in reverse,' the father said. 'Can't make it one way, try another.'

'Yay!' the boy said. He was standing up, watching the deep insides of the earth appear behind the angled rock, and his mind was soaring again, up into the heights where a hawk or eagle circled like a toy bird on a string.

'How do you like it?' his mother shouted at him. He turned around and

nodded his head, and she smiled at him, wrinkling her eyes. She looked excited herself. Her face had color in it and the varnished cherries bouncing on her hat gave her a reckless, girlish look.

'Hi, Ma,' he said, and grinned.

'Hi yourself,' she said, and grinned right back. He lifted his face and yelled for the very pressure of happiness inside him.

IV

They lay on a ledge high up on the sunny east slope and looked out to the north through the notch cut as sharply as a wedge out of a pie. Far below them the golden plain spread level, golden-tawny grass and golden-green wheat checkerboarded in a pattern as wide as the world. Back of them the spring they had followed up the slope welled out of the ledge, spread out in a small swampy spot, and trickled off down the hill. There were trees, a thick cluster of spruce against the bulge of the wall above them, a clump of twinkling, sunny aspen down the slope, and in the canyon bottom below them a dense forest of soft maple. The mother had a bouquet of leaves in her hand, a little bunch of pine cones on the ground beside her. The three lay quietly, looking down over the steeply dropping wall to the V-shaped door, and beyond that to the interminable plain.

The boy wriggled his back against the rock, put his hand down to shift himself, brought it up again prickled with brown spruce needles. He picked them off, still staring out over the canyon gateway. They were far above the world he knew. The air was cleaner, thinner. There was cold water running from the rock, and all around there were trees. And over the whole canyon, like a haze in the clear air, was that other thing, that memory or ghost of a memory, a swing he had fallen out of, a feel of his hands sticky with crushed blackberries, his skin drinking cool shade, and his father's anger — the reflection of ecstasy and the shadow of tears.

'I never knew till this minute,' his mother said, 'how much I've missed the trees.'

Nobody answered. They were all stuffed with lunch, pleasantly tired after the climb. The father lay staring off down the canyon, and the sour smell of his pipe, in that air, was pleasant and clean. The boy saw his mother put the stem of a maple leaf in her mouth and make a half-pleased face at the bitter taste.

The father rose and dug a tin cup from the picnic box, walked to the spring and dipped himself a drink. He made a breathy sound of satisfaction. 'So cold it hurts your teeth,' he said. He brought the mother a cup, and she drank.

'Brucie?' she said, motioning with the cup.

He started to get up, but his father filled the cup and brought it, making believe he was going to pour it on him. The boy ducked and reached for the cup. With his eyes on his father over the cup's rim, he drank, testing the icy water to see if it really did hurt the teeth. The water was cold and silvery in his mouth, and when he swallowed he felt it cold clear down to his stomach.

'It doesn't either hurt your teeth,' he said. He poured a little of it on his arm, and something jumped in his skin. It was his skin that remembered. Something numbingly cold, and then warm. He felt it now, the way you waded in it.

'Mom,' he said.

'What?'

'Was it in Washington we went on a picnic like this and picked blackberries and I fell out of a swing and there were big trees, and we found a river that was half cold and half warm?'

His father was relighting his pipe. 'What do you know about Washington?' he said. 'You were only knee-high to a grasshopper when we lived there.'

'Well, I remember,' the boy said. 'I've been remembering it all day long, ever since you sang that song about

building the Rocky Mountains. You sang it that day, too. Don't you remember, Mom?'

'I don't know,' she said doubtfully. 'We went on picnics in Washington.'

'What's this about a river with hot and cold running water?' his father said. 'You must remember some time you had a bath in a bathtub.'

'I do not!' the boy said. 'I got blackberries mashed all over my hands and Mom scrubbed me off, and then we found that river and we waded in it and half was hot and half was cold.'

'Oh-h-h,' his mother said. 'I believe I do. . . . Harry, you remember once up in the Cascades, when we went out with the Curtises? And little Bill Curtis fell off the dock into the lake.' She turned to the boy. 'Was there a summer cottage there, a brown shingled house?'

'I don't know,' the boy said. 'I don't remember any Curtises. But I remember blackberries and that river and a swing.'

'Your head is full of blackberries,' his father said. 'If it was the time we went out with the Curtises there weren't any blackberries. That was in the spring.'

'No,' the mother said. 'It was in the fall. It was just before we moved to Redmond. And I think there was a place where one river from the mountains ran into another one from the valley, and they ran alongside each other in the same channel. The mountain one was a lot colder. Don't you remember that trip with the Curtises, Harry?'

'Sure I remember it,' the father said. 'We hired a buckboard and saw a black bear and I won six bits from Joe Curtis pitching horseshoes.'

'That's right,' the mother said. 'You remember the bear, Brucie.'

The boy shook his head. There wasn't any bear in what he remembered. Just feelings, and things that made his skin prickle.

His mother was looking at him, a little puzzled wrinkle between her eyes. 'It's

funny you should remember such different things than we remember,' she said. 'Everything means something different to everybody, I guess.' She laughed, and the boy thought her eyes looked very odd and bright. 'It makes me feel as if I didn't know you at all,' she said. She brushed her face with the handful of leaves and looked at the father, gathering up odds and ends and putting them in the picnic box. 'I wonder what each of us will remember about today?'

'I wouldn't worry about it,' the father said. 'You can depend on Bub here to remember a lot of things that didn't happen.'

'I don't think he does,' she said. 'He's got a good memory.'

The father picked up the box. 'It takes a good memory to remember things that never happened,' he said. 'I remember once a garter snake crawled into my cradle and I used it for a belt to keep my breechclout on. They took it away from me and I bawled the crib so full of tears I had to swim for shore. I drifted in three days later on a checkerboard raft with a didie for a sail.'

The boy stood up and brushed off his pants. 'You do too remember that river,' he said.

His father grinned at him. 'Sure. Only it wasn't quite as hot and cold as you make it out.'

V

It was evening in the canyon, but when they reached the mouth again they emerged into full afternoon, with two hours of sun left them. The father stopped the car before they dipped into the gravelly wash between the foothills, and they all looked back at the steep thrust of the mountains, purpling in the shadows, the rock glowing golden-red far back on the faces of the inner peaks. The mother still held her bouquet of maple leaves in her hand.

'Well, there go the Mountains of the Moon,' she said. The moment was al-

most solemn. In the front seat the boy stood looking back. He felt the sun strong against the side of his face, and the mountains sheering up before him were very real. In a little while, as they went north, they would begin to melt together, and the patches of snow would appear far up on the northern slopes. His eyes went curiously out of focus, and he saw the mountains as they would appear from the homestead on a hot day, a ghostly line on the horizon.

He felt his father twist to look at him, but the trance was so strong on him that he didn't look down for a minute. When he did he caught his mother and father looking at each other, the look they had sometimes when he had pleased them and made them proud of him.

'Okay,' his father said, and stabbed him in the ribs with a hard thumb. 'Wipe the black bears out of your eyes.'

He started the car again, and as they bounced down the rocky trail toward the road he sang at the top of his voice, bellowing into the still, hot afternoon: —

'I had a kid and his name was Brucie,
Squeezed black bears and found them juicy,
Washed them off in a hot-cold river,
Now you boil and now you shiver,
Caught his pants so full of trout
He couldn't sit down till he got them out.
Trout were boiled from the hot-side river,
Trout from the cold side raw as liver.
Ate the boiled ones, ate the raw,
And then went howling home to Maw.'

The boy looked up at his father, his laughter bubbling up, everything wonderful, the day a swell day, his mother clapping hands in time to his father's fool singing.

'Aw, for gosh sakes,' he said, and ducked when his father pretended he was going to swat him one.

COMMON SENSE ABOUT GHOSTS

BY ROBERT GRAVES

ONE can look at ghosts from either the religious, or the scientific, or the common-sense point of view.

John Wesley argued that, since it is a Christian's duty to believe the Bible, and since if he believes the Bible he must believe that the Witch of Endor raised the ghost of Samuel at the request of King Saul, therefore there are ghosts.

The scientific view is that one cannot deny that ghosts exist in the same positive way that one denies, on zoölogical grounds, the existence of centaurs or mermaids. A great many people claim to have seen ghosts, and the duty of scientists is to interpret in scientific language, if possible, what they mean by

this. The interpretation is difficult, partly because scientists no longer agree on the old distinction between subjective and objective experience, partly because ghosts are not good subjects for laboratory experiment. Sir Henry Head, the neurologist, told me some years ago that only a single type of ghost had so far proved amenable to scientific treatment. This was the tall, glowering ghost that stands silent and immovable by one's sickbed. He said that this ghost, which appears in Japanese prints as well as in clinical reports from European hospitals, corresponds with a particular kind of brain lesion and can be moved round with the bed. But he added that it was

too much to hope that all ghosts could be simply explained as symptoms of a traumatic neurosis.

Far too much. The common-sense view is, I think, that one should accept ghosts very much as one accepts fire — a more common but equally mysterious phenomenon. What is fire? It is not really an element, not a principle of motion, not a living creature — not even a disease, though a house can catch it from its neighbors. It is an event rather than a thing or a creature. Ghosts, similarly, seem to be events rather than things or creatures — and nearly always disagreeable events.

I reckon among ghosts the nameless and disembodied hauntings of particular stretches of road, clearings in forests, bare hilltops. I have twice met with powerful examples of this phenomenon. The first occasion was in 1921 on a hill-top near Cwmbychan in North Wales, where there was an ancient British earth-work; the second, ten years later, in 1932, on the lonely coast road near Deya in the Spanish island of Majorca, where it is said there was once a temple of Diana. On each occasion it was dusk with a waxing moon and I felt that sudden inexplicable dread that makes the hair of one's head rise like the fur of an angry cat and the legs run with no sense of effort, as if one were skating. Previously I had thought that when Shakespeare wrote about the haunted ship in *The Tempest*:

Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some tricks of desperation. . . . Ferdinand
With hair upstaring — then like reeds, not hair —
. . . cried, 'Hell is empty
And all the devils are here!'

he was writing poetical nonsense. Now I knew he was giving a not exaggerated account of a disagreeable physical fact. The Greeks had a word for this sort of dread — 'Panic,' meaning the fear that suddenly struck them in woods or on hills when the god Pan was about. I conclude that the spots where it is experienced have once been the scene of

religious rites in which horror has been conjured up among the worshipers, and that the rocks and stones still occasionally sweat out that horror.

Haunted houses seem to enclose sharp individual horror centred in a particular room, or else a general feeling of misery, sorrow, boredom, or vice which pervades the whole building. Sensitive people can tell the difference between a happy house and an unhappy one as soon as they cross the threshold. But most of them would be ashamed to tell the house agent or caretaker: 'I'd rather pay a thousand pounds than rent this place — it has an evil atmosphere.' They say instead: 'I'm afraid, you know, that my husband would find that dressing room far too small, and there isn't enough space for his books in the sitting room. And the garden is much too large for just two.'

The Chinese are a more practical nation. I am told that the house hunter there can usually choose between 'a modest residence with a good fêng-shui (personal atmosphere)' and 'a palatial mansion with a bad fêng-shui' — both offered at the same price in dollars. If he is a man of virtue and industry with a large virtuous and industrious family, he may be wise to invest in the bad house and restore its original value by the irreproachable emanations of his household. A house near Braintree in Essex where I often stay, and which originally belonged to William Benlowes, sergeant-at-law in the reign of Mary I, used to have an extremely bad fêng-shui, and had passed through a succession of unpleasant hands before my friends bought it. They have now reclaimed all but the spare bedroom, where there is something that wakes one up with a start nearly every night at a quarter to two — it was a quarter to four when I was there last because of Double Summer Time — the distinct presence of someone, it seems to be a woman, in great terror. This is evidently a ghost of long standing, because three years ago when the beams were scraped a small piece of parchment

— which I have examined — was found in a bolt hole. It was a Latin prayer in Tudor handwriting, the conventional charm against evil spirits: *O mitis Jesu, libera nos* (Sweet Jesus, deliver us!).

Haunting of the disembodied sort is a matter of degree. Every house that has had a previous occupant is, in a sense, haunted. For my part I would rather live in an ordinary moated grange where a Gray Lady or Headless Monk walks regularly than in a house that has been used as a reformatory, a lunatic asylum, or a Victorian boarding school. The walls of such places are usually so soaked with miserable brooding that only fire could cleanse them.

Of houses in which I have stayed for a time, the two most unpleasant were the ancient stone-built house of Maesyneuadd, in the hills near Talsarnau in North Wales and a top flat in a modern block, built by a Belgian company, in the main street of Heliopolis, near Cairo.

At Maesyneuadd, when I was staying there with friends soon after the last war, uncomfortable things were continually happening. Doors opened and shut without a draught — quite stiff ones too. There were rappings on the walls of empty rooms, and one evening I saw a shade jump off a reading lamp in poltergeist fashion. There was a long tradition there of owners who had drunk themselves to death from boredom, and one had hanged himself in the garret. On New Year's Eve of 1919–1920 we were all sitting round the fire in the drawing room, mulling claret. I was on the right of the semicircle and I put my tumbler to cool on the side table at the corner of the fireplace. When I reached for it again, two or three minutes later, it had been drained dry. Nobody had moved from the semicircle of chairs and nobody had come into the room. I don't say that the ghost had drained it — but certainly I had not, and a horror descended on us that the warm wine and the pleasant smell of nutmeg and lemon peel could not disperse.

The Heliopolis flat was far worse. I rented it for a month in 1926 from an Assyrian widow, because it was the only vacant one in the town and I had to find temporary lodgings for my young family. It was full of gaudy furniture in bamboo and red plush and I remember a locked glass bookcase containing Hebrew books and a small French legal library. My Sudanese servants said at once that they didn't like the place, and later complained that there were afreets (evil spirits) about. I told them that it was only for a month, so they did not give notice. The sense of evil grew thicker and thicker as the days passed. Soon the afreets were almost visible, coming as apparitions between waking and sleeping, and as little black creatures seen only from the corner of one's eye, doing nasty things in the shadow of the sofa or bookcase. The most alarming phenomenon was the sudden whiff of burning that constantly spread through the flat even when there was no fire in the kitchen. The servants afterwards told us — I don't know how truly — that the Assyrian husband had been burned to death in the flat some months before, and it had since been used as a disorderly house. But even this was not enough to account for the strength of our impressions. Perhaps someone had been monkeying about with black magic there; black magic is a means of reviving and focusing ancient evil, and anyone sufficiently idle, cruel, and curious can achieve horrible results without much difficulty. But since it was not worth while to attempt a reclamation of the flat, we cleared out after ten days and took rooms in a hotel.

On the whole, I consider ghosts an unimportant and far less mysterious phenomenon than many others — for example, poetry and love. People who manage their lives well leave only gracious emanations behind them. It is the wastrels, the bores, and the deliberately evil who give a place a bad name. The ghosts they leave behind should be sternly disregarded, as one disregards

drunks who stop one in the street and begin a rambling hard-luck tale mixed with threats and hiccoughs. One should show neither sympathy, embarrassment, nor alarm.

Another sort of ghost, which since J. W. Dunne's *Experiment with Time* has scientific as well as common-sense justification, is what may be called the 'cosmic accident.' In 1938 three friends and I rented a small château, La Chevrerie, a few miles from Rennes, in Brittany. Five of the chimneys were full of bees; there were crickets behind the library fire, bats in the attics, rats in the cellar, but the fêng-shui was excellent. One day I found, in a box of rubbish, an ancient sheet of cooking recipes, and began deciphering and translating them. There was one for *Blanc-Manger* which began: 'On the evening before, put two pieces of fish glue as big as your thumb (or else gelatine) to melt on the embers. The next morning bring it to the boil. Take one and a half *quintons* of sweet almonds and half a *quinton* of bitter almonds . . .' Late that night I was crouching at the kitchen fire, blowing up the embers with the bellows to heat a coffeepot. I was thinking to myself: 'Melt the fish glue on the embers . . . but I think gelatine would taste nicer . . . I wonder how much a *quinton* of almonds is . . .'

Suddenly a woman's voice behind me called out sharply, 'Marthe!'

'*Oui, Madame,*' I answered automatically.

But of course no one was there. As I did not believe in the absolute reality of time I was not greatly surprised. I told myself afterwards: 'It was cosmic coincidence. Somehow, by thinking about the fish glue and the embers and the almonds, I strayed into another region of time. Marthe's mistress, seeing me squatting over the embers in the half-light with my back turned, naturally

mistook me for Marthe. She must have got a shock when I stood up and she saw a tall, dark man in black corduroy trousers. In fact, probably I was her ghost, not she mine.'

Madame's voice, by the way, did not sound in my outer ear, so to speak, but in my inner ear as voices do when one is just waking up.

I have only once seen a daylight ghost. That was in Béthune, in June 1915, when I was with the BEF. A soldier called Private Challoner had been in my company at Wrexham. I was serving with the Royal Welch Fusiliers. When he went out with a draft to join the First Battalion he shook my hand and said, 'I'll meet you again in France, sir.' I was sent out myself a month or two later, but got posted to another regiment, the Welsh. One evening in June, while it was still light, my company mess, in billets at Béthune, were celebrating a safe return from Cuinchy trenches. We had fresh fish, new potatoes, green peas, asparagus, mutton chops, strawberries and cream, and three bottles of Pommard. While we were singing very noisily — a medley of church anthems and drinking songs — Challoner looked in at the open window, saluted, grinned, and passed on. There was no mistaking him or his cap-badge. No Royal Welch Fusiliers were billeted within miles of Béthune at the time. I jumped up and rushed to the window, but saw nothing except a fag end smoking on the pavement. Challoner had been killed at Festubert, a few miles away, in the futile May 16 offensive.

I don't know how to account for this, but since Challoner's battalion had been in Béthune shortly before his death, there may have been a slight cosmic accident, assisted by my memory of his last words to me and (if you insist) by three or four glasses of Pommard.

PRIMITIVE FREEDOM

BY RUTH BENEDICT

I

IN THE 1890's, when Siberia meant to most people only a place to which Tsarist Russia sent its political exiles, some of these more enterprising exiles lightened their boredom there by going native. They learned the languages of strange tribes herding mares or reindeer on the frozen tundras, traveled with them from camp to camp, and were taught by the native shamans their mediumistic lore. The most gifted of these involuntary anthropologists was Vladimir Bogoraz, who wrote Russian novels under the name of Tan. His careful account of life among the Chukchee of northeast Siberia is one of the great anthropological volumes.

He was fascinated by his rich, murderous, suiciding Chukchee. Even their routine exchanges of commodities were occasions for knifing. Their language had no word for trading; realistically enough, they called it blood-feuding. Knifing came closer home, too; sons killed their fathers, and brothers their brothers. And with impunity. A strong man was one who could abuse anyone, relative or stranger; and the strong man had his own way and was envied. The father's boast when a child was born was: 'Ah! I have created a strong man for times to come, one who will take the property of all those living in the country around us.'

Bogoraz was not unfamiliar with abuses visited on one man by another; he had been exiled for protesting against them in his own country. But in Tsarist Rus-

sia his protests had been directed against the state and its beneficiaries; to protest against abuses meant to protest against the state. And his Chukchee had no state at all. There was no political organization. Whatever men had the strength and means to do they could do. They were rich, too, beyond the dreams of all neighboring tribes. One man might own as many as three thousand reindeer, and that was great wealth. The Chukchee were, therefore, rich and democratic. If a people have no tyrannous state and if they have an abundance economy, ought they not by these circumstances to be free men? Ought they not to feel they were able to pursue and attain their own personal goals?

Nothing was clearer than that the Chukchee knew they were not free. Their word for it was 'doom.' They were, they said, 'doomed to anger,' 'doomed to death,' 'doomed to receiving supernatural power.' They spoke truly. Anger swept over them like a flood from outside themselves; they showed their teeth, they growled, they lost consciousness of what they were doing. Men — and women too — disappointed in sharing the tag-end of a smoke had killed to get hold of the pipe, and many more had ruined themselves financially because the trader had known they would stop at no price to obtain tobacco without delay. Sons, too, were 'doomed' to anger against their fathers, and fathers against their sons. If they killed in their anger, it was nobody's business, and the

survivors divided the spoils. They chose to bring about their own death, too. When they suffered from despondency or from physical pain, they preferred, they said, to destroy the self with the suffering. 'We are surrounded,' they said, 'by enemies with gaping mouths [the spirits],' and the worst possible death was the torture these gods were waiting to visit upon them; they preferred to die at their own will. When they ate the fly agaric, a poisonous mushroom for which they had an inordinate passion, they said to it, 'Take me to the dead,' and some indeed died in the coma the drug induced. Sought death was commoner, though, with a spear thrust. Young men had to rip their own bowels, but older men could vow their own death and require their sons to drive home the spear. It was a solemn duty, for a man who had once announced his wish to die a voluntary death could not take back his vow without disasters striking the whole community.

This picture of Chukchee behavior was not all that Bogoraz recorded. He described also the arrangements of their social order. They lived in small encampments which had to be moved as the herd moved. The master of the herd lived in the front tent, and his ownership of the herd meant that he could dispose of all food and skins at his own will; if he chose to put his family on starvation diet, it was his prerogative. His sons or sons-in-law in the camp approached him each morning for his instructions, and he had naked power over them. Even when he became senile he could do with his family as he wished, for they all depended upon the herd. If he was bad-tempered and tyrannous, the only way in which they could govern their own lives was to seize wealth and power for themselves — perhaps by killing their father.

At all events sons did not expect benefits from their fathers or from any elders. When they were no taller than their small reindeer, they were herding on the

tundra, and if the half-wild animals broke away from them they were responsible like any man. After adolescence they had to obtain a wife, but this meant they had to go empty-handed like any propertyless Chukchee and serve for her. They were systematically humiliated by their prospective fathers-in-law. They slept outside the sleeping tent in the arctic weather and were fed with scraps. They were the butt of the new family's jibes and tyrannies, and if they gave up and returned home their own fathers would receive them with taunts and they had to begin service all over again in another family which had a marriageable daughter. Neither in the matter of getting a wife nor at any other time did a man have any reason to believe that his own family would assist him. If his own family did not, certainly no one else would. If a man lost his reindeer he might become a homeless wanderer, trudging from camp to camp and fed grudgingly with scraps for a day or two before he set out again on his endless tramping.

The Chukchee are a tribe with wealth and with no political autocracy, who made of life a snatch-as-snatch-can. It was not possible to live at peace and without the interference of others. They live, of course, in a punishing environment, but plenty of other preliterate peoples who live in earthly paradises are as 'doomed' as the Chukchee. In such tribes men would laugh at you if you tried to show them that living well and at peace was really a very simple matter because the coconut and the breadfruit tree and the sago grow luxuriantly without human labor. They know that there is no open course toward well-being spread before them to follow at their own will. They know they are not free. They are conscious first and foremost of obstacles in the way of attaining their own purposes. In such societies men are intensely aware that every step toward any goal they have set themselves is at the mercy of others. They are balked at

every turn, or else they win through by overpowering others. They know that, whatever they want to do, they must get the better of someone else in the community or they must play the sycophant. They know no other rôles than those of aggression and of obsequiousness.

II

A couple of years ago I lived with the Blackfoot Indians of Canada. They too had been rich and they had been democratic, but in addition they were sure they had been free. Even today they could not understand the meaning of being 'doomed.' They were sure every man had his own personal desires and spent his life realizing them. What else would be a reason for living? Even today, when the buffalo they lived on are gone from the plains, I thought them a people to whom an understanding of liberty was as natural as breathing. How had they achieved a way of life that was so opposite to the Chukchee?

They were full of tales of their great chief Eagle in the Skies, and many early settlers and travelers had also written about him. Eagle in the Skies was chief of an illustrious Blackfoot band and he was rich. All the Blackfoot cared about wealth, and they thought that people without wealth were inferior. Eagle in the Skies was a superior being and he had wealth to prove it. He had been a great hunter and raider of horses. He could provide for a whole coterie of wives who dressed skins for him, made beaded skin garments, dried meat and made pemmican. As the most successful provider in the band, he was made chief. But a chief among the Blackfoot was not invested with punitive power over his people, and his prestige depended on his band's prestige.

His followers' personal ambitions were Eagle's greatest assets, and it was against his interests to balk them. A young retainer, as yet unmounted, had only to be known as a good horseman to be free

to use Eagle's horses in hunting or on a raid. What the young man took contributed to the glory and well-being of Eagle's band, but kudos belonged to the young hunter, even the kudos of distributing the horses or the buffalo meat. The indigent young man's family boasted of his prowess, parading the camp circle and shouting his achievements. The young man himself began looking for a wife among the daughters of leading men who would be glad of such a son-in-law. Without the use of Eagle's horses he would not have been able to make his mark in the tribe's estimation, but such use was no charity; whether the young man brought in buffalo or the enemy's horses, it enlarged Eagle's ego no less than the young hunter's. It was strictly to Eagle's advantage to have a well-fed and well-mounted band. Blackfoot in other bands, dissatisfied with the leaders in their own communities, took occasion to join Eagle's and share in its prosperity. Eagle's band grew. He was well served and so were his followers. When a poor young man lost one of Eagle's good horses on a raid, the chief wrote it off. What was an occasional horse to him when sharing with his followers brought him such large returns? Mutual advantage flowed between the chief and his adherents.

Eagle in the Skies served his own ends by seeing that his people could rise according to their abilities. He served their ends also. Any of his followers, if he had ability, could reach any position in the tribe. If he underwent the training and paid the price, he could have supernatural power. His father-in-law was a principal benefactor throughout his life, and he in turn distributed to his father-in-law a principal part of his take either in hunting or on the warpath. At any step in his career, if he had earned their respect, he could be sure of the praise and active support of his fellows in his undertakings.

There are many such tribes. In these societies the higher a man climbs in

status the more responsibilities he must shoulder for his fellows. What else could status mean according to their way of thinking? When any man, on the contrary, is out of luck, it is no catastrophe. Someone with whom he divided his kangaroo meat over and over again, when he brought in game, shares with him as a matter of course. It is tribal custom. When he grows too feeble to be an active hunter, his son-in-law brings him the best cuts just as the old man when he was younger took his best cuts to his own father-in-law. Much of his behavior seems to us to put the interests of others above his own interests, but he would be completely incredulous if you tried to point this out to him. It appears to him that he has always done as he chose to do. Why else did he live?

III

We need to inquire from such societies as these what it is that makes for well-being and a sense of freedom in tribes like the Blackfoot and for the conviction of doom in tribes like the Chukchee. We are fighting today a war which is to preserve freedom, and we need to know its proved strategy. We need a wider range of cases than are available to us from the troubled democracies of our day, and for these we can best go to the anthropologist.

The anthropologist has many instances spread before him, for he studies human societies as different as possible from our own, and specializes in simple societies which have grown up outside the sphere of influence of Western civilization. He can study the strategy by which societies have realized one or another set of values, whether these values have to do with freedom or social cohesion or submission to authority. His tribes serve him as a laboratory serves when we investigate, for instance, the life and death of bacteria. To be sure, the anthropological laboratory is not one the investigator sets up himself; it was set

up for him by generations of natives working out their own way of life in all its details over many thousands of years. But the field worker has only to study his own particular tribe to recognize, even if it is in an unfamiliar guise, most of our current issues.

His naked savages do not, of course, talk of Social Security Acts, but they are entirely explicit about the care of the old and the hungry. Some tribes take care of them and some do not, and the anthropologist can study the consequences. Nor do his natives speak of a Golden Rule, but the working of the Golden Rule can be studied among natives from Australia to the Kalahari Desert. 'Who will feed you if you do not feed them?'; 'Who will honor you if you do not honor them?' are themes which are dinned into the young and lived out in detail by adults in native South Sea Islands and under the cold fogs of Tierra del Fuego. There are equally primitive tribes which have no version at all of the Golden Rule, and the anthropologist can study the consequences of its absence just as well as of its presence. Is it power over people? Some primitive peoples hardly know any other way of handling human relations, and some, on the other hand, have never had occasion arbitrarily to coerce another human being.

So too with liberty. Liberty is the battle standard we fight under today, but we are at odds about the strategy of attaining it. The issue which is relevant to liberty is now, as it has always been, what societies do about the individual's pursuit of his own goals; and some societies are as successful as the Blackfoot in rearing men convinced of their freedom, and some are as unsuccessful as the Chukchee.

The first question we need to ask about such societies is whether they are free because they are democracies. Even a preliterate tribe is democratic if there is no entrenched political autocracy and if social control is ultimately in the

hands of citizens. But being a democracy has not by itself guaranteed the blessings of liberty. In many democracies men do not sleep well nights in the confidence that they are safe from the aggressions of their fellow tribesmen. This is unfortunate for them, for their lives become full of violence and frustration, but it is fortunate for us because from their experience we can get information we desperately need.

The mere fact of leaving ultimate social control in the hands of the people has not guaranteed that men will be able to conduct their lives as free men. Those societies where men know they are free are often democracies, but sometimes they have strong chiefs and kings. Whether they are democracies or kingdoms, they have, however, one common characteristic: they are all alike in making certain freedoms common to all citizens, and inalienable. In our American vocabulary all those things which from time to time society has put beyond the reach of arbitrary interference by other men we call civil liberties. Habeas corpus, equality before the law, freedom of opinion and of assembly, stand or fall according as they are guaranteed to all men. They stand or fall according as it is true that what privilege I have, you have too. Civil liberties are only privileges which men in some societies have agreed to make common property for all citizens.

So too in primitive societies there are civil liberties, the crux of which is that they are guaranteed to all men without discrimination. Wherever these privileges and protections to which all members have an inalienable right are important privileges in the eyes of that tribe, people regard themselves, whatever their form of government, as free men enjoying the blessings of liberty.

IV

Every society has a different list of these civil liberties. Some are longer than ours, some are shorter and more

restricted. Some are guaranteed by formal law and some are upheld simply by the folkways. The one that is commonest in human societies is the right to hospitality. Any man sets food before his guest, often even without questioning whether or not he is a tribesman. But as a civil liberty within the tribe it goes much farther than days-long hospitality. As in the Blackfoot camp of Chief Eagle in the Skies, no man goes hungry while there is food in the community, and he exercises this right to subsistence not as a claim on charity but as a civil liberty which all tribesmen share. In any season of scarcity, for example, it does not matter who brings in the game or who owns the grain or the herds: the meals are served to all in common, share and share alike, or else through the etiquette of hospitality all those whose supplies are low are guests of those who are well-provided. There will be 'turn about' someday.

In some tribes, eating from each other's pots becomes a symbol whose value has nothing to do with utility; it becomes obsessive. When the pots boil in the evening before each house, women dish up the food and carry it hither and yon to other houses, receiving in turn the stew from all their neighbors. Each family gathers at last around a pot which contains the cooking of a couple of dozen housewives. There is no measuring of *quid pro quo*; they have elaborated the common and inalienable right to an evening meal till it means to them that all villagers should eat the contents of all pots.

Another civil liberty that is common among native tribes is one which is guaranteed the young when they become physically able to earn their own livelihood. Such tribes regard it as a tribal good that all boys and girls, as soon as they have sufficient strength to do the work of adults, should be provided with tools and fields and herds so that they can contribute to the community food supply. This would often be impossible

if they were dependent solely on their parents, and different primitive societies have different ways of solving this Youth Problem.

Many South American Indian villages which depended on their corn fields for their food had annual reallootments of fields so that each able-bodied man might be responsible for tending the acreage he could actually cultivate. Some tribes in other parts of the world pay youngsters with disproportionate gifts during their apprentice period, so that anyone who is not congenitally lazy can count on having an adult's equipment by the time he is ready to take on a man's responsibility.

In other tribes skills are far more important than the tools of production, and especially in hunting tribes the stress is all upon building up the boy's ability and self-confidence in the exercise of daring feats in tracking the bear or bringing down the buffalo. The child's ability is carefully reckoned against his past achievement, not against some arbitrary or adult standard; he is shown how to hunt by a much older brother or by an uncle, and he is encouraged by village-wide praise when he has taken the initiative and brought in even a tiny rodent. With each larger animal he bags he is again acclaimed. It would be foolish, they think, not to build up a child's self-confidence.

One of the most important of civil liberties in such tribes is the opportunity to enter any profession according to a man's individual ability. When status is thus open and can be freely achieved, any man can weigh the responsibility of important status against its prerogatives and limit his ambitions accordingly. He often accepts gladly the rôle of follower even though chieftainship has its obvious glamour. A great deal is required of the chief, and many men are willing enough to play a lesser part. A great deal is required of the rich man and the shaman and the priest, of the war leader and the owner of many medicine bun-

dles. Many men choose not to undertake the rigorousness of the training or the responsibilities of the position.

V

When, however, a privileged group can act arbitrarily and without responsibility and still retain its privileges, men's individual goals are threatened. This is not because one group has great prerogatives, for Eagle in the Skies had his great prerogatives too. It is because, as among the Chukchee, these are split off from responsibility and respect for those upon whose labor the advantages depend; it is because under that particular social order men can keep personal advantages without returning equivalents. Then freedom is threatened.

Freedom in all societies therefore must have this ingredient of the exchange of equivalents. Privilege must mean more equivalents returned rather than less. If the king has emoluments, he must be able to use them only so that his people feel he acts for them. If a medicine man has supernatural power, he must not be able to use it to kill others by lingering death, but his prayers must provide rain for the fields, and increase and long life for the people. If the rich are privileged, their possessions must not disallow the subsistence of others or preëempt natural resources. Otherwise men do not feel confident about their personal goals. They know they are not free of hindrance, and they act with all the furtiveness and the aggression that goes along with serious frustration. They are not free men — not even the privileged. For in societies where advantages can be achieved only at the expense of others, the great and powerful are, if possible, even more vulnerable than the weak. They can never reach a security that cannot be cut at its roots, and 'the tallest oak has the greatest fall.'

Societies which make privilege inseparable from trusteeship have been able to perpetuate and extend civil liberties.

They have been able to unite the whole society into a kind of joint-stock company where any denial of rights is a threat to each and every member. It is the basis upon which strong and zestful societies are built and the basis for the individual's sense of inner freedom.

This analysis of freedom does not sound so alien in Western civilization in times of war as it does in times of peace. War is the one situation in our society when we rally for mutual advantage and call on every man to show group loyalty. It is ironic that nations which exalt personal profit as the one way in which to keep the wheels of industry moving should in wartime eradicate or conceal the profit motive and trust again in group loyalty. In this major emergency we turn away from the competitive motive. In spite of all the declarations of learned writers that working for profit is the only incentive upon which society can depend, in war we know it is too weak and too expensive. We invoke again coöperation for the common good and the defense of our country. And it is a commonplace that men like war. For peace, in our society, with the feeling we have then that it is feeble-minded to strive except for one's own private profit, is a lonely thing and a hazardous business. Over and over men have proved that they prefer the hazards of war with all its suffering. It has its compensations.

The moral is not that war is therefore an inevitable human need, but that our social order starves men in peacetime for gratifications they get only in time of war. Many Indians of the great Mississippi plains, on the other hand, set up war and peace in reverse. Their peacetime dealings with their fellow tribesmen were arranged in joint-stock-company fashion with pooled profits and limited liability. Their primitive guerrilla warfare, however, was a field in which private advantage could be safely sought at the expense of an enemy they did not even count as 'human.' The Dakota Indians were brave and inveterate follow-

ers of the warpath. They were feared by all neighboring tribes. But the state had no stake in their exploits; no armies were sent out for political objectives, and the idea of establishing their sovereignty over another tribe had not occurred to them. Young men on the warpath accumulated long lists of standardized exploits — for getting away with an enemy's horse picketed in his camp circle, for touching a fallen enemy who was still alive, for taking a scalp, for bringing a slain or wounded tribesman from the enemy's lines, for having a horse shot under one. These coups, as the voyageurs called them, they totaled up and used for vying with their fellows. The warpath and all that went with it was competitive. A man joined a war party for no reasons of patriotism, but because he wanted to make his mark. When the party got to enemy country, each man put on his finest regalia and the feather headdress, each feather of which was insignia of a coup he had previously taken. When the party returned to its home camp, those who had coups to their credit were extravagantly acclaimed by all those families who could in any way claim relationship to the heroes. To their dying day warriors boasted competitively of their accumulated coups. A hundred or more counting sticks were kept in the council house, and men 'won' who had the right to take up the greatest number of sticks and tell their exploits.

Life within the Dakota tribe, on the other hand, and all dealings within the community, rested solidly on mutual advantage and group loyalty. The large family connections, the band, even the whole tribe, was a coöperating group where mutual support brought every man honor. The worst thing that could be said of a Dakota was: 'He thinks more of what he owns than he does of people.' They took it literally and in great giveaways they showed how much they 'cared for people'; obviously, too, giving lavishly raised the giver's own standing in the tribe. *Noblesse oblige*

PRIMITIVE FREEDOM

they took literally too. A person who had risen high and who had a strong and prosperous family must be by that token the most generous and the most willing to give all kinds of assistance. It was an essential part of his honorable status. The Dakota had tied group loyalty inextricably to times of peace.

The war against the Axis in 1942 is not Dakota guerrilla warfare which each man can fight out by himself to gain his own personal coup. It is a war between two ideologies about the way to set up human societies. Nazi theory and practice have abjured the strategy of freedom and oppose to it submission to a leader and individual sacrifice to a New Order in which lesser breeds are to be slaves and servitors to the fittest and dominant conquerors. The democracies, with all their shortcomings, base their philosophy upon freedoms which *can* be made common and provide political frameworks which can be used to extend them. Axis oratory uses the word 'freedom,' but Axis 'freedoms' are those which *cannot* be made common, because they imply an underdog. They are the 'freedoms' to expropriate from a subject people, to use naked force against the helpless, to drag dissenters from their homes and kill them out of hand. The Axis has made these measures the tools of state administra-

tion, and these measures cut civil liberties at their roots. The nation which rules others by terror must extend its reign of terror. It must continue to follow the path it has chosen.

There is solid reason therefore, in the history of human societies, for the opposition of the democracies to the spread of the Nazi state and of Nazi ideology. But this solid reason is grounded on the social utility of civil liberties, the liberties which can be made common property. Civil liberties in all human societies have always paid their way; they have given advantages to all citizens and all tribesmen. Special privileges, arbitrary power, on the other hand, are boomerangs which return to strike those who wield them, and they bring conflict and often terror into the whole society. Therefore we in America are willing to pay enormous prices lest liberty be lost on our continent. The only argument is how best to keep ourselves strong and uncontaminated. For this great end we must be clear in our minds that the way to keep ourselves from the taint of our enemies is through the defense of civil liberties. We must be sure that we do not curtail them in the fields already allowed, and we must extend them to other fields not now recognized. For Liberty is the one thing no man can have unless he grants it to others.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

BY ELIZABETH DREW

I

SHE had parts, and had seen much.' So wrote Horace Walpole as epitaph on the woman he had always disliked and maligned — the woman he refers to elsewhere as 'that old, foul, tawdry, painted, plastered personage'; the woman, nevertheless, whom he never missed a chance of meeting, and about whose personality he kept an inextinguishable curiosity to the end. And it is no wonder that the most inquisitive mind of the eighteenth century interested itself in that figure, for it is surely the figure of the most remarkable Englishwoman of that age — full of vitality, wit, and keenness of intelligence, rivaling Charles II in her capacity for never saying a foolish thing and never doing a wise one.

The motherless daughters of the Earl of Kingston spent their childhood more or less bringing themselves up in their father's house in Nottinghamshire. The eldest, Lady Mary Pierrepont, born in 1689, had unusual tastes. She taught herself Latin, French, and Italian, and spent most of her time in the library, devouring everything from sentimental romances to the classical poets. Thirty miles away, at Wharnccliffe Lodge, lived the Honorable Sidney Montagu (second son of that Earl of Sandwich who is familiar to all readers of Pepys), who had taken the name of Wortley on inheriting his wife's money. His daughter Anne was one of Lady Mary's girl friends, and his son Edward was to be her husband.

Edward was a serious-minded young man, and he was a member of the best literary 'set.' He had traveled abroad with Addison, and Steele had dedicated the second volume of the *Tatler* to him. Altogether it was very natural that at the age of thirty-one he should find himself falling in love with a girl of twenty who could appeal not only by her beauty, but also by a mind interested in literature, and who could flatter him by obviously mistaking his very mediocre talents for genius. It was very natural that the girl of twenty, to whom reading was the most important thing in life, should fall in love with this older man, who treated her on terms of intellectual equality and at the same time fell a victim to her purely feminine charm. But the sequel was not natural. That the relationship ever reached marriage, or that either of them can have expected it to prove a happy marriage, seems astonishing to any reader of their courtship correspondence.

Mr. Wortley asked for her hand in 1710, but he and Lord Kingston could not agree on the terms of the settlement, and the match was broken off. Presumably it was the forbidden fruit of their relationship which made it sweet, for otherwise it is impossible to understand its continuance. Mr. Wortley had a very unattractive nature, combining the priggishness of Addison, Mr. Casaubon, and Sir Willoughby Patterne all

rolled into one. As Lady Mary very justly remarks, he is always full of 'scruples, suspicion, cross-questions and ill-nature.' He accuses her of coldness, while he himself retreats instantly if she shows the slightest warmth; he makes her behave indiscreetly by meeting him in secret, and then blames her for her indiscretion. If she laughs at his suspicions it shows she does not care for him; while if she flames into indignation he replies maddeningly: 'Your resenting what I said, is an argument of its being pretty near the truth.'

Eternal farewells are always being sent on both sides, but at the end of two years there has still been no final breach, and Mr. Wortley, albeit in a very grudging and chilling way, then suggests an elopement. He will provide the coach, he says, and adds: 'If we should once get into the coach, let us not say one word before we come before the parson, lest we should engage in fresh disputes.' However, she is evidently convinced by his taking her 'with only a nightgown and petticoat' that his feeling is sincere, whatever he may say, and at the very end he lowers his defenses and speaks in a way to warm any woman's heart: 'I can now no longer forbear laying my heart quite open and telling you the joy I am in for being so near the greatest happiness I am capable of enjoying.'

But, once married, it starts all over again. For two years we find poor Lady Mary either quartered on her husband's relations or hunting for furnished houses cheap enough to please him, while he goes off on long visits to London. Even the birth of their little boy does not seem to interest him, and after pulling out the stops of wifely solicitude, maternal tenderness, and personal misery, at last she becomes exasperated, suffers her inclination to get the better of her reason, as she says, and sits down to write plainly. 'I know very well that no one was ever teized into a liking . . . but I cannot forbear any longer telling you, I think you use me very unkindly,' and she

goes on to attack him roundly for his absence and the 'nothingness' of his letters, his indifference to his child, and his callous unconcern for her own ill-health.

The letter seems to have had some effect, and Lady Mary got the house in London which she wanted. But a year later came the opportunity for what was much dearer to her than fashionable town life — foreign travel. Mr. Wortley was appointed ambassador to Constantinople, and those letters of hers were written which are the only important result of her husband's quite colorless and apparently quite incompetently handled embassy.

All too often travel, instead of broadening the mind, merely lengthens the conversation, but Lady Mary's observation is acute and picturesque, her humor lively, and her relish for writing wholehearted. She has an insatiable appetite not only for seeing new places, but for profiting by new experiences and knowledge. England owed the Turkish practice of inoculation against smallpox to her, and if she could have had her way the London streets would have been as neat and clean as those of Rotterdam, its houses would have been warmed by German stoves, and its theatre refined by French ideals of acting. She copies Latin inscriptions and Oriental love poems for her friend Mr. Pope, discusses the merits and demerits of Eastern and Western civilization with educated Turks, collects Greek coins, and 'bespeaks' a mummy. She is enthusiastic about the beauty of a scene in a Turkish bath, though (characteristically, I fear) to take a bath herself is one of the few experiences she refuses to face.

I excused myself with some difficulty. They being all so earnest in persuading me, I was at last forced to open my shirt and show them my stays; which satisfied them very well, for, I saw, they believed I was so locked up in that machine, that it was not in my power to open it; which contrivance they attributed to my husband.

II

Mr. Wortley was recalled from his post as ambassador six months after his arrival, and he and his wife and their two children had to return home. Lady Mary dreaded the return to England, and, in a mood of disillusionment, feared that her travels would only have the effect of making her thoroughly discontented with her own country, and thoroughly critical of its limitations. But it was not natural with her for moods of disillusionment to last long. Very soon she was back again in the thick of social and literary life, in the fastest and most fashionable circles in town, and writing all about it to her sister Lady Mar, the wife of an exiled Jacobite living in Paris.

Gossip is the greatest excitement of the sophisticated community, just as war is the greatest excitement of the barbarous community, and Lady Mary is the perfect gossip. Mr. Wortley's early doubts of her discretion were only too well founded. She is a born tattler, and she knows everyone. She ladles out scandal with the most generous pen and has the longest and sharpest nose imaginable for 'news.' All the reputable and disreputable births, deaths, marriages, miscarriages, and intrigues are served up piping hot.

We hear that it has been suggested that a bill should be presented to Parliament, 'to have *not* taken out of the commandments and clapped into the creed,' and that 'gallantry has reached such a pitch that the appellation of rake is as genteel in a woman as a man of quality.' We are told all about what relations 'border on the tender'; who is kept by whom, and how much she gets; who is going to have a child, and whose child it is; which ladies quarrel 'in very Billingsgate' and which 'hate with civility.' All the 'he and she fools' and all the he and she rakes in London have their portraits painted. We see old Lady Portland at the coronation of George II, 'representing very finely an Egyptian

mummy embroidered over with hieroglyphics'; we hear of the doings at Bath, where Lady Lechmere has lost fabulous sums at cards, and has tried to poison herself in consequence; and that the Countess of Bristol flaunts two lovers, which is, says Lady Mary, a great compliment to her lord, 'since it is plain that when she will be false to him, she is forced to take two men in his stead.'

It was very natural that anyone who was so ruthless with the reputations of others should have equally pitiless attacks made on her own. We pick up many hints of her own tarnishing name. There is a series of cloudy amateur dabbings in finance, by which she lost not only her own money, but that of acquaintances, who were not disposed to be charitable about it. We see her as Sappho in Pope's *Satires*, besmirched as a cheat, a slattern, a skinflint, and a whore. Her son, always in some scrape or other, made a disreputable marriage and disappeared; her daughter undutifully eloped with Lord Bute. Finally her husband, goaded by her notoriety, appears to have insisted on her leaving the country and never returning during his lifetime.

Anyhow, she left England in 1738, when she was forty-nine, and spent the next twenty-three years in exile. Her letters to her husband always emphasize how well she is received everywhere, but it is to be feared, as Mr. Wortley was probably well aware, that Lady Mary was not always very sensitive to the impression she was really making. 'I was very well acquainted with Mr. Walpole in Florence,' she writes, 'and indeed he was particularly civil to me.' This is Horace Walpole's own account:—

Did I tell you Lady Mary Wortley is here? She is laughed at by the whole town. Her dress, her avarice and her impudence must amaze anyone that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob, that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang loose, never combed or curled: an old mazzarine blue wrapper, that gapes open, and discovers a

canvas petticoat. Her face swelled violently on one side . . . partly covered with plaster, and partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought so coarse, that you would not use it to wash a chimney.

He continues with an account of her looseness of manners and morals, and her habit of cheating at cards.

But after eight years of wandering about France and Italy she at last found an ideal spot in which 'to while away an idle life in great tranquillity,' in Gottomengo, near Brescia. There she lived in an old palace, with a garden and a 'dairy house,' where she could pass the most delicious of secluded lives. The garden was on the banks of a river and was adjoined by a wood, carpeted in successive seasons by violets and strawberries, and in which she built bowers of wild vines. One, near the river bank, served as a camp kitchen, where she could eat fish, freshly caught and broiled, and watch the ships go up and down the river. She spent her time actively engaged in her garden and dairy, or tending her poultry and silkworms; she taught the country people around to make English butter and French bread, and custards, minced pies, and plum pudding; and, as her eyes only allowed of her reading a few hours a day, she spent the evenings playing whist and piquet with the old priests from the village.

Her descriptions of these doings are written to her daughter, Lady Bute. What blotted out the misunderstanding which had kept them apart since the runaway marriage ten years before we do not know, but no memory of the quarrel ever appears during the last fifteen years of Lady Mary's life. There seems to be an unclouded intimacy between mother and daughter, which sweetens and softens the later letters. It was natural that this relationship, and her retirement in such exquisite surroundings, should bring a quietness and mellowness of spirit which she has not known before.

There is quiet after the abandoning of pursuits something like the rest that follows a laborious day. . . . It was formerly a terrifying view to me that I should one day be an old woman. I now find that nature has provided pleasures for every state. Those only are unhappy who will not be contented with what she gives, and strive to break her laws by affecting a perpetuity of youth.

As for herself, since she finds ugliness and wrinkles 'mortifying,' she adopts the very logical solace of never using a mirror, and when she is sixty-eight declares that she hasn't looked at her face for eleven years. She never has 'the vapours,' does not suffer from the delusion that the world was better in her youth than it is in her old age, has a good appetite, sound sleep, perfect hearing, and a clear memory; and, on finding a box of books arrived when she comes in from a twenty-mile ride at ten o'clock in the evening, she opens it, and sits up all night reading Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*.

It is little wonder that her philosophy should be that ripe and vigorous rationalism which sees the art of living in making the most of the present, in not regretting the past, and in not fearing the future. A true daughter of the eighteenth century, she sees the greatest need of the world to be the growth of reason, that quality of mature sanity whose lack creates all the human weaknesses she particularly deplures. These we find to be what she calls 'the quackery of Churches'; 'the palpable folly of warfare, fully as senseless as the boxing of schoolboys'; political hypocrisy; the credulous use of 'universal medicines'; and the foolishness of parents, who generally look upon their children first as playthings, then educate them as they build their houses, according to some plan they think beautiful without considering the purpose for which it is designed, and then tyrannize over their future. She can even find comfort in her separation from her daughter, as they would be sure to disagree about the upbringing of the children, and 'the af-

fection of a grandmother has generally a tincture of dotage.'

There is little sign of dotage, however, in the advice she gives Lady Bute over and over again — to try to bring up her children free from prejudice, and to encourage in them a love of reading. 'There is no entertainment so cheap, nor any pleasure so lasting'; and she declares that if relays of eyes could be hired like relays of post horses, she would never herself admit any but silent companions.

III

Lady Mary's criticism of the books of her day are perhaps the best-known things in her letters. From her early youth her passion for active adventure had been balanced by an equally passionate love of reading. But as she grows older she loses her palate for serious literature and is not ashamed to confess it: 'I thank God my taste still continues for the gay part of reading. Wiser people may think it trifling, but it serves to sweeten life to me, and is at worst better than the generality of conversation.'

In the drawing room at Sandon Hall, in Staffordshire (the home of Lady Bute's great-great-grandson), there still stands a bookcase full of the volumes Lady Mary accumulated during the last years of her life. They are a motley and disreputable crew, proving beyond question that the low tastes of the mid-eighteenth-century reading public were much the same as the low tastes of the mid-twentieth-century reading public. Scandalous memoirs, semi-fictitious autobiographies, and sentimental novels crowd the shelves. Lady Mary's appetite for them was prodigious, and she had them sent out by the boxful from England. Lady Bute, who was fond of the pleasures of disapproval, evidently remonstrated with her mother, but Lady Mary's defense is spirited.

Daughter! daughter! don't call names; you are always abusing my pleasures, which is

what no mortal will bear. Trash, lumber, sad stuff, are the titles you give to my favorite amusement. . . . I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people than the Duchess of Marlborough's, who passed the latter years of her life in paddling with her will, and contriving schemes of plaguing some, and extracting praise from others, to no purpose; eternally disappointed and eternally fretting. The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my taste for reading. If I would confine it to valuable books, they are almost as rare as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavour to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is, perhaps, at this very moment riding on a piker with great delight, not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arab horse, which he would not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it, and am very glad it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion. He fortifies his health by exercise; I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people; but if he improves his strength, and I forget my infirmities, we attain very desirable ends.

Lady Mary gives up discussing her reading matter after this, but her tastes did not change, and when she finally returned to England she brought her collection of frivolous reading with her.

That was in 1761. In that year Mr. Wortley died, and Lady Mary at once made plans for her return. Her health was now bad. With her usual capacity for a telling image, she says that caring for it has become 'like mending old lace — when it is patched in one place, it breaks in another.' But with her usual spirit she set out, at the age of seventy-two, on the toilsome journey. Her reputation was still very much alive in London, and everybody flocked to visit her. Horace Walpole was one of the first, of course, and tells his usual tale of her absorption in the question of money, the squalor in which she lived, and the dirtiness and untidiness of her person. He probably echoes the general opinion

when he declares that he pities Lady Bute, but the idea that she would certainly interfere in both the public and private affairs of her daughter and son-in-law apparently proved mistaken. She may have taken a bribe or two to introduce place-hunters to Lord Bute, but Horace Walpole confesses a couple of months later 'she is much more discreet than I expected, and meddles with nothing — but she is wofully tedious in her narrations.'

No doubt she was — but what a host of memories her return to London must have stirred up in her old heart. Perhaps a dim recollection of the ecstasy when, at eight years old, her father had presented her as a toast to the famous Kitecat Club; memories of her girlhood when she had been all agog to read Mrs. Manley's *New Atalantis*, and had been so enthusiastic over Miss Astell's idea for a woman's college; of seeing Betterton and Booth, Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mrs. Oldfield, act at Drury Lane or Lincoln's Inn Fields, and heard the Italian tenor Nicolini (the eighteenth-century Valentino) sing at the new theatre in the Haymarket; of the days when her heart beat faster every time she saw Edward Wortley, and her one aim in life had been to charm and capture him; and then of her fears for the health of that baby boy, who had seemed so 'pritty' and so intelligent, and who had turned out 'that knavish fool,' so that she could only lament 'the misfortune of being mother to such an animal'; of her full-blossomed womanhood when the poets had sung of 'Wortley's eyes,' and Richardson and Kneller had painted her in all her grace and beauty, and that miniature had been done of her in her dashing Turkish costume; of the time before her quarrel with Pope, when he had written that she had spoiled him for the company of men, women, and books; of her struggle with the medical profession over inoculation for smallpox; of dead lovers . . . of dead friends . . . of dead enemies. . . .

No doubt she was tedious in her narrations. No doubt she boasted of her travels and her acquaintance, and declared openly that her letters would be more interesting to future generations than those of Madame de Sévigné. No doubt she bored her grandchildren by telling them that they would find in the world 'but two sorts of people and those very like one another: men and women, who always have been and ever will be, the same'; that we all give ourselves admirable advice, but are incapable of taking it, and had better accept wryly that 'we are little better than straws upon the water; we flatter ourselves we swim, when the current carries us along'; that meanwhile the world goes round, and at one time brag is the 'genteel amusement,' and then basset and hazard and commerce and quadrille and whist, and so back to brag again; that Locker's Universal Pill gives way to Ward's Drop, and Ward's Drop to Tar Water, as the panacea for all ills; that through it all human nature scrambles unceasingly after happiness, and its endeavors are

as childish as running after sparrows to lay salt on their tails . . . the poor efforts of our utmost prudence appearing, I fancy, in the eyes of some superior being, like the pecking of a young linnet to break a wire cage, or the climbing of a squirrel in a hoop: the moral needs no explanation: let us sing as cheerfully as we can in our impenetrable confinement, and crack our nuts with pleasure from the little store that is allowed us.

As long as she could, she hid from everyone that she was dying of cancer of the breast. Her last letter is dated July 2, and she died in August 1762. She left a diary of seventeen manuscript volumes which she had kept since her marriage. Lady Bute considered it too inaccurate, indecent, and indiscreet to be in existence, and destroyed it just before her own death in 1794. Its loss is, perhaps, the most tantalizing of all deprivations to lovers of the literature of gossip.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PASSING THE TIME OF DAY

'I DUNNO what t' make a me,' stated Mr. Atkins contentedly and leaned against the counter of his soft-drink stand. 'Jest said t' m'self this minnit, bet someone's goin' t' come in here afore ten cars gwup thet road. Ain't thet a supprisin' thing?' he declared admiringly. 'Happens t' me all the time.'

'Is that so?' I said. 'Well, I came in for a coca-cola. It's a warm day today.'

'Yup, time an' again I perdict t' m'self,' continued Mr. Atkins blandly, 'an half the time it's so. It don't even supprise me any more. Thet other day, fer instance, when I dropped up t' Buckfield. Don't know yet what possessed me t' go there. No reason I kin think of — jest felt like it I guess.'

Mr. Atkins pulled an empty crate over to him and sat down on it. 'Where wuz I?' he inquired. 'Oh yup. Well, right as I got into Buckfield I see a crowd standin' afore a piece a poperty a mine, an' all of 'em steppin' on my grass. Turned out twuz a auction an' it wuz my-un what they wuz auctionin' off. So I sez: "Hold on a minnit!" t' thet auctioneer. "What y' sellin' thet poperty for? I got a ten-year lease on it."

"Y' hev?" he sez.

"Yes," I sez. "Hed it I dunno how long, an' what's more I got papers t' prove it." Everbody turned an' rubbered but I didn't care 'bout thet.

"Y' hev?" he sez again, an' I sez "Yes" again — an' what's more I hed.

"Well say," sez thet auctioneer, backin' water, "thet's a real good thing t' know!"

'But Mr. Atkins,' I asked, 'how did he come to be selling your land?'

'Thet's what I say!' declared Mr. Atkins emphatically. 'Why, you think same as me.' He got up from the packing case and rambled out to the edge of the road. 'Ever ben t' Buckfield? There it lays up thetaways, nestled in them hills.'

I went over and stood beside him in the shade of his maple. 'I like your part of the country,' I said.

Mr. Atkins plucked a clover and ate it thoughtfully. 'Yup,' he agreed, 'this time a

year it's appealin', but winters you kin hev it!' A heavy truck pounded past us and Mr. Atkins raised his voice to accommodate the noise. 'Thet's the first car gone by sence I ain't give ya yer coca-cola,' he shouted, and slapped the dust off his vest. 'Yup, I ain't a Eskimo, so winters I live t' Portlan'. Why, one time I come up here when it wuz forty-seven below. I went in there t' Fred Foster's house facin' us an' I sat right up t' his stove, but it didn't even warm up the frizz on my overcoat, let alone thaw me out. An' after I'd near perished arrivin', it turned out I needn't a come a tall.'

'Why, how was that?' I asked.

'Jest a jiffy,' requested Mr. Atkins and took off his cap recommending Moxie and snapped an ant off of it. 'Where wuz I? Oh yes, about Fred over there. Y' see, Fred hed a stump in his yard troublin' him, so I sez not t' fret. "Leave it t' me," I sez. "I'll git it out fer ya. I'll come over an' blay-ast it out!"

"How y' goin' t' do thet?" he sez.

"With my dynamite," I sez. "It jest so happens I don't want it no more," an' Fred wuz agreeble t' thet. So I did blay-ast it out clean's a whistle, some pieces sailin' off as fer as the pasture, an' he didn't hev no more stump."

Mr. Atkins looked over to the spot where all had gone so well. 'So then Fred wuz glad an' thanked me fer it, but time come, after I hed closed up here an' gone t' Portlan', when he sees me t' Portlan' and he sez: "Y' know," he sez, "when you wuz over t' my house blay-astin' my stump — remember?"

"Yes," I sez, thinkin'.

"Well," he sez, "y' know what y' went an' done, don't ya?"

"Yes," I sez, "I went an' blay-asted yer stump."

"Thet ain't all yer went an' done," he sez firin' up. "You jest went an' cracked my house's whole see-ment foundation."

"I did?" I sez.

"You took yer dynamite," he sez, "an' you went an' busted my cellar."

Mr. Atkins stopped and shook his head in wonderment that such things could happen. 'I dunno why I didn't git mad,' he confessed,

'but I didn't. I jest stayed pleasant. I sez t' him, "Lemme ask y' somethin', Fred. Why is it y' come t' me now with this when y' never thought t' mention it then?"

"I never knew y' done it," he sez, "till the leaves went an' dropped off my woodbine." He meant his woodbine he'd trained round his celler.

"Well," I sez t' him, still not cross, "it jest so happens I didn't neither bust yer celler, but all the same, sence you think I did, I'll go an' take a look at it." So thet's how I come t' make thet trip when I couldn't git warm at his stove. A course the minnit I see the crack I knew right off what twuz. "Fred," I sez, "y' know what done thet, don't ya?"

"No," he sez, "not if tweren't you, I don't."

"Fred, thet ain't no one's handiwork," I sez t' him; "not yours, nor mine, nor no one's."

"I know it ain't mine nor no one's," he sez t' me, "but why ain't it yours?"

"Becuz," I sez, "fer the very simple reason it wuz thet earthquake cracked thet."

A look of disappointment crossed Mr. Atkins's face. 'An' y' know what thet Fred said t' me? He said t' me: "What earthquake?"

'Well, I jest looked at him. "What earthquake *would* it be, Fred?" I ask him. "Why, the earthquake we hed lay-ast spring!"

'Oh,' I said, 'you had an earthquake here? I hadn't heard about that.'

'Yes, y' hev too,' Mr. Atkins insisted. 'Baltimore wuz the location the papers give, but a course jest Baltimore wuzn't all it shook up.'

'Oh yes,' I agreed, 'I did hear about the one in Baltimore.'

'Everybody heard about it,' declared Mr. Atkins expansively. 'Everybody but thet Fred! An' even after I went an' took the trouble t' tell him about it, even then he didn't remember it good.'

'How did it all end?' I asked.

Mr. Atkins put his arm around his maple and thought: 'Oh, I dunno,' he said after a moment. 'Ackually it ain't very interestin'.'

'Mr. Atkins,' I said, 'I think, if you don't mind, I'd like to have that coca-cola now.'

'Hev it,' he said. 'It's what y' come fer, ain't it? I dunno what they'll think up next summer, but see if it ain't a corker!' He left the roadside and went behind his counter.

'What's the matter with sittin' down?' he inquired.

'I will. I'm just getting out a nickel to drop in the juke box. Have you got any special favorite?'

'Yup. The New York World's Fair Number Six is my-un. There's nothin' to it a course but jest music, an' still it's real good.'

'All right, I'll play it,' I said.

'Well, don't start till I git yer drink,' he requested, 'an' then I kin sit down an' lissen.'

He raised the lid of the icebox and fumbled around for the coca-cola. 'Let's see what this sez,' and he brought out a bottle and studied the label. 'MOXIE — well thet ain't it. Kin y' tell one from the other when yer drinkin' it?' he inquired. 'One makes *me* jest as limp 's another. Whyn't y' try this? If I reach fer the coca-cola it's goin' t' raise hell with them other bottles.'

'Yes, that'll do,' I said.

Mr. Atkins opened it and set it before me. 'Once it's down past yer gullet it ain't got no more trademark, it's all jest nobody's business.'

'Is it all right to drop my nickel in now?' I asked.

'Drop her in,' he directed, making himself comfortable on the crate once more. 'I'm supprised you sayin' it wuz warm today. I didn't hev no feelin' twuz goin' t' be.'

RUTH GORDON

WRITE IT DOWN!

WHEN I clean out my desk drawers I come across a lot of old lists. It takes me twice as long to straighten drawers as it does most persons, for I have to stop and read these lists and wonder what I meant by certain notes — and to consider if I've done the things I should have done.

My husband knows that I make notes on everything and he's always giving me little notebooks he's gotten as advertisements. I never turn one down — which always amuses him considerably. He doesn't see how it's possible to use all the pads I collect. I *have* cut down on my notations since the time he caught me writing down the number of kilowatt hours from our electric bill. I can't think why I did that. Possibly I had some idea of comparing the figures month by month. I tried to explain that the book wasn't for kilowatt hours alone, but for all household bills. I gave the whole thing up.

Here is a list I found that requires a little study. I wouldn't dare destroy any notes without checking. The first item is *Old Farmers' Almanac*. H-m-m, let's see. Oh, yes, I meant to order a copy. I never did. Skipper Willis told me I should by all means. Skipper Willis lives in Huntsville, Alabama, and he calls himself one of the Agrarians. That must have been about the time I was ready to go over to the Agrarians. Skipper struck me all of a heap when he said he wouldn't go so far as to say we ought to plough up all the paved highways. But he *would* say the Southern man had been affected by Yankee commercialism. I thought the Skipper was all mind, like Mrs. Leo Hunter, and when he told me to get the *Old Farmers' Almanac* I couldn't wait to make a note of it. And I'm still carrying it forward, like an old bill.

Spots on floor. That's nothing new. That item spends its time on my lists. My husband harps on spots on the floor. He says: 'I was just waiting to see if you'd notice that spot. It's been on the living-room floor for two weeks and you haven't done anything about it. You never notice anything.' The way he says 'that spot' makes it sound like nothing less than the blood of Banquo. And it's hardly fair to say I don't notice them. I get blue sometimes wondering how they got there. I always intend to remove them immediately, but something more interesting comes up. Then he tells me and I write it down on one of my pads.

Pay Nat 30¢. Did I? I can't remember. Better make a note to ask her. I've a horror of dying suddenly and leaving debts — or borrowed books. Whenever I take a trip I pin a note on the bed lamp in my room, like: '*Meaning of Culture* belongs to Art Bemis. Leacock's *Life of Dickens* to Sophie Hard. Poe's *Essay on Composition* to Mrs. Week.' I never did read *The Meaning of Culture*. I wonder if it's worth while to make a memo to borrow it again?

A's socks. Have I hidden some away that needed darning? No, it couldn't be that. I'm as punctual as a clock about mending, if nothing else. Must refer to those Resilko socks that didn't fit. That's right. I'm safe, then. I ought to remember, for I had a terrible time catching the Resilko man. Had to make three trips to his office and finally left a note in his door telling him to call. Nice boy. Hope he gets ahead in the world and doesn't need to rely on lists.

Market list. Bacon, prunes, liver, spinach — that's the story of my life. I'm going to stop trying to buy things that are good for people. Isn't that the height of romance? Bacon, prunes, liver, spinach! Why not oranges, mangoes, papayas, guavas? Smoked turkey, Smithfield ham, golden pheasant. Caviar, hollandaise, sailfish. Custard apples, white lilies, air plants, ferns, alligators. H-m-m, the Loxahatchie. Better make a note to ask Gertrude if we can have her Florida place again.

Tapestry piece. Was I going to make one? Surely my folly doesn't extend that far. Not after it took me two years to do the needle-point for a very small footstool. Was it something I was to buy for that old chair? No, I decided on a slip-cover. Something to hang over the hole in the living-room wall? Maybe it'll come to me. I'll think of it tonight when I'm trying to go to sleep — if I remember to think at all instead of reading myself into unconsciousness.

Don't forget ex. Ex? Well, that's got me. If my husband didn't read my notes and get such a big laugh out of them I could spell words out and not resort to these cabalistic signs. *Excalibur, ex cathedra, excerpt, excursion.* Excursion? Where? No one in his right mind would ever use a word like *excursion*. Excuse? No, I just say I can't go and that's all. Maybe the dictionary'll help. *Execute, exemplary, exercise.* That's it. Exercises. You lie on the floor and raise yourself up slowly without pushing. I was going to do that twenty times a day after I found Betty did and took two inches off her waistline. Better write that down again. I'll say *Twenty times daily* and then I'll know what I mean.

H-do. See picture. All I can think of is howdy-do, which doesn't make a great deal of sense. What picture? Well, it doesn't matter. I should like to know what picture I wanted to see, though. But what connection could a picture have with this mysterious *h-do*? I might work it out if it were just *See picture*. A memory course is what I need. A person ought to rely more on his brain and less on notes. I could write it down on a new list. But I shan't be any smarter a week from now. I'll have to give it up. I'm due at the beauty parlor right now. Wonder if I might let May try my hair a new way? I'm sick and tired of the same old hair-do!

HARRIET CULP



A SHORT NOVEL



Men Without a Country

By CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL



In December 1863, the Atlantic published 'The Man Without a Country' by Edward Everett Hale. We now follow that classic with one born of our own time, a short novel complete in this issue.

MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

A Tale of 1940

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF AND JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

GLANCING down from his second-floor window in the London offices of the *New York Times*, Manning saw the car he was expecting draw up at the curb. It was an eight horsepower Fiat in military service, with an enlisted man at the wheel and a lieutenant in the uniform of the Royal Air Force beside him. They were prompt to the moment; it was exactly a quarter to six. Manning took up his bag and hurried down to the street. Having introduced himself to the lieutenant, he produced his papers, which the latter glanced over hastily.

'Right, sir. You don't mind my sitting in front? I'll have to show the papers all the way down.' He nodded to the driver, the car drew away from the curb and joined the thin stream of traffic typical of this wartime London. The lieutenant turned in his seat.

'You were to have gone with a staff captain, but it seems they had no one to spare at the moment. I happen to be rejoining my squadron not far from your own destination; so they asked me to take you down.'

Manning was about to ask, 'And what is my destination?' but he thought better of it. He would soon know — in an hour, perhaps, or two hours, three hours; there was no estimating in advance the length of motorcar journeys in these days, with England a fortress from Land's End to John o' Groat's. Now that they had crossed the river, their direction was steadily south. They were bound, evidently, to some place on or near the Channel coast.

Manning felt grateful for his present assignment. Since the collapse of France, Americans at home had been told little of those Frenchmen who had refused to accept defeat. Only some scattered units and fragments of units of the French armies had managed to reach British soil, and they had since

been branded as traitors by the Vichy Government. With the prestige of the *New York Times* behind him, Manning's chief had been able to persuade the authorities that it would be to England's advantage to let Americans know something of what had happened to these exiles. Now permission had come, via the G.O.C. Royal Air Force, for a visit to an unspecified aerodrome. So there were, evidently, French airmen in service once more. Where? How many? Would they be flying their own planes, in their own squadrons, or were they, perhaps, scattered through British units? Manning wanted to satisfy in advance a little of his own curiosity, but no suitable opportunity offered and he decided to let these questions answer themselves, later.

He studied the profile of the lieutenant in front of him as the young man turned his head for an occasional remark. The young man gave no information about himself except to say that he was in his fourth month of active duty with a Spitfire squadron.

What stamina these kids had! Manning thought of his own career as a pursuit pilot in the war of 1914-1918; of the accumulating strain of combat patrols, particularly during the great German drive in the spring of '18, when pilots were often in the air six hours a day. They had considered it heavy work, but what was that strain compared with the grueling, never-ending tension these English boys were subjected to, fighting the Battle of Britain day and night, against such appalling odds? There must be some exceptional quality bred into them as a result of the experience of their World War fathers, but which their fathers had never had. They seemed to be made of stainless steel; there was manganese, tungsten in their blood. And these were the sons of the decadent English, as Hitler had called them!

Progress was slow as they moved further into Kent, and Manning examined the country with increasing interest. He knew it well, though he had not been down this way since the evacuation of Dunkirk. A different country it looked now with its trenches, tank barricades, and village fortresses. Not a signpost remained on any road, and as their course did not follow the main highways, Manning soon acknowledged himself lost. The driver proceeded with confidence along lanes that were not, certainly, built for motor traffic.

At last they drew up at the side of a road in a stretch of country that looked as peaceful in the mellow light, as untouched by the hand of war, as though it were ten thousand miles from London.

The lieutenant turned in his seat. 'Here we are, sir.'

Manning stared quietly to right and left. 'At the aerodrome?' he asked.

'Yes.'

Manning was still incredulous. Before them lay two gently rounded hills connected by a low ridge, hiding the view to the south and east. Nearer at hand, meadows of rich grass, as level and smooth as bowling greens, were marked off by hedgerows into plots scarcely large enough to contain a modern bomber, to say nothing of offering room for a takeoff. No hangars were visible—no planes, no barracks, no wind-sleeves, no tarmac runs; nothing was here to indicate that the peaceful countryside had ever seen an aeroplane. Manning turned to his escort with a faint smile.

'Those cows,' he said, waving a hand toward three or four grazing in the meadows. 'Squadron mascots, no doubt?'

'Yes, sir. They've brought us any amount of luck. They're English, of course; merely on loan to the Frenchmen here since they couldn't very well bring their own cows with them. Jerseys, sir; the milk is excellent, if you care for milk.'

'Well, Lieutenant, I must say I'm rather surprised. This is something new in my experience of military aerodromes.'

'The quiet, you mean? We don't mind it. As a matter of fact, we rather enjoy it.'

'I should think it very likely. I don't suppose it's always as peaceful as we see it now?'

'No. Now, if you like, I'll take you up to Captain Freycinet's billet. He's a liaison

officer between this French outfit and our own.'

'There's only one squadron here?'

'That's all at present. We rather hoped we'd have their complete Air Force over before they signed their armistice. Most of them seem to have missed the bus, as Mr. Chamberlain would say. Or perhaps they had no busses to miss.'

Manning saw no one as they followed the path to a stone farmhouse, completely hidden in a grove of trees. They entered by way of the kitchen, where several enlisted men, in French uniform, were busy with preparations for dinner. He followed the lieutenant into a room at the front of the house where a table had been laid for three. Here Captain Freycinet was awaiting them. He was a man of about fifty, stoutly built, with a clear ruddy complexion set off by a shock of thick gray hair. A black patch covered one eye. He greeted the lieutenant with the engaging bonhomie which seems to come as second nature to some Frenchmen, but Manning noticed a difference in the manner toward himself. It was the perfection of courtesy, but there was no warmth in the voice which assured him, in easy colloquial English, that he was welcome.

'I must push on, now,' the lieutenant was saying, a moment later. 'Good-bye, sir. Au revoir, Captain.'

'But you must stay for dinner!' Captain Freycinet replied. 'You see? There's a place laid for you.'

'I'm sorry. I really can't. You'll excuse me?'

'Of course, if you must go. Good luck!'

Alone with Captain Freycinet, Manning felt more than a little uncomfortable. He could see that his host was making an effort to appear cordial. He began to explain the purpose of the visit, but Captain Freycinet interrupted him with a wave of his hand.

'I already know, Mr. Manning. Word came yesterday from RAF headquarters.' He smiled faintly. 'You have come to see the French traitors, as Monsieur Laval would call us. Well, here we are, a few of them!'

'Do you believe that Marshal Pétain considers you traitors, as well?'

Captain Freycinet hesitated before replying.

'Evidently . . . and yet . . . I try to be charitable in my judgments, Mr. Manning.'

I try to remember that Marshal Pétain is an old man now, and we must remember that he is in the hands of the barbarians. You have seen him, in these late years?’

‘No, but I did once, years ago, during the Verdun battle. He visited my squadron, then at Sénard, at the foot of the Argonne.’

Captain Freycinet gave him a quick glance.

‘You were flying in the last war?’ he asked.

‘Yes. I was a pilot in the Escadrille Lafayette.’

The stiffness in Captain Freycinet’s manner vanished at once.

‘*Tiens, tiens!*’ he exclaimed, quietly. ‘With the Escadrille Lafayette! Then we are all but compatriots, Mr. Manning! France has never forgotten those American volunteers. You must have had your training with us?’

‘Yes; first at the Blériot School, near Versailles; then at Avord and Pau. I went to the front from the G.D.E. at Plessis Belleville.’

Captain Freycinet sat forward in his chair, listening with keen interest.

‘But . . . we are old comrades, Mr. Manning! I too was a *pilote de chasse*, in Spad 26 of the Cigognes Group. Many a time did I see the Indian-head insignia of your squadron, while on patrol. And now we meet for the first time!’ His one eye twinkled as he added: ‘And you are nothing but a journalist!’

‘Horrible, isn’t it? But what can middle age do?’

‘Precisely. I too have a confession to make. No more than yourself am I a soldier by profession. For the past twenty years I have been serving my country as a wine peddler in London. It is only this past year that I have been in uniform again.’ He was silent for a moment; then he added: ‘I apologize for dining alone with you here. Had I known that you are an old *pilote* of our service, we’d have messed with the squadron.’

‘It’s quite all right,’ Manning replied. ‘I may see them later, perhaps?’

‘Of course.’ Captain Freycinet nodded toward a closed door on his right hand. ‘They’re in that room. Have you noticed? Not a sound from the mess. You remember, in the old days, the laughter, the gay talk in every *popote*, the phonograph going full tilt? And now . . .’ He sighed. ‘*Les pauvres diables!* We’re all that, now, we Frenchmen. We find it hard to be merry.’

‘They’re bombers, I believe?’

Freycinet nodded. ‘Long-range Farmans, type 223. They crossed the Channel as a unit the day the armistice was signed.’

‘And you came with them?’

‘My dear Mr. Manning, you flatter me. I am fifty-three years old and blind in one eye. You may have noticed that my waistline is on a par with your own. No, no; I am nothing but a liaison officer, and I reached England by another route.’

Presently a pushing-back of chairs was heard in the adjoining room, and a moment later Manning had a glimpse of several of the airmen as they passed the window outside, their figures outlined in silhouette against the evening sky. The two men lingered over their meal as the afterglow faded slowly and darkness came on. An orderly knocked at the door and entered with a small kitchen lamp which he placed on the table; he then drew the heavy curtains at the windows.

Captain Freycinet glanced at his watch. ‘Shall we go to the hangars?’ he asked.

The moon, a little past the full, was well up as they left the farmhouse. They turned into a path which bore to the right and followed the windings of a narrow vale descending to the north. Presently, Manning found himself overlooking the green meadows he had last seen lying so peaceful and somnolent in the sunset light. Now the hedges were gone, the cows were gone, and at one side of the wide field eight bombers were ranged, their powerful motors idling, their propellers making circles of white radiance in the moonlight. The field was alive with men servicing the planes, which were all but ready for departure.

Manning had never before seen these modern French bombers. They were high-winged monoplanes with a span of 110 feet, provided with twin fins and rudders and powered with four 1100 horsepower engines, tandem paired, in nacelles under the wings. High in the nose was the glassed-in cockpit for the bomber navigator and radio operator. In the leading edge of the wing sat the two pilots at dual controls. In the fuselage, aft, was the cockpit for the rear gunner, who had a field of fire to cover attack from all sides save directly forward.

‘Not much like the Farmans of the last war,’ Captain Freycinet was saying. ‘You remember them? And the old *Voisins* that we called the flying baby-carriages? They

were heroes, the pilots and gunners of those old trucks.'

'What is the performance of these Far-mans?' Manning asked.

'They have a ceiling of 26,000 feet, a range of 1500 miles, and carry a bomb load of better than four tons. If we had five hundred of these ships, *now*,' he added, ruefully, 'think what we could do, of the help we could give England! If, if, if! It is the word of all Frenchmen in these days.'

The crews were separating to climb into their ships. As Manning watched them, he was conscious of the old feeling of excitement, of nervous tension, he remembered so well from his own flying days. He noticed that every man, before mounting to his place, stepped aside to pump ship, and that was quite as it used to be. One man, rear gunner of the plane nearest, seeing Captain Freycinet, came over for a word with him. The moonlight brought into clear relief the beak-like nose and the strong jaw; the eyes, in shadow, were mere wells of blackness. His voice had a curiously harsh vibrant quality.

'Alors, à demain, mon Capitaine.'

'Bonne chance, Matrac.'

They watched him climb to his place; then, one after the other, the great bombers taxied down the field until they were lost to view in the moonlit haze. They came roaring back so closely overhead that Manning's heart was in his mouth lest they should not clear the rise before them. When the last one had passed, Captain Freycinet gave a sigh of relief.

'Now we can breathe easy for a few hours,' he said. 'As for them . . .'

'Where are they bound?'

'Four to Hamburg and four to Berlin.'

The two men walked slowly back to the farmhouse, each engaged in his own sober reflections. Leading the way to the room where they had dined, Captain Freycinet called the mess orderly, who brought them liqueurs and a pot of coffee.

'I'm thinking of that gunner,' Manning remarked, presently.

'Matrac. He impressed you?'

'I've never seen a stronger face, or a stranger one. Not a fellow to take liberties with.'

'No.'

Captain Freycinet turned his head, in a listening attitude, as the air quivered once more with the throb of high-powered engines. Manning thought there must have been threescore, at least, in that flight. Anti-air-

craft batteries of the coastal defenses thundered into action once more, but gradually the tumult at hand died away as the planes passed on to some destination far inland. The Frenchman sipped his coffee in silence for a moment, then set down his cup.

'I could tell you a story about Matrac,' he said, slowly. 'Would you care to hear it?'

'By all means!'

'For the moment, I will ask that you keep it "off the record," as you journalists say. It is for your private ear. Later, I think it might be told. Very well, then.

'This is the story of a little group, of whom Matrac is one. There were four others . . . no, six others, but one of them doesn't count. For many years they suffered every pain, humiliation, and indignity that France could heap upon them: half-starvation, the most brutal and degrading of prison disciplines, solitary confinement, and forced labor in that worst of penal colonies, Cayenne.'

'You tell me they were convicts?'

'Yes; but when they learned that France, the country which had cast them off, was again fighting for existence, they escaped, through jungles and over stormy seas, with one thought in their minds — to serve her.

'I chanced to meet these men . . . but let that come in its place. You have never been to French Guiana, I suppose? It is the most corrupt and neglected of all our colonies. There, in a steaming, equatorial climate, amongst jungles and swamps seamed by muddy rivers, live five or six thousand convicts, many of them the veritable dregs of society. The hardest cases amongst the latter are confined on the ironically named Wholesome Islets: St. Joseph and the Île Royale. The others, on the mainland, are forced to labor like galley slaves, half naked in the forests, tortured by insects, shivering with fever — the most wretched, hopeless, miserable beings that could be found the world over. Can you imagine men who have suffered the worst that Cayenne has to offer having any spark of patriotism left in their embittered hearts?'

'Pretty hard, I admit.'

'It's unbelievable; nevertheless it's true. I'm convinced, at least, that it was true in this case. When I have finished the story, you can give me your own opinion. You can decide for yourself which were the better patriots: these convict outcasts, or Monsieur Laval and his associates at Vichy.'

II

Captain Freycinet paused and then continued:—

'I had been living in England for nearly twenty years when war broke out. The British have always liked their claret, and my business, a branch of our family concern in Bordeaux, was a thriving one. I crossed to France in the first week of September, hoping to get into active service once more, but my years, my one eye, and my waistline were against me. At last, I accepted a job where I could free a better man for combat work. I was appointed non-flying C.O. of a detachment of six old bombing and reconnaissance planes, sent out for service in our colony in the antipodes—New Caledonia.

It's a stagnant little place, about as far from France as one can go without sailing off into space. Once there, I soon realized that I was a fifth wheel: my senior pilot was quite competent to take command. So I pulled what wires I could, and in due time received orders to return home to act as a liaison officer with the British Expeditionary Force. This was in April when shipping in the Pacific had become disorganized. My only chance for a passage home was by an old cargo boat of the Messageries Line, the *Ville de Nancy*. She had taken on a cargo of nickel ore and was then at Nouméa, ready to sail.

The *Ville de Nancy* was one of those venerable tramps which wallow across the backwaters of the world year after year. She was a coal burner, and, as I was to learn, her ancient reciprocating engine broke down every fortnight or so. The seamen were French; the stokers were New Caledonian blacks. She wore the customary coat of rust-streaked black paint. The captain and his two mates had their cabins on the bridge deck, and the wireless room was there as well. Below, on the same 'Monkeys' Island,' were the small dining saloon and two cabins for passengers. I had a cabin to myself. The other was shared by Commandant or, as you say, Major Duval, and a Lieutenant Lenoir, both of the *Infanterie Coloniale*.

Duval was tall and heavy-set; his gray moustache, sweeping out on either side of a big bluish nose, gave him the appearance of a retired gendarme. When sober he stood very much on his dignity. In his cups, when in the company of men he considered his equals,

he went to the other extreme and became horribly jocular and familiar. He was a perfect example of what our Army does to men of a certain type. Such narrow disciplinarians have a boundless respect for those in authority above them, and take delight in making life wretched for those below. They detest initiative, look forward to promotion in the strict order of seniority, and to automatic retirement on a pension. Lenoir, Duval's lieutenant, was from Arles, or thereabout. He was short and swarthy, with close-set hazel eyes and a bottom considerably broader than his shoulders. He was what you Americans call a yes-man; he hung on the Commandant's remarks as though they were treasures of wit and perspicuity. Both officers liked Nouméa, where they had managed to dig themselves in very cozily. I fancy that the orders for their relief and return to France had not been received with unmixed joy.

They seemed glum enough, at any rate, when we assembled for dinner on our first evening at sea. The dining saloon was just large enough for the mess boy to perform his duties around the table. Captain Malo, a stout, ruddy Breton, the best of old fellows, placed Duval on his right hand and me on the left. The mates messed with us, of course, as well as the chief engineer and a pimply-faced youth, Jourdain by name, who proved to be the wireless officer. I gathered, during the meal, that there was a good deal of friction between the bridge and the engine room, but this is not uncommon in tramp steamers making long voyages, when men are cooped up for months together.

Jourdain brought in the latest wireless bulletins. The news was depressing enough, but the war was not then the sole and tragic subject of conversation it has since become. That France, with her invincible armies and her Maginot Line, might be in danger of invasion never entered our minds. The chief engineer shared Duval's hatred of England, and repeated the German saying that Britain would fight to the last drop of French blood. Captain Malo as well as his mates took strong exception to this attitude, and Malo tried to explain to deaf ears the immense importance of sea power, and that Britain's casualties, thus far, had been much heavier than those of France. The air was rather tense until a bottle of wine and a couple of brandies had dispelled Duval's sour mood. He was a racon-

teur of Marseilles stories — you know the kind, all about Marius and Olive. They were dirty, but he told them well, and some, I'll admit, were funny. The Captain's big belly shook, and Lenoir, who must have heard the yarns scores of times, wiped his eyes at every pause and exclaimed: '*C'est crevant! Vous me tuez, mon Commandant!*' while Duval leaned forward, elbows on the table, with a gleam of triumph in his eyes.

This was the atmosphere in which I was destined to make a voyage halfway around the globe. The Captain's presence made the voyage bearable. The old Breton, rough, simple, the soul of honor and decency, was as sound — I was about to say as the Bank of France. I could see that the chief engineer disliked him, but that was all in Malo's favor. The two mates and the seamen were very fond of their 'old man.'

We crawled doggedly eastward, halted by an occasional breakdown which the engine room took in its stride, as a matter of course. Winter was setting in in those latitudes, and the trade wind was beginning to set the big blue-and-white rollers on the march, across from South America, five thousand miles distant. We touched at Raiatea, in the leeward Society Group; we put in at Tahiti, where it was hard to believe that that lovely island, with its dreamy life, was on the same planet with the Europe of today. We stopped again at Atuona, in the Marquesas, and resumed our voyage over an immense and lonely sea, traversed only by a few French ships of the Messageries Line, of which our old freighter was destined to be the last.

We got newspapers at Panama and read them with sinking hearts. Our own wireless bulletins had been bad enough, but Jourdain knew no English, and now for the first time I had a glimpse of the British and neutral point of view. The world we had known was falling apart. Of our passage through the Canal, I remember only the shabby British tramps, westward bound for New Zealand and Australia, after who could say what perilous crossings of the Atlantic. They looked as old and dirty as the *Ville de Nancy*, and, like ourselves, each one had its three-inch gun aft, under a tarpaulin.

The last newspaper I obtained before we left Colón was dated the tenth of June. Paris was about to be abandoned, but the Government had announced that France would fight

on, from the colonies, if it should come to that. Events were happening with a swiftness that stunned me; like other men, I could not help reflecting upon them in the light of my own small personal affairs. My prospects as a liaison officer attached to the British armies in France were not of the most brilliant, to say the least.

As if to render the suspense still more unbearable, the *Ville de Nancy* indulged in one of her routine breakdowns, two days out of Colón. Her engines stopped shortly after midnight, and dawn found us floating on the Caribbean in a calm so profound that the ship might have been frozen in a lake of ice. I had finished coffee and was having a walk with the Captain when the lookout hailed the deck. He was pointing to the south'ard with an air of excitement.

'What do you see?' Malo bellowed, impatiently.

'Can't make it out, sir. Looks suspicious.'

The gun was manned at once; there was a run for binoculars, and a moment later I was focusing mine on a motionless object that looked suspicious indeed, at first glance. It stood out clearly against the glassy sea every time a swell passed beneath it, but we were soon convinced that it was no submarine. It was a boat, or a canoe of some kind, with its mast broken off a few feet above the gunwales. As the visibility improved we saw what was, unquestionably, a solitary figure huddled on the thwart by the mast. This figure raised an arm and dropped it again, as though in making that feeble gesture the man had used up his last ounce of strength.

A boat was lowered at once and we followed it eagerly with our glasses, wondering what so small a craft could be doing so far from land. Our first thought was, of course, that it might contain survivors from some ship torpedoed and sunk long before. The boat returned at last, towing a dugout canoe, and as it came alongside we saw that it held five men, all of them at the last extremity. Only one was able to stand, and even he had to be hoisted to the deck. All were half naked and burned black by the sun. Their trousers were mere rags. Their condition seemed to be due to starvation rather than thirst, but their lips were black and swollen and it was plain that another day under that pitiless sun would have finished them.

The one man still able to speak looked to be about thirty-five. Despite his sufferings,

there seemed to be a power of life still in the wasted body. Weak though he was, he managed to sit erect on the deck while his companions lay inert about him. A stiff brandy and water was given each of them and it was pathetic to see the fierce eagerness with which they gulped it down, save one, so far gone that he had to be fed a teaspoonful at a time. The sitting man was then able to say, '*Merci, mon Capitaine. I needed that.*'

'You are French?' Malo asked. The man nodded, and said, 'We have had no food for twelve days, nor water for two.'

The poor fellows were so exhausted that no further attempt was made to question them. They were carried to the auxiliary wheelhouse, aft, where there were some empty bunks, sometimes used by deck passengers, in the tropics. Captain Malo ordered hot broth to be prepared, and when they had been fed, we left them to the rest and sleep they so desperately needed.

You can imagine our curiosity as to who these men could be. Had we been living in the days of the Spanish Main, I would have been in little doubt, for it seemed to me I had never laid eyes on a more obvious set of brigands. The man who had spoken was, obviously, French, and I suspected that his comrades were, as well, but there was something about the five of them that set them apart from ordinary castaways. Naturally, they provided us with the main subject of conversation at lunch; we were even able to forget the war. The Commandant began as we were having our *apéritifs*.

'Captain Malo,' he said, 'what is your opinion of these fellows? Are they French?'

'One of them is, at least,' said Malo. 'But what could they be doing in an Indian canoe? They're not seamen, that's plain.'

'They might be, I think,' the first mate put in. 'You noticed their tattooing?'

Malo shook his head. 'It's not seamen's tattooing, but I'd be stumped to say what kind it is.'

'If we were off the African coast,' said Lenoir, 'I'd wager ten to one that they were deserters from one of our disciplinary battalions. What's your opinion, Captain Freycinet?'

'They're a hard-looking lot, certainly,' I replied. 'I agree with the mate. I think they're seamen.'

'Then how do you explain the canoe?' asked Malo.

'You have me there. We must wait and let them explain for themselves.'

'They'll have more than that to explain,' said Duval.

'You appear to have formed your own opinion,' remarked Malo.

'So I have.' Duval looked from one to another of us, emphasizing his words by pounding on the table with the cushion of his hairy fist. 'Lenoir is on the right track. I have no doubt that some of these fellows have served in our disciplinary battalions, but not recently. . . . Gentlemen, they are convicts — *évadés* from Cayenne, without the shadow of a doubt!'

'From Cayenne? Impossible!' Malo exclaimed. 'We're at least fifteen hundred miles from Cayenne. Do you tell me they've made such a voyage as that in a small open canoe?'

'You don't know these fellows, Malo. I do — the type, I mean. I was stationed at Cayenne a dozen years ago. A more depraved, desperate set of scoundrels than the convicts there are not to be found. But I'll say this: they have courage. They will run any risks to escape, even with the odds a hundred to one against them.'

Malo shook his head, incredulously. 'No, no, Commandant; it can't be so. You have a right to your opinion, of course, but we must not judge them in advance. Let us wait till we hear what they have to say.'

The men were awakened at nightfall for a more substantial meal, after which they fell asleep once more, and it was not till mid-morning of the following day that Malo, Duval, Lenoir, and I went aft to question them. Food and sleep had greatly refreshed them, and they had been provided, by Malo's orders, with rough clean clothing. Some of the seamen had loaned them shaving materials, and one of them, at least, looked less forbidding than he had at first. All five rose as we entered, and stood until the Captain bade them be seated.

'Well, boys,' he said, pleasantly, 'you seem to be a long way from home.'

'*Oui, mon Capitaine.*'

'You're French? The lot of you?'

'Yes, sir.'

Their spokesman was a slightly built fellow whose restless black eyes looked unusually large because of his emaciated condition. His name, he said, was Maillot.

'Where are you from?' Malo asked.

'Pardon me, Captain. I will explain that in a moment. We have been long at sea. What is the news from France?'

'You've heard something from the crew, no doubt,' Malo replied.

'Yes, but we can't believe what they say. The Boches are not in France, surely?'

'Not only in France, but at the gates of Paris.'

The Captain spoke briefly of recent events while the five men listened in stolid silence; then one of them, a powerfully built man of fifty, or thereabout, shook his head with an air of stubborn unbelief. '*Non, non!*' he said. '*Pas vrai, quoi? Pas vrai!*' I could detect a note of genuine anguish in his voice.

He was little more than five feet tall, with a small round head set close upon a pair of shoulders that seemed grotesque in their breadth. His eyes were like a pair of pale glass beads, completely expressionless, which made the vehemence of his words seem all the more strange. That huge peasant with his low wrinkled forehead, who looked the complete type of Neanderthal man, had spoken for the lot of us. We were all Frenchmen together, torn with anxiety over what was happening to our country; refusing to believe that such things could happen. If Duval shared the feeling, it seemed to be only momentarily, for he said:—

'Enough of the war, Captain Malo. Perhaps these men will now tell us who they are and where they come from?'

'Willingly, sir,' their spokesman replied. 'We are gold miners from Venezuela. Three of us, though born in France, are naturalized Venezuelans. The other two are Venezuelans by birth, of French parentage.'

'I see,' said Duval, dryly. 'Well?'

'We were working a placer claim three hundred miles up a branch of the Orinoco. Doubtless you've never been there, sir. It is deep in the forests; you reach it by canoe. We heard of the war only two months ago.'

'*Pardieu!*' old Malo exclaimed. 'It must be a wilderness, that place!'

The man nodded. 'No settlement, no radio—nothing; not a white man within one hundred miles.'

'And how did the news reach you?' Malo asked.

'It was pure chance, Captain. There are Indian rubber-gatherers in that region. Three of them, coming in from the coast, stopped

at our camp. We bought a few supplies from them—among other things, a machete wrapped against the damp in a Caracas newspaper many months old.'

'What paper was that?' Duval asked, sharply.

'The Caracas *Diario*. I even remember the date: November 3. Our first news of the war told of a raid from the Maginot Line, in Alsace.'

'Very odd,' said Duval. 'And you were interested?'

'Naturally, sir. We are Frenchmen, like yourselves. We wanted to go home—to fight for France.'

Then, with a wealth of circumstantial detail, Maillot told of their adventures from that day. They had two hundred ounces of gold dust. They also possessed a good-sized *cayuco*, the same craft in which we had found them. Their plan was to descend the river to the sea, and sail westward to a town where they could catch a boat for Panama, and thence to France. During the river journey they ventured to shoot a rapid in which their canoe was upset, and an iron box, containing their gold dust and their passports, was lost. They righted and repaired the canoe, and proceeded nevertheless. To avoid the great shoals at the river mouth, where the surf is extremely dangerous, they were forced to sail far out, beyond sight of land. Before they could return to the coast, they were caught in a southwesterly gale and scudded before it for several days. Thereafter they were lost, helpless, mast gone and sail gone. This had happened three weeks before we sighted them.

Duval sat rigidly erect, his arms folded on his chest, as we listened to this story. At its conclusion, he stared intently at the men, first one, then another; then he turned to Maillot.

'You are one of the naturalized Venezuelans?' he asked.

'Yes, sir.'

'Where was your home there?'

'In Bolívar.'

Duval turned suddenly to a dark wiry little chap who wanted part of one ear and had an ugly scar, like a knife wound, on his left cheek. He had a bold, rather humorous face and an air of complete self-possession.

'*Como se llama Vd?*' Duval asked, thinking, perhaps, to catch the man off his guard.

'*Jorje Garou, a su servicio,*' the man replied.

I speak a bit of Spanish myself, and there was no doubt as to the authenticity of the fellow's accent, which was much better than that of the Commandant.

'And you've no papers of any sort? No proof of identity?'

'No, Commandant,' Maillot put in. 'As I have said, they are all at the bottom of the Orinoco.'

'Hmm! And what regiment did you expect to join upon reaching France?'

'For all our French blood, we are foreign subjects, of course. I suppose there's nothing but the Legion open to us?'

'You're right, there.' Duval paused. 'Well, Captain Malo, I have nothing further to say to these men. Perhaps you wish to question them?'

Malo shook his head. I could see that he was nettled by the manner in which Duval had taken command of the situation. He turned to Maillot.

'You have what you need here?'

'Yes, sir. You've been more than good to us.'

It was then nearly lunch time. I returned to my cabin and soon joined the others in the saloon. Jourdain came in with the latest bulletins and we discussed them for a few moments. The situation was even more critical than it had appeared the day before. The fall of Paris seemed inevitable. We finished our meal in gloomy silence; then, to distract our thoughts, we turned once more to a discussion of the castaways.

'Well, Commandant,' said Malo, 'you've heard their story. Do you still think them convicts?'

'I was never more certain of anything in my life. You don't tell me you believe them?'

'Yes. Why not?'

Duval grunted disdainfully. 'You're more gullible than I would have thought possible. They're finished liars, of course — all convicts are; but they've not taken *me* in.'

Malo shook his head. 'What do you think, Captain Freycinet?'

'I'm of your own opinion,' I said. 'Even if I were not, I would give them the benefit of the doubt.'

'Why?' Duval asked.

'Convicts or not, they are loyal Frenchmen. They want to fight.'

Duval gave a scornful snort. 'To fight? Such rogues as these? The last thing in the world they want is to go to the front.'

'So I think,' Lenoir put in. 'They're a bad lot. I don't believe a word of their story.'

'Then what do you propose that we should do?' Malo asked.

'Turn them over to the police, of course, the moment we arrive in Marseilles. If they're honest men they have nothing to fear. If they're convicts they'll be sent back to Cayenne.'

'Not with my consent,' said Malo.

The Commandant bristled up. 'What do you mean by that, sir?'

'Just what I say. Don't you think they've earned their freedom? And what time is this to pry into the past history of any Frenchman? Every man is needed.'

The chief engineer now put in a word. 'I agree with the Commandant,' he said. 'If I were in command here I'd lock them up at once.'

Captain Malo's face reddened. 'No one will be locked up in my ship,' he replied, quietly.

During the next few days the *Ville de Nancy* ploughed eastward at her customary five or six knots. As soon as they had recovered their strength the castaways took part in the ship's routine duties without waiting for orders. They chipped rust with the seamen, helped in the galley, and did whatever was required of them with a cheerfulness that made a favorable impression upon all but the chief engineer and my two fellow passengers. Duval took his customary walks the full length of the deck, and I noticed that he passed these men without the slightest recognition of their presence. In his eyes, they were already condemned. The Captain, on the other hand, went out of his way to be decent to them, and the relationship between the two men became more and more strained as the days passed.

In my own case, the more I saw of this band, the more I was forced to acknowledge, in my heart, that Duval might well be right. To Maillot I was glad to give the benefit of the doubt. He had the speech, manners, and appearance of a Parisian of the middle class; you might even have taken him for a schoolmaster, a notary, or a superior clerk of some kind. The others bore the unmistakable stamp of the underworld. I was, naturally, curious about them, and relieved the monotony of the voyage by spending a part of my evenings in their company, which I found

preferable to that of my fellow passengers. At first they were more than reserved, but little by little they began to tolerate, then to welcome my visits. I asked no embarrassing questions, and they volunteered no further information about themselves.

I would not have you think that they tried to impress me with a show of patriotism. On the contrary. They tried to make it appear that the resolve to return to France had been prompted largely by the boredom of their lonely life in the Venezuelan forests. They wanted to fight the Boches; they acknowledged that, but they were not going to have me believe there were any high-minded motives behind the desire.

I was more than ever disturbed at the thought of the probable fate in store for these men. Duval meant to keep his word: that fact became clear in his further comments at meal-times. I hope I have made it plain that my relations with this major of colonial infantry were far from cordial. I know his kind from long experience. Every army, not ours alone, produces them in all too generous numbers, but France may have more because of the extent and the nature of our colonial possessions. Third-rate men, placed in positions of power over Senegalese, Annamites, New Caledonians, and the like, are able to forget their own insignificance and develop into petty despots. Duval was a complete example of this type.

I speak of this because of a resolution I made at this time (let me add, with Captain Malo's consent) which was nothing less than to inform the suspected convicts of Duval's intentions concerning them. I felt a slight twinge of conscience at thought of doing this behind Duval's back, but no other course was possible.

It was on the night of June 16. The news had been a little more encouraging that day, for we learned that President Roosevelt had given Premier Reynaud renewed assurance of all possible help. Duval and Lenoir were playing piquet in the dining saloon; I knew they would stop there for an hour at least. About eight o'clock I went out for my evening walk, and as luck would have it I found Maillot standing at the rail behind one of the lifeboats. He was an interesting fellow to chat with at any time, and I had already discovered that he was well read. It was inevitable that our talk should swing to the war, and presently, apropos of nothing in

particular, he made a most startling confession. He told me that, in 1914, when he was still a mere boy living in France, he had volunteered for military service, lying about his age, and had later deserted.

He had enlisted in no spirit of youthful adventure. He hated violence and bloodshed, but he hated Germany more — the nation of barbarians and the foe of all peoples struggling toward a new world order to be based upon tolerance and peace. In the course of six months, during which time his regiment had been through all the slaughter of the first Battle of the Marne, he discovered, to his horror, that he was a physical coward, in his own eyes, at least. It was an appalling discovery; he fought in vain against the impulse to get away from the horror somehow, anyhow. At last he was able to desert, and after hiding for some weeks in Paris, he managed to stow away on a cargo steamer bound for the United States. The shame of his action had preyed upon his mind ever since, and I could detect in him a kind of grim joy at prospect of the opportunity he hoped soon to have for redeeming himself.

In any case, here was my chance. I told him, briefly, that Commandant Duval believed him and his companions to be *évadés* from Cayenne, and planned to turn them over to the Marseilles police. He heard me through, and his manner convinced me that Duval's suspicions were justified. A moment later he excused himself, begging me to wait until he could return.

I waited a good ten minutes before he came back to ask if I would join his companions in the wheelhouse. The only light in the place was a small unshaded electric bulb suspended in the middle of the cabin. The men had been playing cards on a chest placed between the bunks. They pushed the chest back against a wall, and the little fellow, Garou, who had been on the nail with his Spanish when questioned by Duval, asked me to be seated. Their faces, in the dim light, appeared wooden and unmoved, unless I took a kind of numb despair for woodenness. They were ill at ease and could think of nothing to say at first; then Garou broke the silence.

'*Mon Capitaine*, Maillot has told us what you said, and we've been talking here, together. . . . *Il n'y a rien à faire*. . . . It's true. We're convicts—*évadés* from Cayenne.'

The short, immensely powerful man I've

spoken of before raised his head, sullenly. They called him Le Petit. I could perceive the difficulty he had in putting his slow thoughts into words. '*Quoi donc?*' he said. 'We're Frenchmen. Convicts or not, we can kill Boches. What's more important than that?'

One of the others, known as Marius, cut him off. 'Shut up!' he said. 'What do you know about anything?'

But Petit was not to be silenced at once. He rolled his small head from side to side. 'We're as good Frenchmen as a lot that's never been sent to Cayenne. We're not soft, us convicts. We can kill Boches.'

'Keep out of this, Petit,' said Marius. 'Let somebody talk who can.' He turned to me. 'Why have you told us this, Captain?'

'To put you on your guard, of course.'

They regarded me silently, incredulously.

'You're for us, then?'

'Yes. France needs men like you.'

It was pathetic to see the doubt still clouding their faces. They could not believe that a fellow countryman, in uniform, might be a friend.

'You knew we were convicts?' Garou asked.

'What does it matter?' I replied. 'The question is: What are you going to do?'

A man who had not yet spoken now put in a word. This was Matrac, the one who still had life in him on the day when we picked them up. I had not heard him speak a dozen words since they came on board, but I could see that he was the natural leader of the group.

'Are we going straight to Marseilles?' he asked.

'Yes.'

'Then we're done for,' said Garou, bitterly. '*Ce cochon de commandant!*'

'What good will it do him to give us up?' Petit asked.

'What good, you half-human — can't you see? He'll get a reward.'

'He'd do it for nothing if it came to that,' said Garou. 'I know his kind. *Nom de Dieu!* We're bitched, that's certain!'

My heart went out to the poor devils; I could see little hope in their situation. Nevertheless I suggested that, if we entered Marseilles harbor at night, they should slip overboard and swim ashore before the port authorities came out.

Marius shook his head, glumly. '*Non, mon*

Capitaine; this brute of a Petit can't swim.' He was silent for a moment, then he added: 'But Matrac and I can. Listen, you others. I know Marseilles. I was born there. If we're lucky, it'll be a good hour before the police come out. If we're luckier still and come in at night, Matrac and I will swim ashore, like the Captain says, and come back with a boat. Trust me to find one. Then I'll take you where they'll never find us, right in Marseilles at that.'

'And suppose we don't get in at night?' said Garou.

Marius gave a harsh laugh. 'That'll be just too bloody bad!'

'Why think of that?' said Petit. 'We'll manage. We've got to!'

'I can tell you this, men,' I said. 'The Captain's for you. I think you can count on our getting in at night.'

They stared at me with the same expression of amazed unbelief.

'What! The Captain?' said Garou. 'You're certain?'

I nodded. 'He takes you at your word, that you're coming home to fight.'

'It's done, *mes copains!*' said Marius. 'Trust me for that! I've got friends in Marseilles. I'll get forged papers for the lot of us: *états civils* that'll fool even the police. Then we'll go to Bordeaux or Brest and all join up in the same regiment. With the papers, it won't have to be the Legion.'

I stayed with them not a moment longer than was necessary. Duval and Lenoir were still playing cards when I passed the saloon on the way to my cabin.

It is now time that I told you something more of these men and what I learned, later, of their story. Maillot, to whom I was indebted for most of it, may have been the man's real name. The other names were, obviously, aliases or nicknames. What Maillot had told me of his desertion and the sojourn in America was true, but not the whole truth. He filled in the gaps afterward.

He was sixteen at the time of his desertion. What preyed upon his mind particularly, in addition to his cowardice, was that he had made his way to Paris from the *Zone des Armées* by means of papers stolen from a comrade who was about to go on leave. After several weeks in hiding he had stowed away on a freighter bound for Philadelphia. In America he learned the trade of wireless oper-

ation and repair, and when radios came into general use he became an expert at this new vocation. Ten years later he returned to France and opened up one of the first radio shops in Paris. The business prospered and he was on the road to fortune when he became interested in Communism. He threw himself heart and soul into the cause. Curiously enough, in view of his confession of early cowardice, perhaps because of this old rankling memory, he was willing to take any risks in the Party's interests. He soon became known to the police as one of the boldest agitators in Paris, and at the time of the Cagouland riots he was arrested for his part in a violent demonstration against the *Croix de Feu*. He was known and bitterly hated by influential members of this organization, and the result was, according to his story, that he was railroaded to Cayenne for fourteen years. Five years of the sentence had been served at the time of his escape.

Garou had been transported at the same time with Maillot. He was in his late twenties and, like Maillot, was an expert mechanic as well as a professional racer of motorcars. But his real trade, that of burglar and house-breaker, had brought him to Cayenne. Garou was excellent company, lively and full of a mordant wit, but he was an out-and-out enemy of Society with a capital S, and made no bones of the matter. I had no doubts about his resolution of character, and was not surprised when Maillot told me that even solitary confinement in that worst of hells on the Île St. Joseph had not broken his spirit. Of five years served, two had been spent there.

Le Petit belonged to Savoy. This formidable-looking peasant came from one of those families that have lived on the same piece of land since the days of the Revolution. There was something purely animal in his love for the farm; in forty years he had never traveled a dozen miles away from it. The farm lay at the bottom of a narrow valley where, as luck would have it, the Government decided to build a dam and set up a hydroelectric plant. Over his half-articulate protests, his land was seized under the law of eminent domain, and when the dam was completed his little farm was submerged ten fathoms deep beneath the waters of the newly formed lake. You can imagine the man with his smouldering anger, his carefully nursed sense of wrong, hanging about the

place month after month, incapable of leaving it and equally incapable of establishing himself elsewhere. His slow mind brooded over the situation until he was goaded to the point of action. On the day the great dynamos were started in the new plant, he appeared, armed with an enormous iron bar. The employees of the station tried to seize him; he killed one, badly maimed another, and the rest took to their heels. Before the police arrived he had made a wreck of the place. Instead of being guillotined, he was transported for life.

Le Petit's particular friend was Marius, the man from Marseilles. He struck me from the first as being the worst rogue of the lot. I doubt if there exists any kind of petty knavery he had not set his hand to. His chief source of income seems to have been from cargo thefts and the smuggling of opium. Four arrests and convictions sent him automatically to Cayenne for seven years.

Matrac, the fifth of the band, was in every respect the most remarkable. What his crime was I never learned, for his companions maintained a complete silence on that head. He was what is called an 'ace' in prison slang: a man of unbreakable spirit whom no guard could 'cow' and who forced even the prison authorities to respect him. He was known as a killer and had knifed two bullies while confined in the infamous *Casse Rouge*. Not a fellow to trifle with. He rarely gave you the direct glance, but when aroused, his pupils seemed to dilate and glitter with a cold light impossible to describe. You could never forget that glance. It was, in all truth, ferocious.

As you see, I have named five men: those we picked up in the canoe. There was one other, and I am far from sure that he is not the hero of this story. They called him Grandpère.

He was a *libéré*; perhaps you don't know what that means. Under an iniquitous system known as *doublage*, a man sent to Cayenne for seven years or less is compelled at the expiration of his sentence to remain in the colony as a *libéré* for an equal number of years. At the end of this time he may leave the colony if he has the means of leaving, which rarely happens. Those sentenced to terms above seven years are freed at the end of their time, but may never leave. The condition of the *libéré* is more hopeless than

that of the convicts in the prison camps. The latter are fed and clothed, at least, whereas the *libéré* is turned adrift to fend for himself in a land where the task of winning even the barest necessities of life is all but impossible. These wretched creatures are sometimes able to earn a few sous by acting as porters, scavengers, men-of-all-work about the squalid settlements, but jobs of any kind are scarce since nearly every task is performed by convicts still under sentence and whose labor costs nothing. The Government shows no concern for the *libérés*, and whether they live or die is a matter of no consequence save to themselves.

Grandpère was a *libéré* for life; at the time of which I speak he had been thirty-five years in the colony but had never given up hope of eventual escape. He had made two attempts while serving his sentence and was caught each time. He then realized that his only chance was by sea, and so began the long painful task of saving money for the purchase of a dugout canoe. These could be had from the Negroes of the interior at a cost of from two to three hundred dollars, sums all but impossible for a convict without friends to acquire in a lifetime. Nevertheless, Grandpère began to put by a tiny hoard, literally sou by sou. He was more patient and resourceful than most *libérés*, and he had the will to live, which so many of them lack. As you may know, all the Guianas are famous for their beautiful butterflies, and brokers from Europe or America visit the seaports to purchase them from time to time. Grandpère became a butterfly catcher, and in the end an expert one. After five years at this trade, he had saved enough money for the purchase of a smallish canoe in which he hoped to reach Venezuela, but before he could make the purchase his money was stolen. Once more he began the laborious task of saving, and six years later he again had a sum sufficient for another attempt at escape. He resolved that there should be no hitch in his plans this time. He had been robbed, before, by a *libéré* he had taken into his confidence, and he could not make up his mind whom to trust.

There was a quality in the nature of this old man which I must now speak of, for it has an important place here, as you shall see. He was, apparently, one of those men whose love of country is impossible to kill, perhaps because of the simplicity of his character. He thought of France not in terms of premiers,

ministers, senators, deputies. All officialdom, whether civil or military, he feared and hated, but the Country — that was another matter. It was symbolized in his eyes by the heroic female figure that appears on the posters in wartime, under the black skies of the German menace, one hand holding the Tricolor high above her head, the other grasping the sword. This France was the defender, the fostering mother of *all* her children. It was not she who had cast him off, who had deprived him and his fellow convicts of freedom, citizenship, and all civil rights, but those in high places who professed to represent her.

As a *libéré*, Grandpère was free to come and go as he chose, within the borders of the colony. Sometimes he was at Cayenne, sometimes in or near the labor camps of St. Laurent, on the Maroni River, fifty miles to the westward, along the coast. Maillot, Petit, and the others were serving their time at St. Laurent. Grandpère chanced to be in this place in the late autumn of '39, following his business of butterfly catching. One day when the labor gangs were having their noon-day rest in the forest, Grandpère happened to meet Maillot, Petit, and Garou and to fall into conversation with them. As they were sweating in the windless stifling air, slapping at flies and mosquitoes, Petit remarked that he wished he could be in France, killing pigs of Germans instead of mosquitoes. The others spoke up as well, and it may be that they expressed more patriotic fervor than they actually felt at the time. However that may be, Grandpère was deeply impressed. Here were three Frenchmen, at least, who felt as he did about *La Patrie*. Given the chance, they would fight for France with joy and enthusiasm. For himself, he was past sixty-five and useless as a possible soldier, but if he could help these men to escape, to return home, he would be serving the country in the only way open to him.

For all that, he said nothing at the time. He waited, studying and testing them in further talks until he was thoroughly convinced that these three men were genuine patriots and meant what they said. He then opened his mind to them.

Grandpère was not well known to the convicts of St. Laurent. There were hundreds of *libérés*, and he was merely one whose condition seemed even more wretched than that of most of the others. Maillot, Petit, and Garou

had not supposed he had two sous to rub together. You can imagine their amazement and joy when he convinced them he had money enough hidden away, not only to purchase a canoe, but to store it with a month's supply of provisions as well.

They started at once laying plans. Petit begged that his friend Marius be let into the secret and permitted to go with them, vouching for the quality of his patriotism, and Grandpère consented to this. There was one other, Matrac, agreed upon by all as an indispensable member of the party. They lacked a leader, and Matrac was the man. With him, they could be all but certain of success. At this time Matrac was serving a sentence of six months' solitary confinement on the Île Royale, but his time was two-thirds up. They must wait until he was out again. Meanwhile Grandpère was to scout for a suitable canoe, buy it, and proceed with the other preparations.

Two months later Matrac was again at St. Laurent and everything was in readiness. Grandpère was awaiting them with the canoe in the swamps of the Maroni, and the night when the break was to be made had been agreed upon. I must pass over the details of the escape for the reason that both Maillot and Garou, who gave me most of the story, were more than vague about that part of it. My belief is that someone was hurt, and badly hurt, before they got clear of the camp. This I do know: one other convict, a fellow they referred to as Crapule, got wind of their plans on the very night when they were to put them to the proof. To be certain of his silence, they agreed to take him with them.

They found Grandpère with the canoe at the appointed place. The weather was perfect for their needs. There was a moon behind the clouds, but the sky was heavily overcast, with a fine rain falling, and the night was all but pitch-dark. They had a journey down the river of from twenty to thirty miles before reaching the sea, and they pushed off without a moment's delay. You can imagine, no doubt, the kind of welcome the convict Crapule received from the others; he was in the party but not of it. Furthermore, the only canoe Grandpère had been able to buy from the wild Negroes of the forest was not large enough. With Crapule, they were dangerously loaded even in the calm waters of the Maroni. They paddled on, in sullen

silence. By the time they reached the sea, they knew that someone had to go.

You can guess, perhaps, who that man was. The nickname, Crapule, seems to give some indication of his character. Garou told me he was a hulk of a fellow who weighed close to two hundred pounds. When they reached the mouth of the river, in the small hours of the morning, they were obliged to put ashore to make a better stowage of their supplies. They hurried with this work, not wanting to be caught by daylight. When they were again ready to push on, Garou said, Crapule was 'missing.'

At dawn they were some miles to the westward along the coast. Not daring to proceed, they went ashore, hiding the canoe, to wait for nightfall.

My information of that day's happenings came chiefly from Maillot, and he made them memorable enough. By the time they reached a suitable halting place, at the mouth of a swampy tidal creek, all of them knew that they were still one too many for the canoe, but no one spoke of the matter. They lay there throughout the day, each man aware of what was in the minds of the others, each hoping that one of his companions would bring up the question that must be decided before they could proceed.

I can well picture the scene as it was described to me by Maillot: a sandspit covered with low scrub, backed by the forests and near the mouth of a creek where the canoe was hidden. It was their first outpost on the road to freedom, and the greatest of their dangers, that of actual escape, was behind them. They had an excellent canoe and an ample supply of provisions. Granted any kind of luck, they were as good as clear from Cayenne — free men, their own masters once more. But they were still one too many. Even under the exceptionally favorable conditions of the night before, they had nearly come to grief, after leaving the Maroni. And they had before them six hundred miles of open sea. Who was to be sacrificed now?

Toward nightfall the breeze made up, fresh and fair. The sky was now clear and they had the moon, nearly at the full, to light them on their way. And still no one had spoken. They waited and dawdled, Maillot said, until the moon was an hour high. They squatted on the beach. The canoe had been brought from the creek and was drawn up on the sandspit, ready for departure. Petit

sat with his chin resting in his great horny palms. Presently he raised his head.

'I know what the rest of you are thinking,' he said. 'I'm heaviest . . .'

'You're right,' said Garou. 'Hard luck, Petit, but you're elected. Eh, Matrac?'

'Leave Petit,' said Marius, 'when we're going home to kill Germans? What d'you say to that, Grandpère? Whoever stays, it can't be him.'

'He weighs more than any two of us,' said Garou.

'So he does,' said Maillot.

Matrac was sitting cross-legged on the beach, letting the sand trickle through his cupped hands.

'Speak up, Grandpère,' he said, sharply. 'It's your canoe, after all.'

'That's right,' said Marius. 'If it wasn't for Grandpère there'd none of us be going.'

'And who did he speak to first?' Maillot asked. 'Not you, Marius. You weren't even present.'

'What's that got to do with it?' said Marius. 'Look at me; I'm nothing but skin and bone. Even Garou will weigh a good ten pounds more than I do.'

'You weigh enough to lighten the canoe all that's needed,' said Garou.

'Shut up, the lot of you,' said Matrac. 'Well, Grandpère?'

The old man was squatting on his hams, his stubby chin resting on his knees. For all his sixty-five years, he was sturdily built, and would have weighed more than either Marius, Garou, or Maillot. He regarded them with his faded blue eyes, and the feeling in his heart must have been close to despair. Remember that, for thirty-five years, his one hope in life had been to escape. And this was his last chance; there could never be another.

'Lads,' he said, 'Petit's going, and the rest of you with him. It's me that stays.'

According to Maillot, they all protested at that — and, I believe, in good faith; but the more they talked, the more stubbornly the old man clung to his resolve. He professed, of a sudden, to be afraid of the sea.

'I'm scared, that's the plain truth,' he said. 'I thought I'd have enough courage to make this voyage if ever I had the chance. I see now I ain't.'

'You lie, Grandpère!' said Matrac.

'You're a coward, Grandpère?' said Garou. 'I'd swap my guts for yours any day!'

'No, *mes gars*,' said the old man. 'Maybe I could stand the voyage, if it came right down to it, but the fact is I've changed my mind. I don't want to go. This place is kind of home to me now. I'd miss my old *copains*.'

Furthermore, he was too old, he said. Of what use would he be in France? They wouldn't have him as a soldier, and that was the whole purpose of the escape: to reach France and join the Army.

The others continued to protest, for decency's sake, perhaps, knowing the deepness of their debt to this old man. Matrac suggested that the four of them draw lots to see who should stay, but Grandpère wouldn't hear of this. And there was an end of it: he simply refused to go. How strongly he was urged I can't say, of course, but there is no doubt that they abandoned him with genuine regret. And so they left him in that desolate, solitary place, to make his way back to St. Laurent on foot, as best he could. I've heard of sacrifices, of generous actions, many's the time; but, considering the circumstances, I know of none to be compared with this.

They had fair winds all the way to the delta of the Orinoco, and made the voyage in fourteen days. As you know, the Orinoco at its mouth is broken up into a maze of channels, bordered by low, swampy, fever-stricken coasts. With a chart furnished by Grandpère they sailed and paddled fifty miles inland, to the settlement of Tucapita, where a number of Cayenne *évadés* had established themselves. The place was well known as a halfway station for escaping convicts. With three hundred francs, also furnished by Grandpère, they laid in additional supplies. They had hoped to steal a seaworthy boat at Tucapita, but none were to be had, so they took the long chance of continuing the voyage in the canoe. They planned to call at Trinidad and steal a boat there, but in their ignorance of navigation they missed the island. The rest you know, save for the miseries of the voyage that followed. We picked them up two hundred and fifty miles off Colón. Another day in the canoe would have finished them.

I now return to the *Ville de Nancy* on the morning of June 17. I need not remind you of what happened on that day, the blackest in the history of France. We were just sitting down to lunch when the news came. Captain Malo had taken his dingy napkin from its

ring and tucked it in at his collar when Jourdain entered. His face was a pasty white as he handed the typewritten sheet to the skipper. Malo read it slowly, and then, without a word, passed it to Duval. The Commandant stared at the paper as though it had been written in some unintelligible language, and passed it on to me. France, under the leadership of Marshal Pétain, had asked Germany for an armistice.

Grave as the news had been for three weeks past, no one of us had dreamed of sudden and utter defeat. For the rest of the day we were all in a kind of stupor. Whether or not the others came to meals, I can't say. I know I did not. By the Captain's orders, the crew had not yet been informed. The next day we agreed with Malo that further concealment was useless.

When I was able to think coherently once more, I went aft to see the convicts. I don't know exactly why I went; perhaps it was to avoid the company of Duval and his lieutenant. These two, once the first shock was over, seemed to approve of Pétain's choice of a Ministry. They were thinking less of France than of the political situation following her collapse, and of its possible effect upon their careers. Both men thought highly of Laval. That name alone emitted an exhalation in which I found it hard to breathe, even in the wide air of mid-ocean.

I found a different atmosphere in the wheelhouse. Stunned as they were, the five convicts were thinking less of themselves than of France. Petit could not get the truth through his thick skull, and the others seemed to find some relief for their own feelings by trying to pound it in. Petit appealed to me, his low brow wrinkled by the unaccustomed effort at thought.

'How's this, *mon Capitaine*?' he asked. 'It's not true, is it? We're not licked?'

'I'm afraid we are,' I said.

'*Les sales Boches!* They're not in Paris?'

'Yes, you half-wit!' said Marius. 'Can't you understand plain speech? They're not only in Paris. They're halfway to Bordeaux by now.'

The peasant shook his close-cropped head, still unconvinced. '*Non, non! Jamais!*'

Their information was what had been passed on to them by the seamen, and I now explained as much as I myself knew.

'And England—she's given up, too?' Matrac asked.

'No,' I replied. 'England is fighting on, so far, and her colonies with her.'

Matrac's eyes lighted up. 'Good, by God! There's guts for you!'

'But they can't win without us,' said Garou.

'*Non, non. . . Jamais.* They're done for, without France,' said Petit.

'How do you know that?' asked Matrac. 'They're tough, the English. They can lick the Boches alone.' He turned to me with the strange fierce light in his eyes that I have spoken of. 'But what's happened to us? Can you explain that? What?'

'God knows,' I replied.

'Dirty work somewhere,' said Garou. 'You can't tell me French soldiers would ask for an armistice. Some skunk of a general has let us down.'

'They've taken Lille?' Petit asked. 'And Amiens, and Boulogne? There's none of the country left for us?'

'A little, I think. No one knows, yet, how much.'

'As long as there's a little we can still fight.'

'But there's an armistice, you idiot!' said Marius. 'The war's over. We've quit.'

'The colonies haven't quit, have they?' Garou asked.

I explained that the situation with respect to the colonies was not yet known, adding: 'They may, or may not, give in.'

'There's one that wouldn't give in: Cayenne,' said Garou. 'I don't mean the guards or the filthy brutes in charge of them. The convicts and *libérés*, they'd never give in!'

'*Oui, oui,*' said Petit. 'You said something, Garou. They'd fight, all right! Why wouldn't they give us a chance?'

'What'll happen to Cayenne now?' Maillot asked. 'If France is beaten, won't the colony be cut off?'

'I should think it more than likely,' I replied. 'The English blockade will be extended to our shores and French shipping swept from the seas to prevent its falling into German hands. No doubt Cayenne will have to depend upon its own resources from now on.'

Maillot shook his head. 'You don't know the conditions there,' he said. 'Cayenne is nothing but forests and jungle. Nearly all the food and supplies come from France.'

'Think what it'll be if they are cut off!' said Garou. 'There's better than six thousand of us in Cayenne, *mon Capitaine*, count-

ing the *libérés*. They'll starve without the ships from France.'

'I wish we had never left!' said Matrac.

'What!' said Petit. 'You'd want to be back there?'

'Can't you see why? They'll revolt, that's sure. The guards can't handle six thousand starving men. Guns or no guns, we could kill the lot! I'd be willing to starve, afterward, to have a hand in that!'

'Me, too!' said Garou. 'Suppose, with their machine guns and all, they killed a thousand of us before we got the last one of them: we'd still have five thousand men. You're right, Matrac. Think of those soft rats of guards at St. Joseph and the *Ile Royale*! They'll be for it now! Would I like to be there, to help rip their fat guts out!'

For the moment they had forgotten my presence, and I saw them as they were, with their masks off. I saw, too, by implication, the degradation and misery they must have suffered at the hands of their jailers in the solitary confinement cells, in the labor gangs in the steaming forests. Their turns of speech were not of the most elegant, to be sure, but I could well understand the bitterness in their hearts, and their joy at the thought that their comrades, still at Cayenne, might now have their chance for revenge.

'Here's a strange thing,' Maillot was saying. 'Convicts are men without a country — no rights, no citizenship, nothing. Well, all Frenchmen are in the same boat now.'

'Where's the comfort in that?' Marius asked.

'I'm not offering comfort. I'm stating a fact.'

With an oath, Matrac struck his knee a sharp blow with his fist.

'We've gone through all this to get to France,' he said; 'to kill rats of Germans. Now where are we?' He gave a short harsh laugh. 'The joke's on us. There's no France left to go to.'

'Oh yes, there is,' said Marius. 'The Captain's said it. The Boches haven't got it all . . . not yet.'

Of a sudden Garou's face lighted up. 'Listen,' he said. 'I've got it! I know what we'll do!'

'Well, spit it out.'

'You heard what Maillot said: all Frenchmen, convicts or not, are in the same boat now. The Boches are snouting all over our Country. Is that right, Captain?'

I nodded. 'It's close to the truth, certainly; but there's a small part, I believe, that they haven't dirtied so far.'

'Exactly — and that's the part we'll go to, somehow, as soon as we can get there.'

'A bright idea that is!' said Marius. 'And then what do we do?'

'Wait . . . let me finish. We won't have to crawl into holes and corners and skulk along alleys like a pack of mangy dogs. No, by God! We'll make for the first town that's still France, and we'll go to the mayor, like honest men. Then we'll say, "*Monsieur le Maire*, it's like this: We're convicts, *évadés* from Cayenne — we tell you that, straight. We escaped because we wanted to come home to kill Germans. We've had the devil's own time getting here, but no matter for that. Now, then, give us guns and tell us where our men are still fighting.'"

Marius gave him a sour smile. 'Bright boy, bright boy! And what do you think the mayor would do? He'd shake our hands and say: "My brave lads, God bless you! Excuse me one minute, please, while I phone the police." And five minutes later we'd be nabbed by a squad of gendarmes.'

'Never — not now. The Frenchmen that's left outside will still fight, won't they? It stands to reason. They'll be glad of any help they can get till the filthy Germans are drove back where they come from.'

'Listen to him!' said Marius. 'Trustful, what? Convict 51,628, and you'd say he was some kid just home from his First Communion!'

'He's not such a fool,' said Maillot. 'The plan might work. I'd say it was worth a trial.'

'Where's the good of talking of it?' said Matrac. 'Can't you understand what the Captain's said? They've *all* quit — laid down their arms. France is done for, and so are we.'

Four days later there was no longer any question of that fact. The armistice had been signed. On the evening of that same day we learned that General de Gaulle had set up a French National Committee in London and was appealing to Frenchmen throughout the world to organize under his leadership and continue the war at England's side. A strong appeal was made to the French Navy and the governors of the French colonies to refuse to recognize the armistice. The news gave me a thrill of hope, but it was received differently

by Duval and, of course, by Lenoir, who took his cue in everything from the Commandant. That evening, as the four of us were sitting on the small deck outside the wireless room, we divided sharply on this issue.

'Who is this de Gaulle?' the Commandant asked. 'What right has he to set himself up as the leader of France?'

'What does it matter?' Malo replied. 'Aren't you glad that France has such a man at a time like this?'

'I'm a professional soldier, Captain Malo. I've no use for upstarts in our service who go over the heads of their superior officers. Marshal Pétain is our leader now.'

'In my opinion,' I said, 'a man of eighty-four, no matter how illustrious his past, is no longer capable of leadership at a time when the very existence of our Country hangs in the balance.'

The Commandant gave an indignant snort. 'I beg to differ with you,' he said, heatedly. 'As for de Gaulle, he is a man of no standing in our Army. I hope and believe he'll soon be put in his place.'

'No standing?' I said. 'You've not read his book?'

'What book? I know nothing about it.'

'*Vers l'Armée de Métier*. He's the greatest authority we have on the subject of mechanized warfare. Had we listened to him years ago, France would never have been defeated.'

'He's a nobody,' said Duval, contemptuously. 'I've no use for literary officers.'

'Nor I, *mon Commandant*,' said Lenoir. 'Wars are not won by reading books, or writing them.'

'I know nothing of this general,' Captain Malo put in, quietly; 'but thank God for the stand he has taken! He offers a rallying point, at least, for those who feel as we do.'

'Speak for yourself, Captain Malo,' said Duval, sharply. 'I'll not be included in that *we*.'

'Nor I,' said Lenoir. 'It is our duty to follow Marshal Pétain now.'

Captain Malo gave an exasperated sigh. 'Armistice or no armistice, the war's not lost. We've a magnificent fleet; and the colonies will be loyal — mark my words!'

'Loyal? To whom?' Duval snapped. 'Those who work against Marshal Pétain's orders are no better than traitors!'

'Then I'd thank you, Commandant, for your opinion as to what Frenchmen should do now.'

'Do? Submit to authority, of course. Avoid all risks of civil strife. Suppose we should be divided amongst ourselves by this de Gaulle: can't you see what would happen? There would be no security. Banks would fail. Business would be at a standstill. Pen-sions, both civil and military, would be discontinued. Our situation is bad enough now, but at least it is not complete anarchy.'

'You can think of your pension at a time like this?' Malo asked.

Duval bristled up at once. 'What do you mean by that, sir? I think of the future stability of our Country.'

Malo rose abruptly and went to the bridge. I followed a moment later, wondering how many heated discussions of this kind were then taking place wherever Frenchmen were gathered.

While I was shaving, the following morning, the mess boy knocked at the door to say that the Captain wished to see me. I found him aft, by the gun, taking a reading of the taffrail log.

'I've asked you to come here, Captain,' he said, 'so that we may be out of earshot of our two friends. I must make a decision and I want your advice.'

'This is what I have in mind. If I follow my orders and go to Marseilles, you see what may well happen? My ship and her cargo will fall into German hands. You can imagine how delighted the Boches would be with a gift of six thousand tons of nickel ore. Well, they're not going to get it, or the *Ville de Nancy*, either. We go to England. What do you say?'

I grasped his hand, warmly. 'I've been thinking of the same thing half the night,' I replied. 'But what of Duval and his follower?'

'They're to know nothing about it; at least, not now.' He smiled faintly. 'Think of their joy when we dock at Liverpool!'

'You mean to keep this a secret?'

'From them, yes, if I can. My mates will know, of course. They will be as pleased as yourself. I can count on every one of the seamen; but the engine room . . . they're not to be trusted, least of all the chief. You know how he hates the English.'

'There's another I'm far from trusting,' I replied. 'Your wireless man.'

Malo nodded. 'He's a weasel. If he knew, he'd inform the Commandant at once. But at this distance the change in course will be

slight, and I think the mates and I can keep him in the dark.'

I parted from the Captain with feelings of profound relief. I knew very well what he would do upon reaching England: place himself and his ship at the disposal of the British Government. I could not flatter myself that my own services would be as warmly welcomed, but with some French troops in England, under General de Gaulle, I hoped that I might, after all, fill the post of a liaison officer. I had yet another reason for contentment with the Captain's plan, because of Matrac and his friends. I longed to give them the good news, but that was out of the question, of course. During the next few days I made what tentative plans I could for them, in advance, for I had no doubt that they would yet have their chance to fight for France. From this day on I saw as little as possible of Duval and his satellite, and derived a good deal of pleasure in picturing their astonishment and dismay upon our arrival off the coast of England.

But the secret could not be kept, thanks to the wireless officer. The alteration in course had not escaped the eyes of this ratlike youth.

One morning, after our early coffee, the Captain and I were taking the usual walk. The seamen, with the convicts assisting, were at the never-ending task of chipping rust. That sound — the sharp clink of chisels and hammers against corroding iron — had accompanied us all the way from the Southern Hemisphere, and I sometimes wondered whether there would be anything left of the *Nancy* to chip at the end of the voyage. The Captain and I were completing a turn of the well deck when we met Duval who was waiting for us.

'Captain Malo,' he said, 'I understand that our course has been changed?'

'*Eh bien*. Who told you that?'

'The wireless man. You have received new orders?'

'That's my business, sir.'

'I have studied your chart. We are no longer heading for Marseilles.'

Malo gave him a steady look. 'Correct, sir.'

'For what reason? We shall run the greatest risk of being picked up by a British destroyer.'

'Would you consider that so great a calamity?' Malo asked.

'I would consider it a great misfortune, certainly. France has no ships to spare for England.'

'You'd prefer the Germans to have her, perhaps?'

'It is not a question of what I prefer,' said Duval. 'Your orders were to proceed to Marseilles.'

'What are you driving at?' Malo asked, sharply.

Duval put on his blustering major-of-infantry manner. 'This, sir. I'll not beat about the bush. I suspect that you would be well content to lose your ship to the English. I believe you are heading for England now.'

'So I am,' Malo replied, quietly. 'We're bound for Liverpool.'

Duval stared at him. 'You will make a present to England of your ship and cargo?'

'Yes; and of myself as well, if they'll have me.'

Duval was so taken aback by this cool acknowledgment that he was unable to speak. I believe that I understand this kind of Frenchman, though I confess that his point of view is hard to explain. It is based upon respect for authority, even for such German-directed authority as now exists in France. In Duval's case there was another element — his deep-seated dislike of England. Two wars in which Frenchmen and Englishmen fought side by side have by no means sufficed to eradicate this ancient distrust. It was inborn with Duval. I should not wonder if, in the bottom of his heart, he did not feel more in sympathy with the Prussian mentality than with the English.

'Captain Malo,' he said at last, 'I'll not mince my words. Your decision borders upon treason, if I know anything about it.'

'I care nothing for your opinion, sir,' Malo replied, coolly; 'and I'll thank you to mind your own business.' With that he turned and walked away.

In my interest in this conversation I had forgotten there were others on deck besides ourselves. None of us had noticed Marius, at work behind a lifeboat, well within earshot of where we stood. That evening, I learned that he had overheard the whole of the conversation. He said nothing to the seamen, but in strict secrecy informed the other convicts of the new destination. Some time after dark, one of them found occasion to speak with me, and I accompanied him to their bunkroom. With the door closed, and

speaking in low voices, I discussed with them the changed situation. Not only that. I felt justified in assuring them that they were no longer in any danger from the law. They were certain to be accepted by the National Committee in London as loyal Frenchmen, with no questions asked. Their reaction to that assurance warmed my heart. I could not help contrasting their kind of patriotism with that of Duval and Lenoir who considered these convict outcasts unfit to breathe the same air with them.

On the morning of June 26, I was awakened by the profound silence that had settled over the ship. I attributed this to the old cause, engine trouble, and thought no more about it except to wonder how long we should be adrift this time. Fortunately, the sea was calm; there would be no wearisome rolling as had happened a time or two before. I lay in my berth for another ten minutes, then rang for the mess boy to bring my shaving water. Opening the door of the cabinet where I kept my razors, I discovered that my army pistol was missing. I had no suspicion that anything was wrong. The first mate and I often joined in pistol practice with bottles or empty tins as targets, thrown from the bow by the mess boy while we potted at them as they floated past. Evidently, he had borrowed my pistol, but I thought it a little strange that he had not spoken of the matter.

The mess boy failed to appear, so I rang again. I tried the door and, to my surprise, found it locked on the outside. I thought, of course, that this had been done by accident, and began to pound on the door to attract attention. A moment later I heard the sound of footsteps; then the wireless man addressed me through the door.

'You're not to come out, Captain Freycinet,' he said.

'What the devil do you mean?' I demanded. 'Who locked my door?'

'I did, sir.'

'For what reason? Unlock it at once!'

'Commandant Duval's orders, sir.'

Even then I was slow in realizing what had happened. You may think it strange, but for thirty seconds I was as mystified as I was angry. Then I understood. By the Lord! Duval had seized the ship! He must have believed that, once in control, he could force Malo to obey his orders. I had no further doubts when I heard the Captain himself

pounding on the door of his cabin, which was directly over mine. The wireless man had said there were guards at my door, so I called: 'Who is there?'

'*Moi, Monsieur. Toi restez là,*' said a voice, in the pigeon French of our black stokers. A moment later the door was unlocked, and there stood the second engineer with my pistol in his hand, backed by two Caledonian blacks armed with heavy spanners.

'You're to come with me, Captain,' he said, shortly.

My dislike for this fellow and his chief dated from the beginning of the voyage, and was as heartily returned. Without weapons, there was nothing I could do but obey. He stood aside and motioned me to precede him down the port ladder. At the same moment I saw Captain Malo, guarded by the chief engineer and another pair of stokers, coming down the ladder on the starboard side. The mates, our cook, and the six white seamen were already assembled on the well deck, under guard. Malo's ruddy face was an even brighter red than usual. His lips were set and his eyes blazing, but, for the moment, he said nothing. Standing at the machine guns, one in the waist on the port side, the other mounted on top of the wheelhouse, were Duval and Lenoir, covering us with their weapons. Forward of the wheelhouse, under the leadership of the third engineer, were the rest of the stokers, armed with spanners and other wicked-looking pieces of ironmongery.

There was a gleam of triumph in Duval's eyes as he looked down upon us from behind his gun.

'Captain Malo, you have brought this upon yourself,' he said. 'From now on you will navigate this ship under my orders.' Malo made no reply, and Duval added: 'I shall take and keep command until we reach Marseilles.'

'This is piracy, Duval,' said Malo.

'I am willing to let that question be decided by the authorities at home. Now then, if left at liberty, will you give me your word of honor to take the ship to Marseilles?'

'Certainly not!' said Malo.

The ship had been stopped for the reason that her officers and seamen were under arrest, and the engineers and Caledonian stokers, all of Duval's party, were needed on deck. Captain Malo, the mates and myself, with the seamen behind us, were on the starboard side of the deck, where we made a

compact group, under the muzzles of the machine guns. Malo had himself well in hand. I knew that he must be cursing himself for having been so neatly caught, but it had occurred to none of us that Duval would go to such lengths as this. The convicts were not on deck and we took it for granted that they were locked inside the wheelhouse and under guard there.

Duval now started a harangue, blustering and threatening like a drill sergeant, but he didn't get far with it. Of a sudden we heard a terrific banging and smashing aft, and warning yells from whoever was on guard there. Duval turned his head in that direction; so did the chief engineer. Captain Malo took advantage of this split-second opportunity to rush and grapple with the chief. The mates, the seamen, and I followed his lead, and in an instant the deck was filled with milling, struggling men. My antagonist was Jourdain. He had youth on his side, but I had weight, not all of it superfluous fat, and I soon bore him down. Lenoir at his gun was unable to use it because of the mêlée, and the black stokers, bewildered by the uproar from the wheelhouse and taken aback by Captain Malo's resolute action, did nothing for a time just long enough to save us. Duval was dancing about, shifting his machine gun this way and that, but he dared not fire. Then Matrac appeared from behind him with a wooden mallet in his hand. He was on Duval in a flash and dropped him with a blow on the head. Matrac seized the grips of the machine gun, whipped it round to bear on Lenoir, and gave him a burst that brought him down in a heap.

At the same moment Petit appeared from behind the wheelhouse with the butt end of an oar in his huge fist. Garou, Marius, and Maillot were close behind. Petit swung his weapon with such ferocious skill that when three stokers had been felled the others fled. Meanwhile, Garou had seized Lenoir's machine gun and the ship was ours again. I doubt whether three minutes had elapsed between the beginning and the end of the battle.

Luckily, no one was killed. Duval's thick skull had not been seriously damaged. Lenoir was bleeding badly from a bullet wound in his fat buttock and another through the fleshy part of his right thigh. Matrac, out of consideration for Captain Malo perhaps, had aimed at the man's legs. Four stokers were

laid out on deck, one of them unconscious, but he came round within the half hour. Malo, the mates, and I gave the wounded first aid; then Duval and his lieutenant were carried to their cabin, where they were confined during the remainder of the voyage. The three engineers were completely subdued; for all that, Captain Malo kept them to their own part of the ship, but they were permitted to come on deck at stated times for a breath of fresh air. To the convicts he gave the honor of guarding them and the stokers, and well they fulfilled the duty.

As I think of it now, there was something faintly comic about the whole affair, but the tragic aspect overshadows this. There we were, Frenchmen in a French ship, our Country defeated and laid waste, and we could find nothing better to do than to fight amongst ourselves. It was an example in miniature of what we have all been doing from that time to the present.

We had a quiet passage and a lonely one across the rest of the Atlantic. So empty was the sea that I began to wonder if there was any shipping left. As you know, the vessels of belligerent nations are forbidden to use their wireless except in cases of emergency, so there was none of the usual crisscrossing of messages at all hours of the day and night. Maillot, by the way, was now our wireless officer. He proved vastly more competent than his predecessor, and I could see the pride and pleasure he took in being honestly at work once more.

The last week of the voyage seemed endless. As we approached the coast of England, Malo was never off the bridge. He hoped to fall in with some convoy, but we had no luck. The weather was dull and misty throughout the week, and the visibility poor. We were about fifty miles from Land's End when we had our first contact with Europe.

It was on a morning of heavy, low-hanging clouds, broken by occasional gaps through which the sunlight streamed in bright shafts. Malo paced the bridge constantly. You can imagine his concern, in those sub-infested waters; furthermore, he was ignorant of the location of the British mine fields, to say nothing of those strewn at random by the Germans. Every man had his life belt ready, and some wore them as they went about their work. The bosun and his mate remained on the alert at our three-inch gun, and the two

machine guns were ready for instant action. If you have done any wartime voyaging in European waters, you will know the tension we were under as the old *Ville de Nancy* pushed slowly on toward St. George's Channel.

About ten o'clock we heard the sound Europeans are only too familiar with: the far-off droning of aeroplane engines. They were above the clouds and coming steadily nearer. Presently we had a glimpse of four planes, in close formation, as they crossed a gap in the clouds a little to starboard of us. Whether English or German we could not tell. A moment later another came in sight. Her pilots caught sight of the *Nancy*, banked steeply, dived through the opening in the clouds, and headed straight for us. It was a flying boat, a monoplane, with German crosses on the great wings.

It passed over us at less than a thousand feet, where, to my more than anxious eyes, it looked huge enough to be Sinbad's roc, capable of flying off with an elephant. And the venom in the four black eggs she dropped would have been worthy of that legendary bird. They were small, as bombs go nowadays, but their detonations made the old ship quiver and sent up columns of water that showered our decks. The plane banked and headed for us once more.

This time, I thought we were done for. Our machine guns had not been idle, but it seemed incredible that they could have any effect upon this flying fortress. To our astonishment, instead of bombing us again, she skimmed low and raked the decks with concentrated machine-gun fire. Woodwork was splintered and the steel decks rang as though beaten with a thousand hammers. All save the men at the guns sprang for shelter, but two of the Caledonians fell as they ran. Glancing round from where I crouched by the bulwark, I saw that one of our guns was standing idle; both the gunner and his number two had been hit. Before I could reach the gun, Matrac had seized the grips and was pouring a long burst into the oncoming plane.

Then the incredible happened. Matrac was on his knees, firing steadily, with the greatest coolness. I would not have given three sous for either of our chances at that moment. The plane passed so low that the sound of her engines was deafening; then, as she banked to return, she zoomed up of a sudden, fell off on a wing, and plunged into the sea about three hundred yards away.

Even with the sight of the floating wreckage there before us, we could scarcely believe that she was down. Captain Malo, almost out of his senses with joy, performed a kind of Celtic war dance on the bridge, shouting and waving his stubby arms.

'*Voilà les salauds!*' he yelled, suddenly, and one after another we saw three half-drowned Germans emerge from the sea and drag themselves onto the floating wing. They crouched together, gazing toward the ship. All the German stiffness and arrogance had gone out of them. They huddled on the wing, maintaining their positions with difficulty as the flying boat, her fuselage almost completely submerged, rose sluggishly to the cold gray swells. At that moment we heard a long steady burst of machine-gun fire, and the three airmen slumped down under a hail of bullets which whipped the sea white around them. It was Matrac who had fired before a hand could be lifted to prevent him. The Captain came running aft; he was breathing hard and for a moment he could not speak.

'Assassin!' he exclaimed. 'What are you about? You have killed helpless men!'

Matrac showed no sign of emotion, but I saw in his eyes the glitter of ferocity I have mentioned before. 'Look about you, Captain, and tell me who are the assassins,' he said.

On the well deck, three of the stokers lay huddled in pools of blood. Matrac's friend, Marius, shot through the head and chest, tried to raise himself to a sitting position and slumped down once more. One of the seamen at the gun Matrac had fired was dead, the other badly wounded. Malo stared around him, and then at the German bodies on the floating wing.

'*Bon Dieu! Bon Dieu!*' he exclaimed. 'But you shouldn't have done it, man! The fight was over.'

We had been steaming on this while at our customary six knots, and the wrecked plane was soon almost out of sight. Malo was debating whether or not to turn back when we saw a plume of smoke on the horizon. We soon made it out to be a destroyer, bearing down upon us at top speed. We examined her anxiously, through our binoculars, and the moment Malo was convinced she was British he gave orders to the man at the wheel, and the *Nancy* was headed back toward the plane. The destroyer reached it

before we did. She swept across our bow and came to a spectacular halt not fifty yards off. We saw the officers on the bridge examining the plane and ourselves through their glasses.

'Well done, Captain!' one of them shouted through his megaphone. 'Who are you?'

'*Ville de Nancy*, from Nouméa.'

'Messageries Line?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What's your cargo?'

'Nickel ore.'

'Splendid! Half a minute, Captain, and we'll board you.'

The half minute proved almost literally the case. The C.O. and a young officer sprang into their small launch as she was lowered from the davits, and no sooner had it touched the water than it headed for the German plane. The great wing was all but awash, and only one body now remained on it. A seaman stepped onto the wreck and went hastily through the pockets of the dead man, whereupon the launch made for the ladder we had put over the side.

The C.O. of the destroyer was a youngish man, about thirty, and his sub-lieutenant was scarcely out of his teens. Both were roughly dressed. They looked thoroughly dependable, and, somehow, the mere sight of them gave us a feeling of confidence and security. The elder man shook Malo's hand warmly, and we retired with them to the Captain's stateroom. The mess boy placed glasses and a bottle of brandy on the table but the Englishman shook his head.

'Sorry, Captain, but this is no place for a quiet chat. Now tell me what happened.'

Malo related the experience briefly.

'Good work! You know what your bag is, I suppose?'

'Can't say I do.'

'A Dornier, type twenty-four. It's these fellows that have been laying the magnetic mines. You were incredibly lucky to get him with machine-gun fire. You were bound for Marseilles, you say? A bit off your course, aren't you?'

Malo then gave him a hasty account of our voyage, ending with Duval's rebellion. The Englishman heard him through in silence.

'We could do with more of your kind, Captain,' he said. 'Well, I'll leave my sub-lieutenant aboard to pilot you into Bristol. Go there instead of Liverpool. By the way, what's your speed?'

'I've had her up to seven knots.'

The C.O. gave a low whistle. He smiled grimly as he added: 'In that case, we won't count on the nickel ore till we get it there.'

'What about my prisoners?' Malo asked.

'What do you want to do with them?'

Malo hesitated. 'I hardly know. . . . They're my countrymen, of course. They did what they thought was right . . .'

'And you did what *you* thought was right. They must be a nuisance on board here. I'll take them if you say so. We're due at Portsmouth tomorrow, and I could turn them over to the authorities there.'

'What will become of them?' Malo asked.

'They'll be well treated. Have no fears on that score. They will be repatriated if the chance offers, but I can't say when that will be.'

You can imagine the feelings of Duval when informed that he was to leave the ship for a British destroyer. Because of his wounds, Lenoir was given the choice of staying or going. As there was no choice for Duval he elected to go with his leader. Malo decided to send the chief engineer with them, and a moment later all three were brought on deck, Lenoir carried in an improvised litter. Duval was all but speechless with indignation.

'You will regret this, Malo! Mark my words! The day will come when you will very bitterly regret it!' He stared truculently at the British officer, and dotted lines of venom seemed to dart from his eyes like bursts of machine-gun bullets. 'As for you, sir, you are exceeding your authority beyond all bounds. Be sure that I shall demand satisfaction from your superiors the moment I set foot on shore!'

The Englishman's face remained completely wooden, and his manner was courteous.

'The opportunity shall not be denied you, Major,' he replied. The ghost of a smile appeared at the corners of his mouth.

'There is no hope, I suppose, that you may wish to change your mind? You would not care to join your compatriots who are still loyal to France and fighting with us?'

Duval's face took on an all but bluish tinge.

'Loyal?' he exclaimed. 'Loyal to France, those traitors? I'll live to see the day when every man of them will face a firing squad!'

'That's a matter of opinion, sir. . . .

And now we must be pushing off. This is not a healthy place to stop.'

The British officer took leave of us, and Duval, still protesting, climbed clumsily down the ladder, followed by the chief engineer. Lenoir was handed down. The destroyer was close alongside. The launch was quickly hoisted in, and the larger vessel's powerful screws churned the sea white as she gathered way. She tore off to the eastward at all of thirty knots, and soon the *Ville de Nancy* was alone once more.

But we got safely to Bristol, and never have I been more content to set foot on land. The officer who piloted us in smoothed over the formalities of our arrival. Two of the seamen wounded by the Boche airmen were sent to hospital. Our dead, including Marius, had been buried at sea. Three days later, I accompanied Matrac, Garou, Maillot, and Petit to London. From the windows of our second-class compartment, I saw what you have seen this afternoon: an England changed in the course of a few months from the most peaceful country in the world to a land beleaguered, and prepared for the worst that may come. Englishmen themselves, I discovered, had undergone an even greater change. I shall always remember, as one of the greatest privileges of life, my return to that England.

It was comfort beyond expression to find that same spirit in the hearts of my own countrymen then in England. The headquarters of the French National Committee in London were on the Victoria Embankment. The anterooms were filled with our compatriots: civilians as well as men of all ranks in uniform. I saw upon those faces the same expression of incredulity, weariness, anguish, grim determination. We were still dazed, all of us, by the swiftly moving events that had made us homeless, whether at home or abroad.

You will understand the strangeness of that experience; and if it seemed strange, unreal to me, what of my four companions? Remembering the horror of their lives in Cayenne, I tried to think myself into their minds at the moment; to imagine what my own feelings would be if I stood in the place of any one of them. I came nearest, perhaps, in Maillot's case, but I don't think I succeeded very well even there. One thing I was convinced of, however: during those first days in England, the fact of being free,

their own men once more, outweighed everything else. The fortunes of war or the fate of nations bulked small in their minds compared with this precious liberty. No more would they hear, 'Convicts, on your knees! Caps off!' No more would they run and fight for their slops of food in the blockhouse or the *Case Rouge* at the command of '*Poussel*'! They could move about at will, heads up, human beings once again. To see the incredible truth coming home to them little by little would have touched a harder heart than mine.

I have said that, with the exception of Maillot, they bore the unmistakable stamp of the underworld, but already they were beginning to lose it. As they sat among other Frenchmen in the anteroom at the de Gaulle headquarters, what chiefly distinguished them was the deep tan on faces and hands. Petit was remarkable for his powerful frame and grotesque breadth of shoulders, but I realized that he looked no less intelligent than many another hard-handed peasant. Garou resembled the man he was in fact — a first-class mechanic; he might have stepped out of any munitions or aircraft factory. But Matrac fell into no category. I noticed that he attracted immediate attention in the anteroom. The others waiting there eyed him with a kind of speculative interest, trying, perhaps, to classify him.

We waited our turn, and were at last ushered into the presence of a major of infantry. I told my white lie — at least, I considered it white — concerning Matrac and his friends. They were supposed to be survivors of a torpedoed ship: Petit one of the seamen, and the others Frenchmen from South America who had been on the way home to volunteer. The story was accepted without question. As we walked out of the dingy building, I felt that here, at least, the heart of France was still beating — the France that lives and is free.'

III

Captain Freycinet broke off and glanced at his watch. 'The Hamburg flight should be in soon,' he remarked.

'You will understand my interest, Captain,' Manning said. 'Have you time to draw in the threads? Matrac is here, as I know. What happened to the others? And where is Captain Malo?'

'Malo was kept in command of his ship and ordered to Canada for a cargo of wheat, but the *Ville de Nancy's* days were running short. She was torpedoed not two hundred miles from where the German Dornier was brought down. Most of the crew were saved, including Petit, whom Malo had taken with him. Malo is now in command of a mine sweeper manned by French seamen. They work in the Channel. Petit is one of the crew, still safe, insofar as I know. I saw them both a fortnight ago at Dover.

'Garou is here with the squadron. He proved to be a superb mechanic. Dompierre, the C.O., tells me they could hardly function without Garou. He knows these complicated Hispano-Suiza engines and can repair one as neatly as he can pick a lock. As for Matrac, he's an ace gunner as he was an ace among his fellow convicts at Cayenne. Beaumont, one of the co-pilots of his plane, tells me he has a pair of eyes like ten-power binoculars. That plane has shot down three Messerschmitts, and Beaumont says that Matrac deserves full credit for two of them.'

'What of Maillot?'

'I hoped to have him assigned to the squadron with the others, but no radio operator was then needed here, so Maillot was kept in London. He has since been assigned to work of the most dangerous sort. He has twice been set down in France, once by plane, once by a fast powerboat on the coast, near Bordeaux. Each time he returned with extremely valuable information, so I have been told. He may have gone again, for anything I know to the contrary. I've seen him once since coming down here. It was after his first journey to France. You will understand that I watched with a good deal of anxiety for evidence of the old fear that had conquered him as a youth. No trace of it did I see. He has mastered it, I firmly believe. God knows, he needs courage for the work he is now doing!'

The two men were silent for some little time; then Manning said: 'It's a strange story, Captain. . . . By the Lord! They were — they are patriots!'

'I think they've well earned the right to be called so.'

'Do the others here know the truth about them?'

Captain Freycinet shook his head.

'Malo and I agreed that there was no reason why anyone should be told. But it

wouldn't have mattered. I'm convinced of that, now. It may well be that Duval spilled the whole of it out to the authorities in Portsmouth. If so, no heed was paid to the story. At least, we've heard nothing of it here.'

'Do you know what happened to him and his lieutenant?'

'Not definitely. I think it likely that he has been returned to France via Portugal, with other Pétainists who chanced to be in England. I wish them joy of their German allies.'

'Old Grandpère,' said Manning, musingly. 'Where will he be now, I wonder?'

'I knew you'd be thinking of him. I have, many's the time, and the others with me. How pleased he would be if he could know that they came through safely. Maillot would have tried to reach him by letter, but none of them knew his name. . . . Grandpère, the Unknown Soldier of Cayenne. . . . Well, shall we go — down to the field?'

They turned off from the path they had taken before, and Captain Freycinet led the way down the northern slope to the nearest of the hangars. Manning now saw that room for it had been partially excavated in the slope. The roof was so cunningly contrived that it seemed a part of the hill itself. The great curtain of green canvas was now drawn aside. The hangar, lighted by one small electric bulb at the inner end, looked enormous. Mechanics and ground crews walked about aimlessly, with the air of suppressed excitement and anxiety common at military aerodromes, as the hour approaches for patrols to return. At sight of Captain Freycinet, one man detached himself from the group near the entrance of the hangar.

'*Bon soir, mon Capitaine,*' he said.

'*Bon soir, Garou. Alors, ça marche?*'

Freycinet turned to the American.

'Mr. Manning, this is Corporal Garou, the best mechanic in Great Britain, French or English.'

Manning took the other's small hard hand, studying his face with interest in the moonlight.

'Garou is our one indispensable *mécano*,' Freycinet added. 'Give him some scrap iron, a bit of wire, and some old aluminum pots and pans, and he'll build you a plane in three hours.'

The man grinned. '*Non, mon Capitaine,* you exaggerate. It would take me four hours.'

'And how's the sick Farman?'

'*Ça gaze le tonnerre!*' He stopped short to listen. '*Voilà!* They're coming!'

Manning felt the thrill he had known so often in his own flying days, when on the ground, with patrols coming home but still far distant. How many would there be? What luck had they had? With the others he stared into the moonlit sky, but nothing could be seen as yet. The drone of the distant engines was not coming from the direction of the Channel but from the north. He understood the reason for that: pilots flying from a field so near the coast would want to conceal their base. Now the backfiring of the engines of the nearest plane could be heard, though it was still invisible in the deceptive moonlight. Then the pilot switched on his lights and came swooping down to a good landing. The light was immediately cut off and the Farman taxied away to its hangar, followed by a swarm of mechanics who looked like gnomes, their bodies dwarfed by the great bird they pursued.

Within the next quarter of an hour the other planes of the Hamburg flight were safely down, and Manning and his host joined the group gathered round the pilots and gunners who were stripping off their heavy combination suits. They were deafened, speechless at first, after their long flight. They flexed arms and necks, stamping the ground as though doubtful that they had good Mother Earth under their feet once more. One stout, humorous-looking fellow shook imaginary water from his fingers in the familiar Gallic gesture. '*Bon Dieu!*' he exclaimed. 'That barrage was *something* tonight! Please tell me — am I home again?'

'Who got the big oil tank? Was it you, Rocroi?'

'Of course. Who else?'

'Many thanks for the light. We made good use of it.'

Despite their easy bantering talk, Manning could detect the utter weariness in the voices of these Frenchmen. A sense of the strangeness, the incredibility of this 1940 aerial warfare came home to him at that moment as never before. While he had been sitting with Captain Freycinet in the snug little room at the farmhouse, these kids — they were scarcely more than that — had made a flight of nearly a thousand miles, facing death every mile of the distance. From what he had seen of anti-aircraft bar-

rages in the London area, he was able to imagine the kind of reception met with over Hamburg. As for the planes that had gone on to Berlin, their experience would be even worse. Worst of all, surely, would be the release of their own bombs, — three hundred, five hundred, one thousand pound bombs, — with the full realization of the havoc they might wreak upon women, children, the helpless old, even expectant mothers. How long could human beings on the ground endure these horrors? How long could young men, of whatever country, continue to rain down the bombs and still remain human? Yet it must go on, all this, until the originator, the glorifier of such monstrous Evil, and all those who believed in it with him, had been beaten down with their own monstrous weapons. Until that had happened there could be no hope for the world.

Far off across the Channel, the sky was paling; the freshness of dawn was in the air, and presently a few clouds were touched with ghostly light. Now they heard once more the faint throbbing of Hispano-Suiza motors, and a moment later the first plane of the Berlin flight was seen low in the north, coming in not five hundred feet above the downs. Two other planes landed within the next ten minutes. Dompierre, C.O. of the squadron, was co-pilot of the third to land. He stood for a moment at the foot of the ladder, rubbing his eyes and tousling his hair vigorously with his open hands. Freycinet and Manning strolled over to where he stood.

'*Heil Hitler!*' said Freycinet.

The other smiled, faintly.

'Where's Beaumont?'

The airman shook his head. 'He'll be along.' He glanced toward another of the pilots who now joined them. 'That was good work, Raoul.'

'You were able to get through the barrage?' Freycinet asked.

The other nodded, wearily.

Freycinet introduced his companion, and the four men chatted for a moment, turning their eyes northward, and pausing to listen.

'Why not turn in, Dompierre?' Freycinet asked. 'I'll let you know as soon as they've landed.'

'I'll give them another ten minutes. I'm as fussy as an old hen with one chick missing. . . . *Tiens!* Here she comes!'

The fourth plane was sighted almost as soon as they heard her engines. She was fly-

ing with a heavy list, with one of the motors silent. The men on the ground waited tensely as the pilot eased down to a landing and cut his remaining motors. The Farman rolled to within fifty yards of the hangar. For a moment there was no sign of her occupants, then the hatch to the bombers compartment was lifted and a head was thrust out.

'*Alors, Émile?*' Dompierre called.

'Stretcher bearers! Matrac's washed out. Beaumont's hit — not bad, I think. Through the shoulder.'

The co-pilot now looked down from his cockpit. 'Make it fast,' he said. 'He's bleeding all over the place.'

The ladder was quickly raised and the wounded co-pilot lifted out and eased to the ground. His face was white and his eyes misty with pain. The squadron medical officer was in the crowd, and as the pilot was laid on a stretcher he knelt beside him for a hasty examination. Then he turned to the stretcher bearers.

'Off with him,' he said, curtly. 'Get him undressed at once. I'll be along in a moment. . . . It's all right, Beaumont, a clean wound. You'll live to fight another day.'

The young pilot managed a wry smile. '*Bon Dieu, Doc!*' he said. 'Do you call that consolation?'

The surgeon turned at once to the other stretcher where Matrac lay in his blood-stained combination. His eyes were open, and he seemed to be staring with an intent, puzzled expression at a few ribbed clouds, all golden in the light of the still hidden sun. The surgeon got to his feet and stood for a moment looking down at the dead gunner. In the group gathered there, Manning saw Garou staring at the body of his friend with something of that same intent and puzzled expression. Then he turned away, and disappeared in the direction of the hangars.

Early in the afternoon of the same day, Manning and Captain Freycinet stood with the group of exiled Frenchmen gathered by the open grave where Matrac's body lay. The pilots, gunners, and navigating officers of

the squadron were all present, and as many of the mechanics as could be spared from duty. Among the latter Manning saw Garou, now looking as unconcerned as though he were a mere spectator at a ceremony that had neither significance nor interest for him. The grave had been made in a spinney on the southern slope of the hill, and through the trees could be seen the long sweep of the downs falling away to the Channel coast.

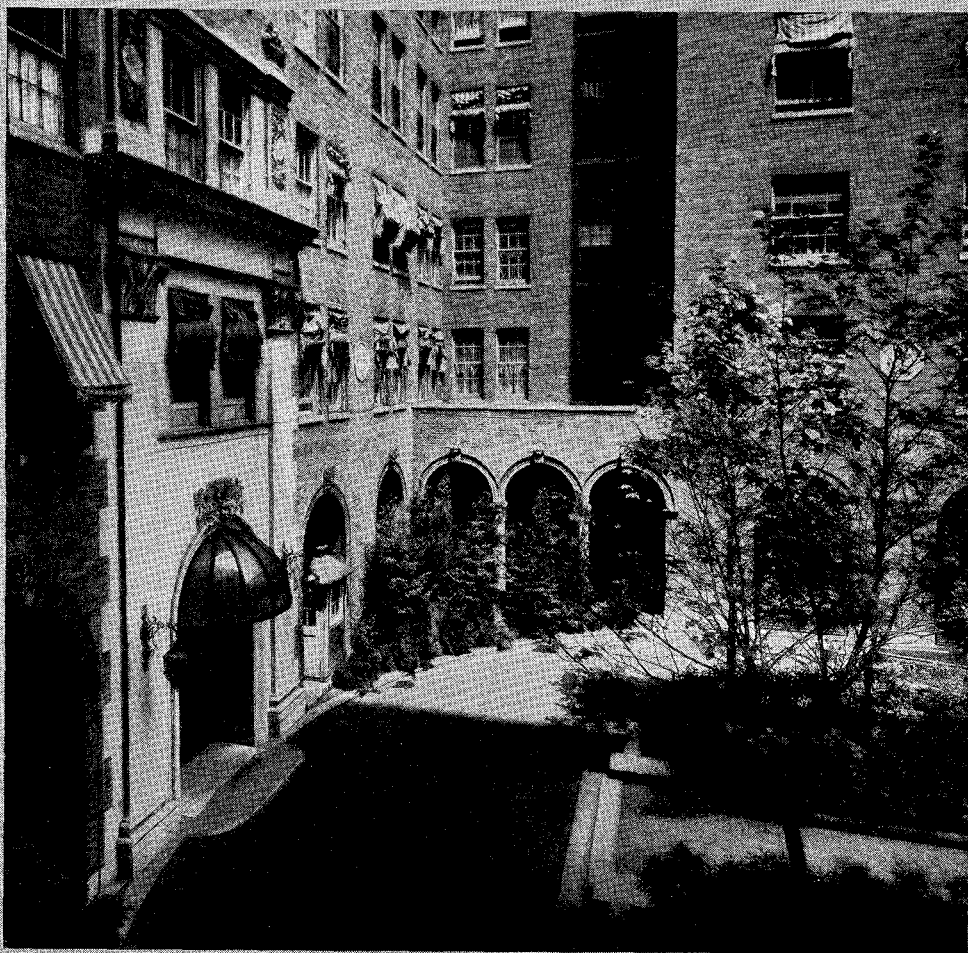
As he listened to the words of the chaplain, Manning was seized by the confused and painful sense of time moving in an endless circle, which comes when events of long ago seem to repeat themselves. How often had he stood thus, at gravesides and among French airmen, during the first four-year period of a World War still in progress, which seemed destined never to have an end. The open grave, the flag-draped coffin, the chaplain, pilots, gunners, and mechanics grouped about, all seemed a replica of one of those funeral services for airmen who had been in their graves for nearly a generation. Only the Cross of Lorraine, on the tricolor flag laid over the coffin, was there to indicate the reality of 1940 and the sombre change in fortunes wrought by the passage of twenty years and more.

When the chaplain had finished his prayer, the squadron commander stepped forward to pay his respects to the dead. Heads bared, the company listened to the few and simple words which French soldiers know so well how to choose for such an occasion.

'*Adieu, Matrac. Adieu, mon ami . . . notre ami! Vous avez bien gagné l'admiration et l'hommage de vos camarades, de tous les soldats de la France Libre.*' Raising his head, he turned to gaze southward where the slate-blue sheen of the Channel was visible beyond the slope of the land.

'*Et maintenant . . . Vive la France!*'

Manning, too, gazed away to the south, but what he saw, in his mind's eye, beyond the sunlit haze of the autumn afternoon, was not the far-off, hidden coast of France. He saw the lonely figure of old Grandpère, standing on a sandspit backed by the jungle-covered swamps of French Guiana.



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